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SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of the British school of painting, it can scarcely be denied that the roll of its artists contains many names, distinguished not only among the artists of their own country, but among the artists of the world. To take only three of the greatest—Hogarth, the satirical reflector of society; Reynolds, the portrait painter; Turner, the master of landscape—in what other modern school shall we find their parallels? It would be rash to prophesy that the name of Millais will rank in the estimation of posterity as the peer of these his great precursors, but it may at least be said that he is as thoroughly national and original as any of them, and that in simplicity, sincerity, and power, he will hold his own with the best.

All great artists have some dominant quality. The spiritual idealism of Watts, the romantic imagination of Burne-Jones, the devotion of Leighton to Beauty, the exquisite execution and refined comedy of Alma-Tadema have already been noted in these pages. Each of these artists may justly urge other claims to our admiration, and if I assert, as the chief characteristic of Millais, his power of fixing the immediate aspect of the present, I by no means intend to exhaust the secret of his peculiar appeal. Without the keenest eye for what is lovely, without a tender sensibility to human feeling, without a lively perception of character, without an invention ever ready to kindle, he would never have sustained the attention of his contemporaries for nearly half a century. Nevertheless, it is his gift of reflecting like a mirror the very life of his surroundings that constitutes his essential distinction among artists of his time.

To the present generation, or at least to the younger members of it, the President of the Royal Academy is principally known as a painter of portrait, of landscape, and of the charms of childhood. They know his magnificent portraits of Mr. Gladstone and of Lord Tennyson, and perhaps those of the Duchess of Wellington and Mrs. Bischoffsheim also; they have fallen in love with "Cherry Ripe," with "Dorothy Thorpe," and "Little Miss Muffett," and (the ladies, at least) have worshipped his pretty grandchild blowing "Bubbles." He is to them the great painter of the life with which they are surrounded, the masterly craftsman, who can do more with one stroke of the brush than most others with a dozen, the accurate and forcible colorist, the man who has the most distinct gift for making what appeals to him appeal also to others. But when he first came before the public, and for some years afterward, he was not in touch with his generation, but was a young rebel in league with Dante Rossetti and Holman Hunt and backed up by Ruskin in running counter to the prevalent theory and practice of art.

The style of the Millais of the fifties differs so widely from that of the Mil-

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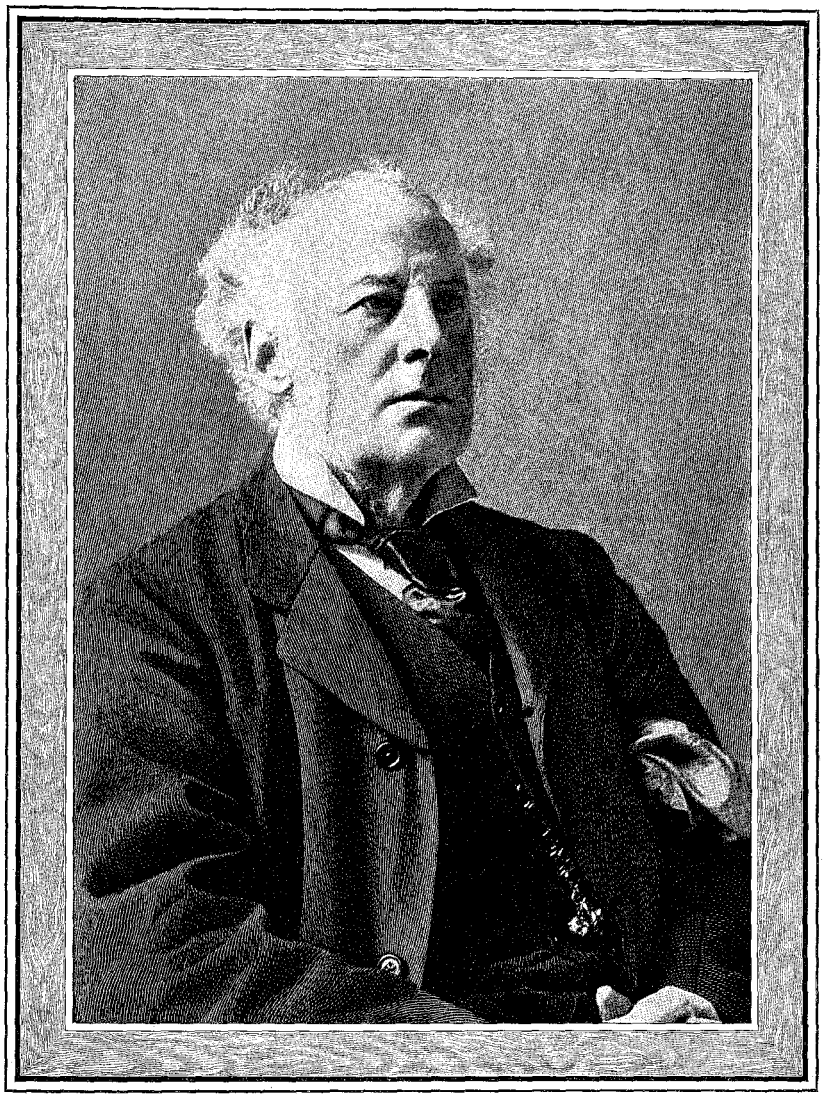

SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

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lais of the nineties that at first sight it is hard to believe that they both belong to the same man, or even to the same century. In an excellent study of the artist, in one of the supplements of the *Art Journal*, Mr. Walter Armstrong describes Millais's progress from the "Isabella," of 1849, to the "Lady Betty Primrose," of 1885, as "the growth of four centuries writ small on a single brow." It will be the aim of the following pages to trace as fully as their space allows the different stages of this "strange, eventful history."

Sir John Everett Millais was born at Southampton, on June 8, 1829, and like Lawrence, Landseer, and other distinguished artists, showed his artistic bent at a very early age. His father, who was a Jerseyman, went to Dinan in 1835, and, while there, the boy made sketches of the military officers, which astonished everybody, including the officers themselves, and when the Millais

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family came to London in 1838, it was for the purpose of properly cultivating his talents. The then President of the Royal Academy (Sir Martin Archer Shee) did not hesitate to express his opinion that "the parents of a child so gifted should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties and to speed him on the career for which nature has evidently intended him." So, at the age of eight years, his profession was decided, and in the winter of 1838–39 he was sent to the celebrated school of Mr. Sass. In the same year he was awarded a silver medal by the Society of Arts, and afterward won the silver and gold medals of the Royal Academy, where he became a student in 1840. He began to paint in 1845, and in 1846 exhibited his first picture, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru." It was favorably noticed by a French critic, and was followed in 1847 by "Elgiva Seized by the Soldiers of Odo." So far his progress was similar to that of any other student, except that it was more rapid and distinguished; but in 1848 an event happened which gave a special direction to his energies. This was his acquaintance with Dante Gabriel Rossetti. To this great and unique genius belonged the enthusiasm, the imagination, and color of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Mr. Ruskin, in his pamphlet called "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851), has pointed out that the principles which instigated the brotherhood were contained in the advice given in his first volume of "Modern Painters," published in 1843, and there is little doubt that the eloquent teaching of Mr. Ruskin hastened, if it did not create, that revolt against the outworn conventions of art, in which the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood took the lead. Such revolts are periodical in the history of art. Such was the movement of the realists of Florence in the fifteenth century, of the "Nazarenes" of Germany, of the "Men of 1830," in France, of the impressionists of to-day, and one and all were inspired by the desire to return to sincerity, and to nature as the source of it. With the three Pre-Raphaelites already mentioned were associated four others, one only of whom attained distinction as an artist. This was the late Thomas Woolner, R.A., sculptor and poet. The others were William Michael Rossetti, the brother of Dante, and a well-known critic, F. G. Stephens, also well-known as an art critic, and James Collinson, a painter little known to fame. Associated with them as contributors to their short-lived magazine *The Germ*, or more or less in sympathy with their endeavors, were Ford Madox Brown, W. H. Deverell, Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, James Orchard, and W. B. Scott (all contributors to *The Germ*), Arthur Hughes, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, and later Burne-Jones and Swinburne.

So far as painting was concerned, the three leaders were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and John Everett Millais, men of extremely different temperaments. They were alike only in one thing, their devotion to nature. Rossetti was romantic, Holman Hunt didactic, Millais realistic. The two former would go neither to right nor left for anyone, living in worlds of their own, the one of poetic fantasy, the other of semi-religious enthusiasm, both were abnormal, self-centred, and unchangeable, following forever their solitary paths away from the world. Millais, on the contrary, was the most normal of beings, with more of the painter's temperament than either of the others; but simple-minded, given neither to mysteries nor didacticism, thinking himself neither a poet nor a prophet, but nevertheless a strong personality, who with a keen delight in the joys of ordinary life, was very sensitive to the poetic suggestions of other minds.

The three friends were all "intense" in their different ways: Rossetti in passion, Hunt in purpose, and Millais in observation. With extreme "flexibility of adaptation," he could so match the fidelity of Hunt and catch fire at the fancy of Rossetti, that he was easily the rival of both. At the time they first worked together Rossetti was a mere tyro in art, while Millais and Hunt were already trained artists; but Rossetti was the master mind, and exercised on Millais, as on all with whom he came in contact, an almost magical fascination. He infected Millais with his romantic

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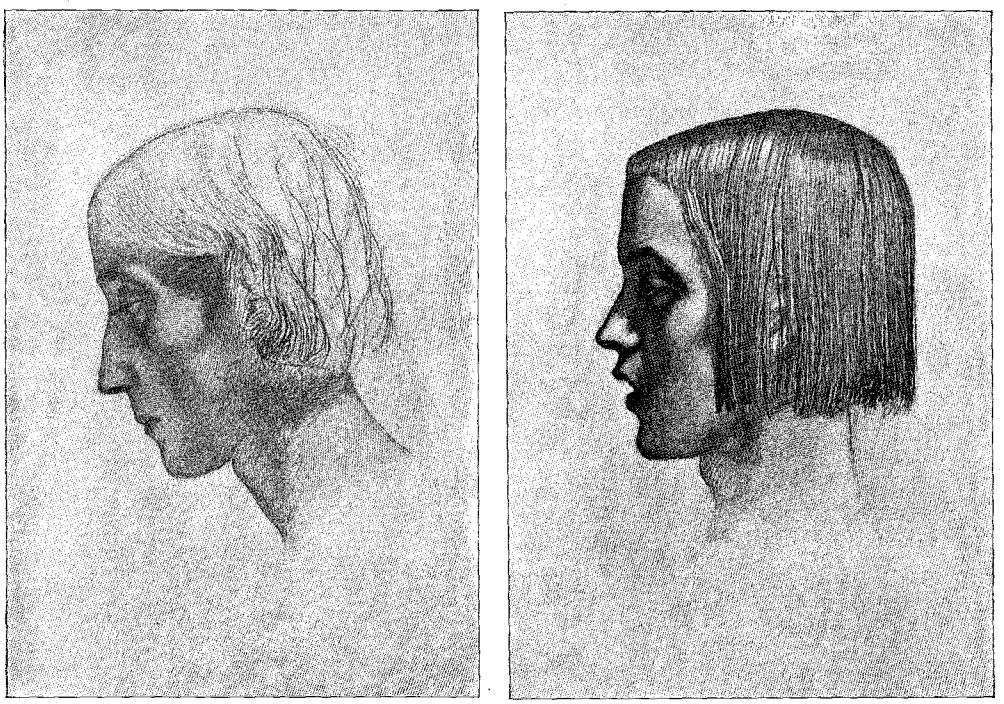

Pencil Studies of Heads for the Lorenzo and Isabella (1849).

By permission of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray.

nour, with his "Anglo-Catholic" ling in art, with something even of is wizardry. He stimulated Millais's invention to the creation of designs as strange and powerful as his own, and far more perfect in execution. Yet Rossetti's influence was never strong enough to subdue the native impulse of Millais, which was, above all things, to hold the mirror up to nature, with only such selection as was prompted by personal liking. In that strange mixture of symbolism and naturalism which forms the peculiar fascination of Pre-Raphaelite art, it was the naturalism which was most congenial to Millais. But Millais had already been diverted from the simple expression of himself by his academical art training. He had aimed at what was then regarded as the highest form of art—historical composition. He had probably no wish to descend to what was thought the lower level of landscape, portrait, and *genre*. But he, like his associates, was dissatisfied with the popular ideal. It was false, it was second-hand, it left unrealized the beauty of the world as he saw it. The new creed which cancelled tradition and went straight to nature for inspiration without departing from the path of "high art," formed overwhelming attractions to a youth with the nature and the training of Millais. The art, indeed, which these young reformers proposed to themselves was in purpose "higher" than ever. It was to represent all the old scenes from Holy Writ, all the great themes of History, all the dreams of the poets from Homer to Keats, and all the thought and passion of modern life, with a truth and force which had never been achieved before.

They called themselves Pre-Raphaelites, not because they knew a great deal about the real ones or intended to imitate their style. The movement was not so much from admiration of the Pre-Raphaelites as from dislike of the Post-Raphaelites. They would unlearn all that the centuries since the fifteenth had taught and begin again at nature and themselves—as they thought the real Pre-Raphaelites had done.

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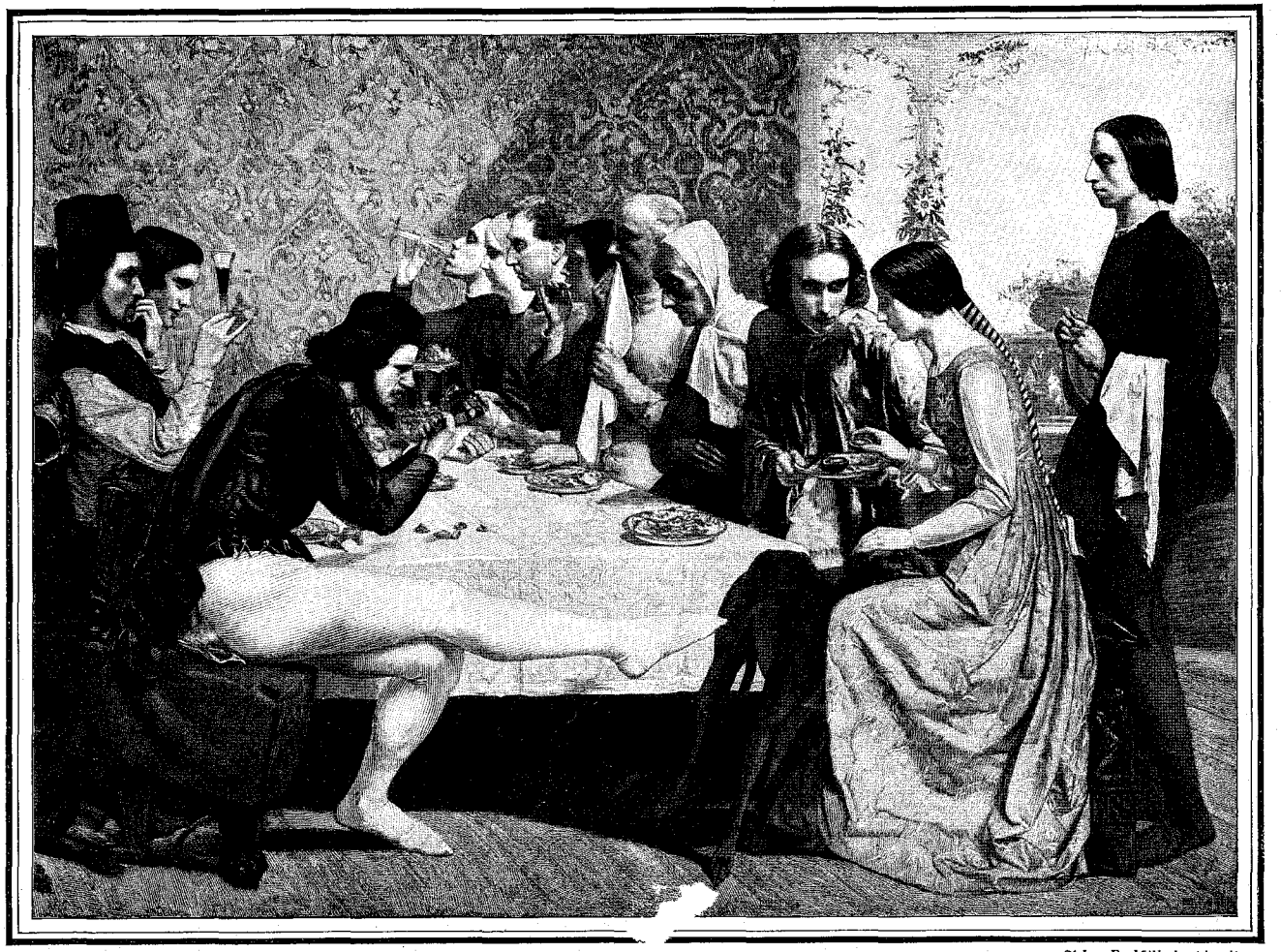

John E. Millais, pinxit.

LORENZO AND ISABELLA.

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This picture, the first Pre-Raphaelite painting by Millais, is from a scene in Keats's poem, "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," founded on Boccaccio's story descriptive of the feelings of two brothers on discovering the mutual love of Isabella and Lorenzo. Nearly all the figures are portraits of friends.

At the right, Lorenzo (William Rossetti) holds a plate on which he offers half a cut blood orange to Isabella (Mrs. Henry Hodgkinson) who is caressing a hound.

At the left, one of the brothers (Mr. John Harris), enraged at her reception of Lorenzo's courtesy, viciously kicks the hound, while the other (Dante Gabriel Rossetti), looking over the glass, watches the lovers with cruel eyes. A guest (the artist's father) wipes his lips with a napkin; another (W. Hugh Fenn) pares an apple; a serving man (M. Wright) with a white napkin over his arm, stands behind Isabella and Lorenzo.

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PORTRAIT OF LADY RIPON (1853).

By permission of the Marquis of Ripon.

One practice to which they attached great importance was a minute imitation of Nature's detail. Far from the idea that painting should only imitate the general impression of the sight, they even set themselves against "generalization." Every leaf, every pebble, must be painted. So far was their theory carried that a microscopic accuracy was held to be a noble quality, and painting was thought to have reached superexcellence if all the facts which it represented could not be discovered without the aid of a microscope. To excel in such work as this, Millais, with his wonderful sight and sure hand, was peculiarly qualified, and his first Pre-Raphaelite picture, the "Isabella," is a marvel of minute and complete painting, such as had not been seen since the days of Van Eyck. And it was true finish also, broad in general effect in spite of its labor, without either niggle or stipple.

This wonderful exhibition of skill by a youth of nineteen, embodied all the Pre-Raphaelite doctrines. It was absolutely unconventional in composition; every figure was studied from life — most, if not all, were portraits of his friends with their features unidealized. In this work the association with Ros-

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setti is very apparent. His next picture, "Christ in the House of His Parents," reminds one more of Holman Hunt. Here we have an imaginary incident in the life of our Lord conceived in nearly the same spirit as Hunt's much later "Shadow of the Cross." "The Carpenter's Shop" was its other title, and both are needed to explain it fully. Unless we know who the characters are it might well pass for a simple incident in daily life. An Eastern carpenter (who except for his costume, looks very like an English gentleman) is examining with parental sympathy a cut in the palm of his little son's hand. The mother is greatly concerned, the grandmother removes the offending implement, the apprentice goes on with his work, and a little friend brings a bowl of water to wash the wound. Outside the window is a view of the country with sheep huddling against the house. Such are the ordinary facts of a simple domestic "accident," told with the greatest simplicity and naturalness. But there is much more intended than this, as is shown by the other title, "Christ in the House of His Parents." The facts are all symbolical. The sufferer is Christ; the mother is the Virgin; the father, Joseph; the grandmother, St. Anne; the little boy with the water is St. John, while the sheep outside symbolize the faithful. We need to be told all this to appreciate the strange mixture of plain fact and deep symbolism. No wonder it shocked people who could not penetrate the inner reverence of its intention, who only saw sacred personages treated like ordinary individuals, and sacred art reduced to *genre*. The St. John, one of the most charming of all Millais's designs, carefully treading as he balances the brimming bowl, was regarded as simply awkward; St. Anne was likened to an old woman putting a screw of tobacco across a counter, and the Virgin, middle aged and plain, was equally an offence. There were no halos, no flowing robes of red and white and blue; it was profane as an illustration of sacred history, and was ugly and undignified as art. It raised indignation and ridicule. Both were natural and undeserved. Equal and more deserved derision was poured upon "Ferdinand and Ariel," another picture of the same year.

An illustration of Tennyson's "Mariana in the Moated Grange," a scene from

THE VALE OF REST.

From photograph of drawing, loaned by Mr. H. Virtue Tebbs.

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PENCIL STUDY FOR HEAD OF OPHELIA (1852).

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Scripture, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," and an illustration of Coventry Patmore's poem of "The Woodman's Daughter," were his contributions to the Academy in 1852 and testified to the activity and variety of his invention, and "The Huguenot" and the "Ophelia" of the next year established a reputation which has never declined again. They were, of course, criticised and ridiculed freely in many quarters. "The Huguenot had only one leg," "his arm could never have got so far round his mistress's neck," "Ophelia could never have floated so comfortably," and so on; but in spite of all, the painter's mark was made. The secret of their success is not difficult to discover. The subjects were generally known and interesting to the public. The beauty of the types was indubitable, and corresponded with the popular ideal, and both pictures told their own story unmistakably. Probably the most potent factor in the success was the expression of the lovers in "The Huguenot"—the tenderness of the woman, sweet and intense, but not overstrained or affected, the struggle between duty and affection in the man, as though he said,

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

And besides, there was the appeal to Protestant feeling. The picture touched the dearest sentiments of the English, it appealed to their sense of beauty, to their affections, to their love of moral courage, and to their religious convictions. If Millais had thought it all out beforehand (and he probably did nothing of the kind) he could not have chosen a subject more attractive to the visitors of the Royal Academy. But there was the art of it also, the simplicity of arrangement, the perfect gesture, the execution and bright color. Most of the public do not regard these things at all unless the subject is to their liking, but that point achieved, they are ready to admire any other merits that may be brought to their notice. And this picture of Millais's contained qualities of execution which they could easily appreciate—fidelity to known facts, like a red-brick wall

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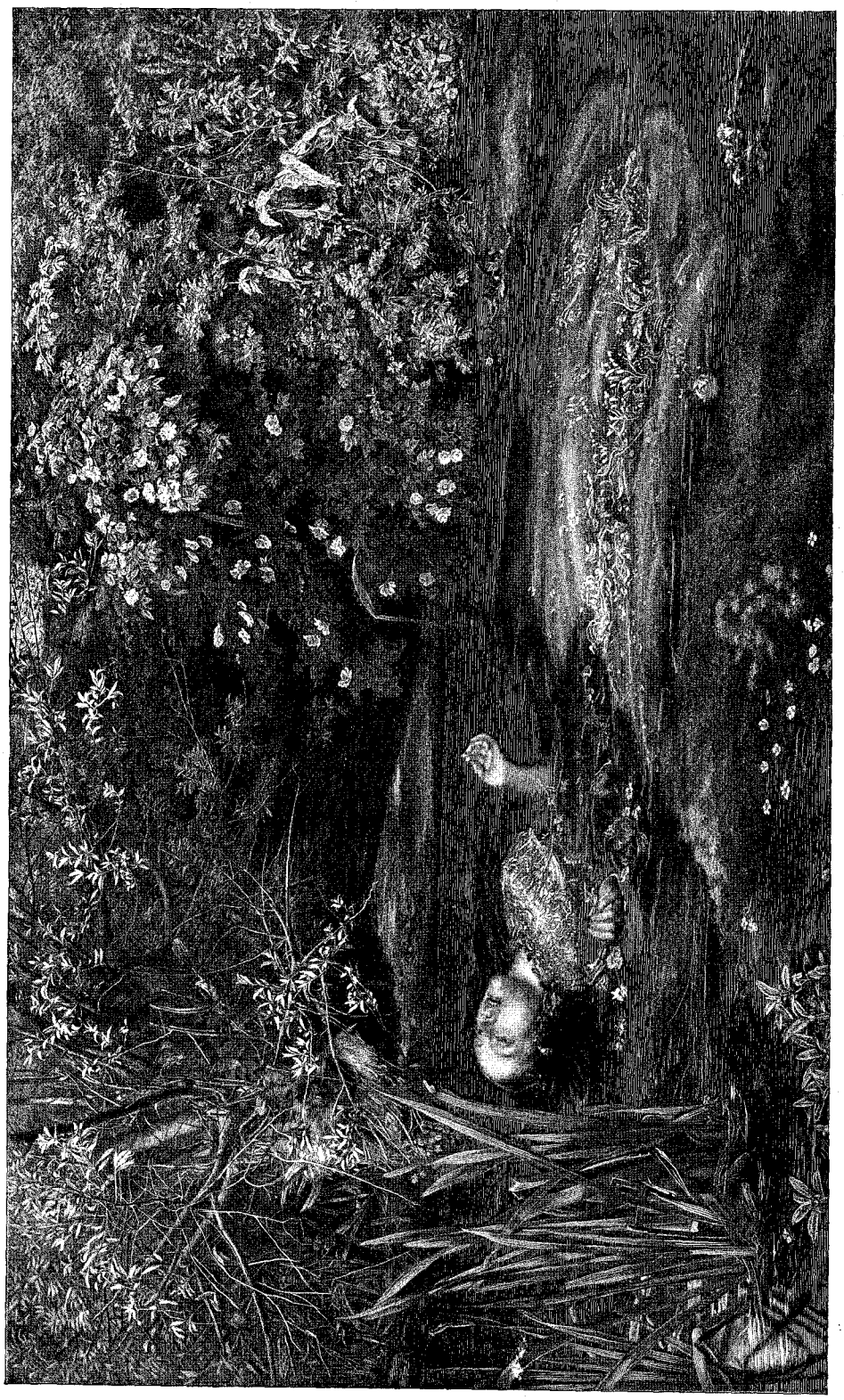

OPHELIA.

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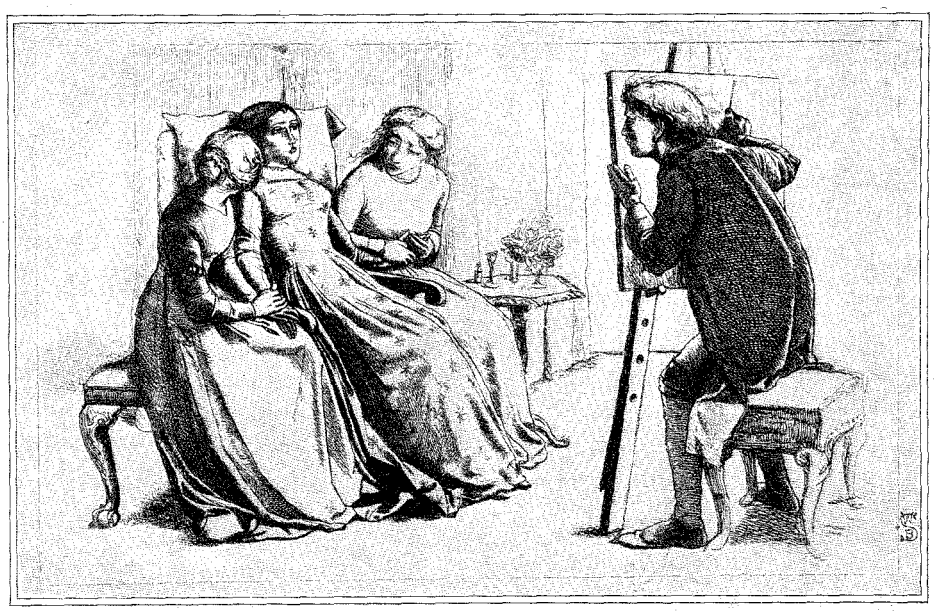
and ferns, and elaborate detail involving great labor and exactness of manipulation. The "Ophelia," a portrait of Miss Siddall (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti), was equally to their mind; the fragile, beautiful girl crazed for love, singing her death-song as she floated down the stream through a faëry land of spring, touched all with its pathos and loneliness. It was also very faithful to the exquisite description of Shakespeare.

The next year he completed what may be called his trilogy of historic love-scenes by adding to "The Huguenot" the "Proscribed Royalist" and the "Order for Release." With these works may be said to end his first period of development. He had long felt the restrictions of the Pre-Raphaelite precepts. He said to William Bell Scott (about 1850) that extremely minute execution was "all nonsense," and that "one could not live doing that." The three pictures were a partial return to self-expression. They were wholly his. They contained no symbolism. They were illustrations of no poems. They were original in every sense of the word as applied to art. The "Order for Release" may claim to be his most perfect picture of incident, perhaps the finest of all his pictures.

In 1854 (the year of his marriage), Millais did not contribute to the Royal Academy. In 1855 he sent a picture which had nothing to do with the past; it was in no sense an "illustration," except of his own mind and experience. It was called "The Rescue," and represented a scene at a fire in a modern house, with a most modern mother seizing her rescued child from the arms of a modern fireman. The almost hysterical rapture of the mother reached the highest pitch of expression which the artist ever dared, and the flare of the conflagration was realized with as near an approach to truth as was possible in paint. Here was a picture such as no one had ever attempted before, and the like of which he never attempted again. Among the five works exhibited at the Royal Academy next year were the "Blind Girl," now at Birmingham, an idyl of modern life, very realistic, with a carefully executed landscape and rainbow—but the picture of the year was "Autumn Leaves," in which he for the first (and again it may be said for the last) time, produced a unique effect by



Etched by Millais for the Fifth Number of "The Germ," never published (1850–51). It is believed that this etching was intended to illustrate a story by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, called "The Intercession of St. Agnes."

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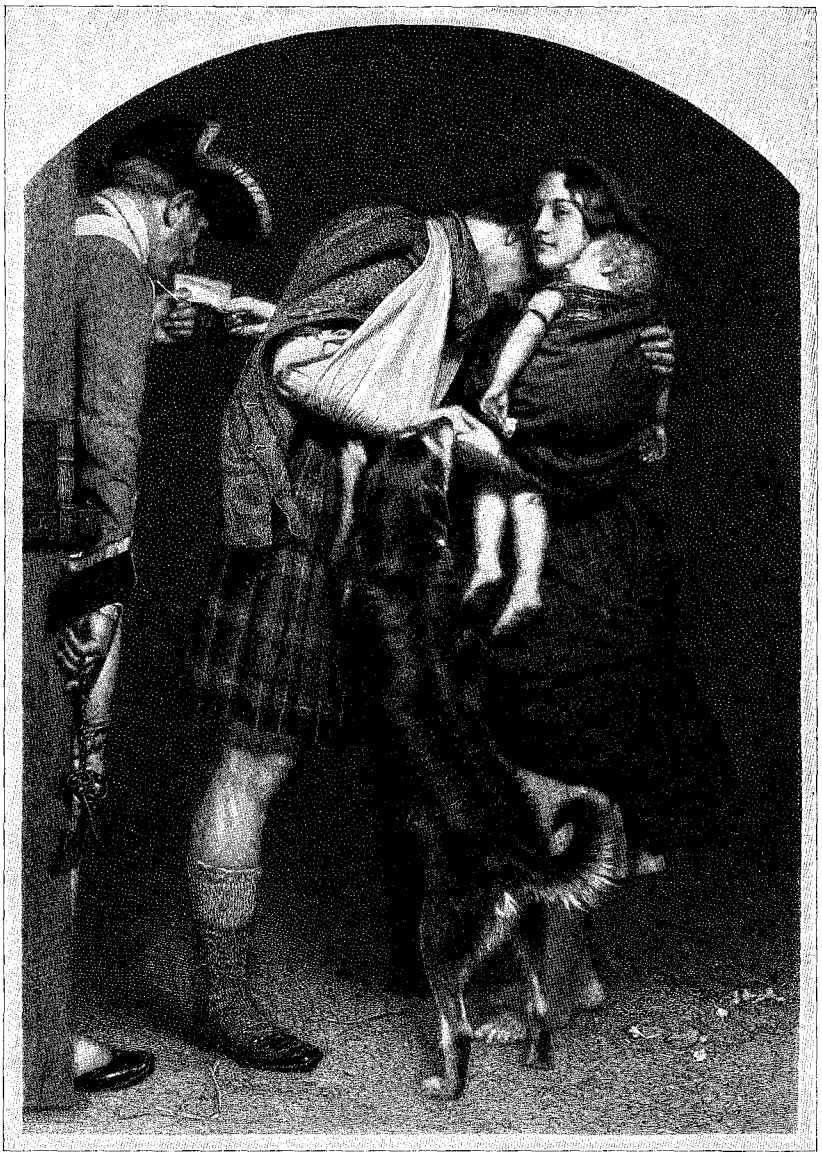

THE ORDER OF RELEASE.

(A portrait of Lady Millais.)

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new means. I mean, unique at the time, for it has been the father of a thousand pictures. Its freshness at the moment consisted in its absolute absence of "subject" in what would now be called a "literary" sense. It was a painted "song without words." The subject (in the painter's sense) was simple enough. A few girls, their heads relieved against an evening sky, their figures enveloped in twilight air, are heaping up dead leaves to be burnt. The healthy, but half sad faces of the girls, the rhythm of their movement, the solemnity of the still, warm evening, the richness of the color (too rich perhaps for absolute truth), produced a vague emotion like that aroused by a low chant heard in

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the distance. It was suggested by no poem, but it might well suggest not one but many. It puzzled the critics, but it remains a joy forever. In 1857 he reverted to mediævalism in "The Knight Crossing a Ford," or "Sir Isumbras"—a picture which met with ridicule, not altogether undeserved, in spite of its extraordinary force, the originality of its design, and the beauty of its parts. It was a bizarre mixture of ancient and modern. A grizzled old warrior in golden armor bestrides a very modern steed with very modern harness. Perched on the horse before him sits a charming maiden, who too evidently belongs to the nineteenth century, and behind him a little boy. This is another very transitional picture, in which he shows himself on with the new love before he is off with the old. It was the occasion of a very clever parody by F. Sandys—a large woodcut called "Nightmare," in which the horse was changed to a donkey (Ruskin), the knight into Millais, the girl into Rossetti, and the boy into Holman Hunt. The picture, which now belongs to Mr. R. H. Benson, has been recently painted upon by the artist, who has transformed the horse into a substantial charger and arrayed it in rich mediæval trappings.

Next year came two pictures which may be said to close the transitional period between his Pre-Raphaelite and

SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ.

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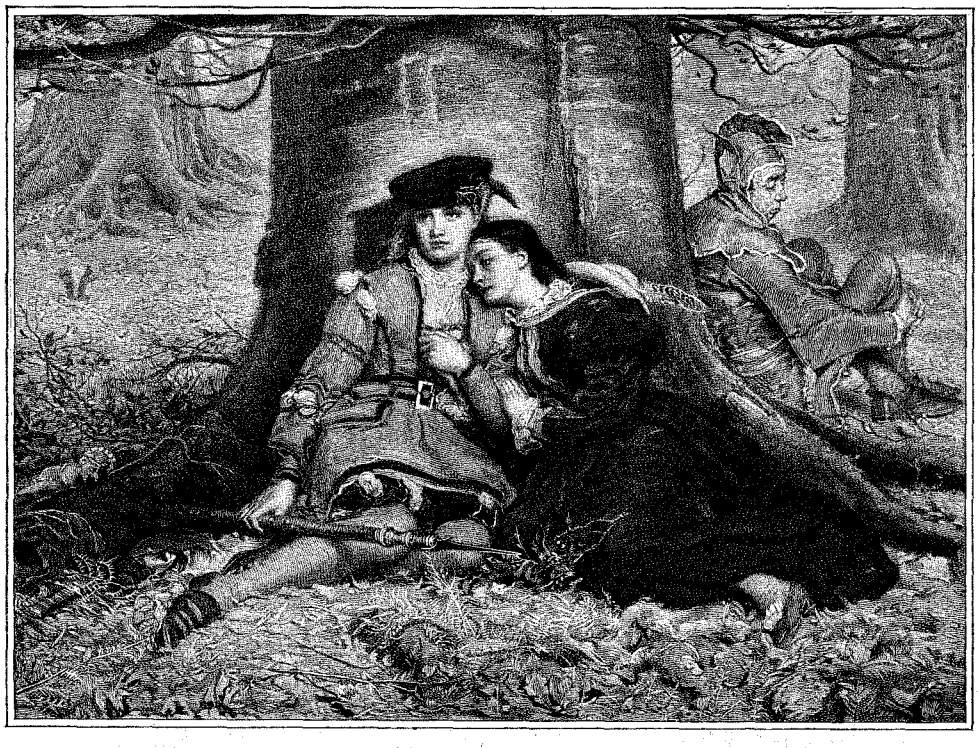

ROSALIND AND CELIA.

Celia: "I pray you bear with me, I cannot go no further."—As You Like It, Act II., Scene IV.

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later manner or manners. These were "The Vale of Rest" and "Spring." The former is another unique picture, for which he found a subject in modern life which yet preserved the sentiment of the past, a subject which he could treat with absolute fidelity to nature, and yet touch a profound depth of spiritual feeling. In its union of art and poetry it fulfilled the spirit of "The Germ." This picture of nuns in the convent garden, one employed in digging her grave and the other in solemn meditation; this scene in the gloaming where tall poplars rise against the sky, barred by a purple coffin-shaped cloud, and still rich with the subdued glory of the sunset, produced a profound impression, only marred to some minds by the plain features of the nuns, one of whom was repainted by the artist. "Spring," with its band of light-hearted girls sporting under apple-trees in full blossom, was painted with wonderful freedom and force, and may be regarded as the "L'Allegro" to the "Il Penseroso" of "Autumn Leaves." In this picture the true nature of the artist bursts out. However much his invention might be stimulated by association with more visionary minds, and however great his sympathy with the poetry of romance, or the dreams of bygone days, his heart was with the present. After this there was no more symbolism, real or attempted, in his painted work.

The change that had come over the spirit of his dream was shown plainly by the picture of "The Black Brunswicker" (1860), which at once challenged comparison with "The Huguenot," and in spite of the mature mastery and boldness of its execution was a disappointment to those who looked to Millais for pleasures of a "higher strain." Despite the beauty of the lady (studied from Miss Kate Dickens, now Mrs. Perugini), the figures were comparatively uninteresting, and their expression commonplace. The

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THE MINUET.

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old Millais was dead, the new Millais was scarcely born.

Another picture about this time (1863), which showed his tendency to express his impression of past events without much attempt to reconstruct the age in which they happened, was the "St. Agnes's Eve." The subject was taken from Keats's poem, and on the walls in the same exhibition hung another treatment of the subject, by Arthur Hughes, a triptych, as remarkable for its mediæval, as Millais's for its modern, treatment. Hughes, unlike Millais, followed the poet in his error of making the moon transmit the daylight colors of the painted glass which, according to the poem, "threw warm

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gules on Madeline's fair breast." The only antique thing in Millais's picture (and that surely not antique enough), was the large, many-windowed room at Knole House, where the scene is set. The lady might have been one of the guests at Knole in 1863, but the moonlight flooding the room, blanching the maiden, and glistering in her jewels—such moonlight has probably never been painted before or since.

During the decade from 1861 (in which year he did not exhibit) to 1871 his choice of subject was more varied than ever. Besides pictures of child-life and portraits he painted subjects from poetry, history, and the Bible. Among them were "The Romans Leaving Britain," "Esther" and "Jephthah," "Stella and Vanessa," "The Gambler's Wife," and "The Widow's Mite," "Rosalind and Celia." and "The Knight Errant," "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and "Victory, O Lord!" "Chill October," and "Flowing to the Sea"—his two first-exhibited landscapes. These pictures and "Pilgrims to St. Paul's" may be said to include the whole range of his inventive power, and manipulative skill. The latter was sometimes employed in undisguised emulation of Velasquez, as in "Vanessa" and the "Souvenir of Velasquez," with their force of color and sweeping brush-work. Space will not allow me to describe these pictures, but most of them have been engraved, and the lively spirit of the "White Cockade" and "Charlie is My Darling," the pathos and beauty of "The Gambler's Wife," and the idyllic charm of "Rosalind and Celia" are widely known. Of all, the most ambitious were "The Knight Errant" and "Victory, O Lord!" The former was remarkable for the nude figure of the distressed lady, a masterpiece of realistic flesh-painting; the latter as the only picture in which, since the days of his academical training, he had treated a heroic subject demanding a strenuous effort of the imagination. The subject is the watching of Joshua's fight with Amalek; Moses seated at the top of the hill, his hands upheld by Aaron and Hur. The conception is impressive and all the heads are fine, but the figure of Hur, standing like a watch-tower against the sky, and the light glancing on his eagle eye, diverted attention from the others by

A FLOOD.

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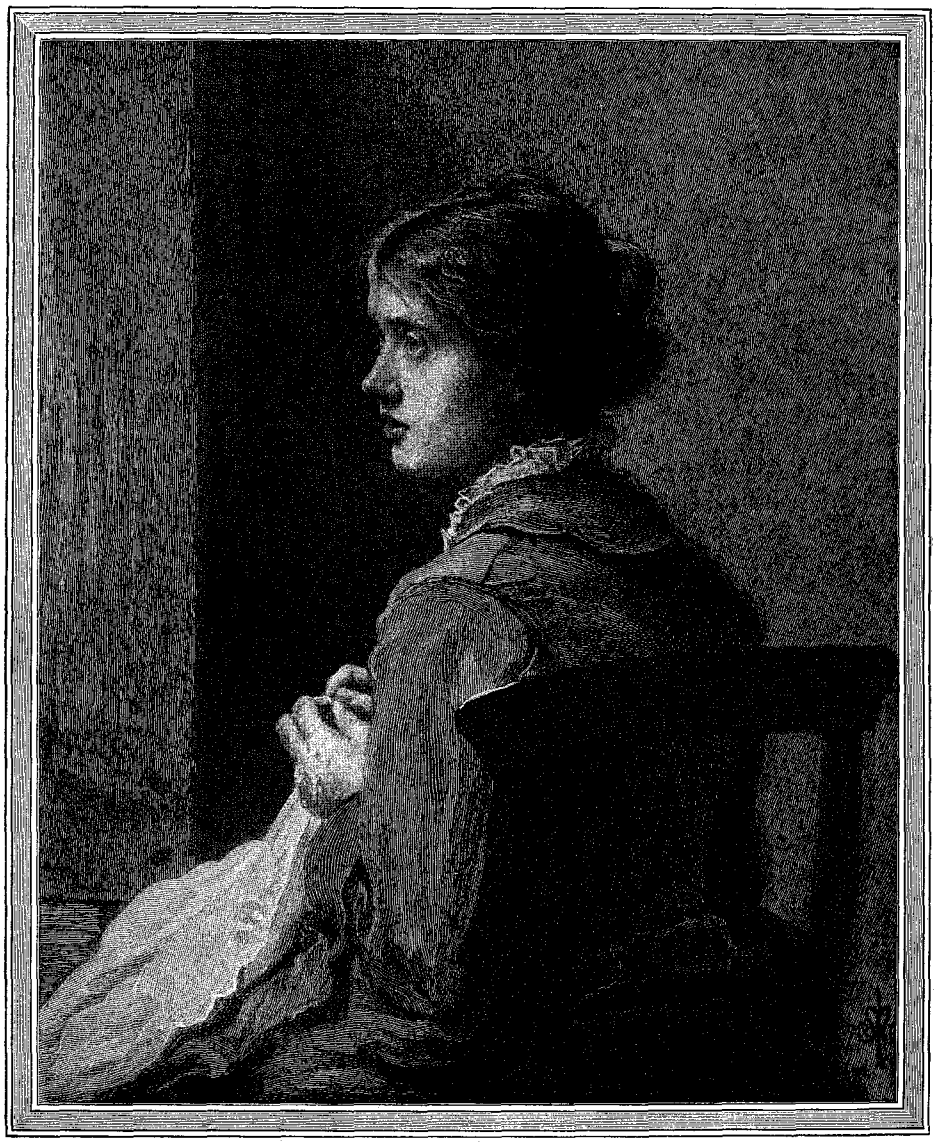

"Stitch, Stitch, Stitch" (1876).

By permission of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., to whom the original was presented by the artist. From photograph by Frederick Hollyer.

its exceeding force. More successful than either of these must be rated "The Boyhood of Raleigh." Two young and beautiful boys (Millais's own sons, one, alas, since dead) are listening with intense interest to the glowing description of a mariner, who, in his bronze limbs, wild aspect, and picturesque costume, brings with him much of the glamour of the New World, from which he had just returned. A few flashing feathers of tropical birds effectively introduced add greatly to the romantic feeling and fine color of the picture. This was almost the last picture permeated throughout with dramatic feeling, as "Victory, O Lord!" was his last attempt at what was once termed "high art." Besides "The Boyhood of Raleigh" many others of the artist's most

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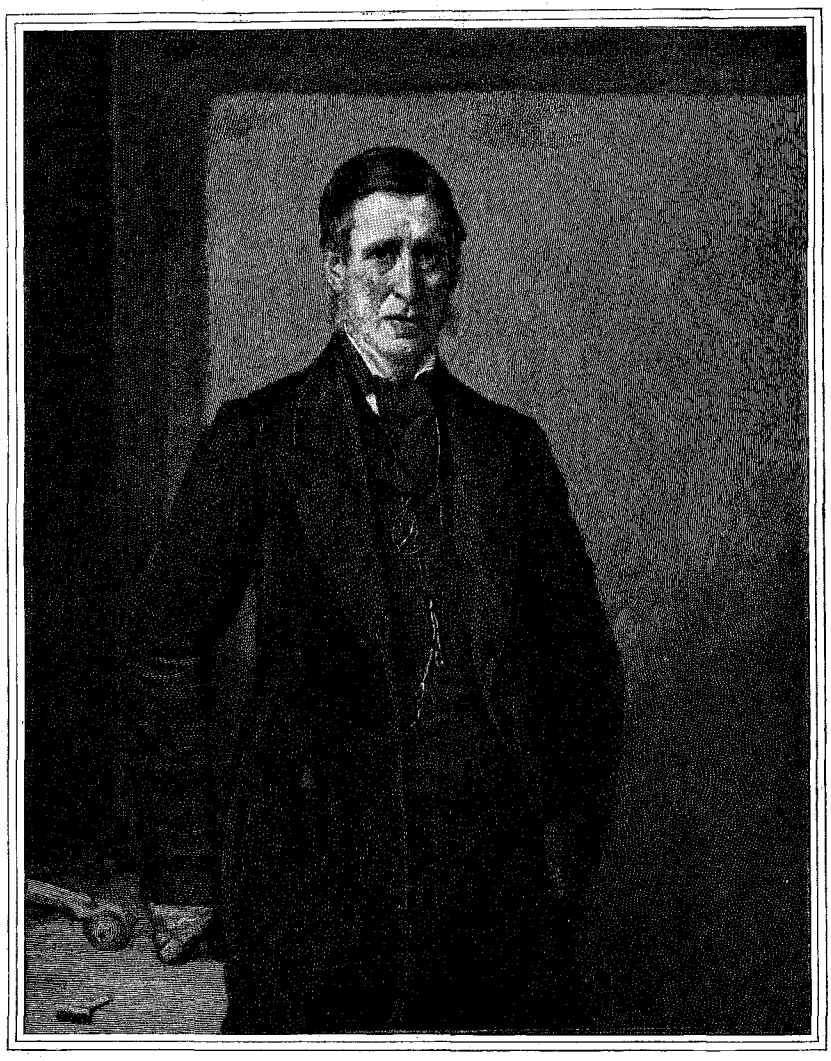

PORTRAIT OF SIR JAMES PAGET, F.R.S., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, ETC., ETC., ETC. (1872).

By permission of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. From photograph by Henry Dixon & Sons.

popular pictures of children belong to this period, during which he became the father of a family. These pictures were, to a certain extent, a new departure, for though his designs always showed a great love for children and delight in their beauty, he now promotes them, as it were, to a level with their elders, and devotes whole canvases to studies of their charms. So we have the "Sleeping" and "Waking," "The First Sermon," "The Second Sermon," and "The Minuet" (all portraits of his own children), and many others, including "The Flood," a record of a real incident at Sheffield in 1864. The subject is a baby, cast adrift in a very seaworthy cradle of wood, floating unconcernedly down the swollen tide with her little black kitten 'swearing" on the poop. This picture is not so well known as many of inferior charm, but it is now the property of Mr. Arthur Lucas, the print publisher, who, in accordance with the artist's own wish, has employed Mr.

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McCulloch to engrave it on a large scale.

No doubt his works from 1861 showed a freer exercise of power, an impulse more singly derived from nature and experience, even when their subjects were not modern. Combined with these qualities was a less restrained delight in painting for its own sake. He had long passed his apprenticeship, and his knowledge and command of his materials enabled him to produce the desired pictorial result with far less labor and a more telling effect of general truth. Though less laborious, he was equally industrious, but his newer method enabled him, by increased productiveness, to take more

John E. Millais, pinxit.

THE MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY.

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advantage of his fertility of invention. The stages of his development are not shown more clearly in his pictures than in his book illustrations. To his early Pre-Raphaelite period belongs a rare etching designed in illustration of a story by Rossetti for that fifth number of *The Germ*, which never appeared. Here we see a painter standing by his easel and intently gazing at a girl who is seated straight in a chair attended by two others. The meaning of the design is unknown to me, but it would be explained by the theory that the girl was very ill and that her lover was attempting to paint her portrait before she died. To a later stage belong his illustrations to the famous edition of Tennyson, issued by Moxon in 1858, which included the exquisite figure of St. Agnes sitting by her window, while "Deep on the convent roof the snows are sparkling to the moon," and the illustrations to "Dora." In these lovely drawings the final form and expression is dictated by a poetical sympathy with his subject. To these succeeded a large number of charming illustrations to *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, and (in the *Cornhill Magazine*) to Trollope's novels, "Orley Farm," "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington," and "Phineas Finn." In the later ones he adopted a less careful, though still a masterly, style, and paid less regard to individuality of character, though sometimes, as in "Was It Not a Lie?" ("Framley Parsonage") he very forcibly realized a situation. In some of these he seems to attempt to produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of means. A few apparently careless lines are sufficient to produce a vivid impression of a figure or two set in a landscape or room, the main features of which are indicated with a few expressive lines betraying great power of observation and knowledge of effect.

These were the days of a new style of engraving on wood, in which the engraver sought to produce as faithfully as possible the very lines of the designer, who drew them himself upon the wood. Among the engravers most noted for their skill in this method of reproduction were Messrs. Dalziel, and among the artists whose drawings they fac-similed there was none so skilful as Millais. Unfortunately the process involved the loss of the drawing, which under even the most skilful cutting lost much of its original beauty. Two at least of his fine illustrations to the parables of our Lord, "The Woman Seeking for a Piece of Money" and "The Enemy Sowing Tares," also formed the subject of pictures, but the former of these has perished. His latest and perhaps his best illustrations of all are those to Barry Lyndon in the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works.

To return to his pictures. After 1871 he did not altogether cease to treat historical or romantic subjects. In 1877 he painted two illustrations of Scott for Messrs. Agnew—"Effie Deans" and "The Master of Ravenswood"—the first of which excels in the direct and simple telling of a story, and the pathos of the girl with her "snood" in her hand. He painted also the well-known "Princes in the Tower," and the "Princess Elizabeth," charming pictures of children, but more domestic than historical in feeling. It may be said generally that from this time forth he devoted himself simply to recording his daily impressions of the world around him, without taxing his already well-proved powers of invention, or seeking suggestions for his imagination from history or fable. Shakespeare and the Bible were left alone, and instead we had "Cherry Ripe," and "Mr. Gladstone." Whether this diversion of his genius is to be regretted or not there is no space here to discuss. To some it seemed a desertion of higher spiritual and intellectual aims, to others the free assertion of his own personality, the recognition of his right function of an artist. Nor shall I consider whether he could or should have endeavored to blend more of the old Millais with the new, and employed his perfectly matured skill in realizing the conceptions of his soul. Millais's course cannot be altered now. It was probably inevitable, a normal growth affected only by some extraneous conditions at its outset, not unlike that of a tree on whose robust stem some rare variety has been grafted to flourish only for awhile.

At all events, during the last twenty-

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four years, Millais has been himself and nothing but himself. If he dropped some threads in 1872, he set up at least one new one—for the famous "Chill October," the first and finest of all his landscapes, was exhibited in that year. It has a unity in design, a prevalent sentiment, that his others, if equally fine in execution, usually lack. In dexterity and truth, Millais's landscape work is pre-eminent, but his impressions of nature return from his mind to the canvas little altered in material aspect, little tinged with subjective feeling. His love of nature seems almost absolute. In this he is truly Pre-Raphaelite, omitting nothing, adding nothing, almost, one might say, selecting nothing; but this would be going too far, for his personality is strongly reflected in his landscapes, and their authorship is unmistakable. One would think he was so overpowered by the beauty of nature that he saw no fault in her. Each aspect takes him with delight, and he is contented to reflect that delight without any sophistication of personal mood or imported sentiment. His is not, perhaps, the highest kind of landscape, it surprises and pleases, but does not greatly move; but of its kind it is unsurpassable in truth and variety. When we remember the evening skies of "The Vale of Rest" and "Autumn Leaves," the orchard of "Spring," the village and the rainbow behind the "Blind Girl," the river of the "Flood," and then think of the later series of pure landscapes—"Chill October," "Flowing to the Sea," "Flowing to the River," "Scotch Firs," "Winter Fuel," "The Fringe of the Moor," "Over the Hills and Far Away," and "The Sound of Many Waters" (to mention no others), it is difficult to recall the name of many other landscape painters who have realized so many phases of nature with greater force and skill. If his landscapes seem less impregnated with sentiment than his figure pictures, that is probably because inanimate nature has no sentiment of her own. His regard of human nature has been really much the same during at least the last quarter of a century. He has, as a rule, been content with all things as he found them—men and women, costume, furniture, ornaments, without even exercising greatly his personal taste, trusting to make a pleasant whole by the truth and beauty of his color and the imitative force of his execution. He gives us the sense and pleasure of the presence of individuals, the living touch of the present. It does not matter much whether they are called portraits or have fancy titles, for nearly every figure he draws is a portrait, done in the spirit of portraiture, with more or less delight in the character or the beauty of the face. It is seldom he paints more than single figures.

Generally the picture makes itself, as it were, as in "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," which is but the portrait of a girl sewing, rather shabbily dressed and a little weary in expression; but sometimes a little more is needed than the fresh study freshly planted on the canvas, and accessories are introduced, not always quite successfully, to "make up." He paints his daughters in charming pictures, such as "New Laid Eggs" and "Forbidden Fruit," much as Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his niece "Offy." He paints Trelawney in the "North-West Passage," one of the largest and most celebrated of his works, the head of the grand old vagabond forming not only the focus of the picture but its entire interest, for the auditor in this case, unlike young Raleigh and his friend, is not interesting in herself nor in her costume, though both and all the rest of the picture, with its furniture, maps, and other litter, the glass of grog, and the river view out of the window, are painted with masterly suggestiveness. As a piece of craftsmanship and professional knowledge it is no doubt a *chef d'œuvre*, but as a painted drama it cannot compare with such a picture as "The Boyhood of Raleigh," where the charm of invention warms the whole canvas. Still more dependent for its effect on sheer power of painting is "The Yeoman of the Guard;" and the "Idyl of 1745" may be mentioned as an example of a large composition of several figures in which there is little to admire except this wonderful power of paint. The subjects of which he has been most fond during later years are portraits and pictures of

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girls and children. In some of the latter he has taken hints from Sir Joshua Reynolds, but not more than Sir Joshua Reynolds took from others. Many of these, like "Cherry Ripe," "Little Miss Muffett," "Pomona," and "Bubbles," have been represented so freely by engraving and chromo-lithography that it is scarcely necessary to refer to them. Suffice it to say that from the beginning to the end of his career, from St. John the Baptist in "Christ in the House of His Parents" to the portrait of the little Hon. John Nevile Manners, of 1896, his love of children has been constantly shown in his work.

Of his portraits of men several are in a true sense historical. Watts may have given us more of the inner workings of a man's soul and intellect, but no one has grasped more forcibly the whole outward appearance of an individual at a given moment. The leonine presence of Mr. Gladstone, the fire of his glance, the keenness of the intellectual gladiator, watchful and ready for a spring—what he really looked like in his finest moments—has been given by nobody like Millais in the portraits of 1879 and 1885. Equally fine and perhaps more difficult in subject is his portrait of John Bright. Among many others of national value are those of Sir James Paget and Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeons; Thomas Carlyle, Lord Tennyson, Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, Henry Irving, Cardinal Newman, and the artist's friend and brother painter, J. C. Hook, R.A.

For a period of nearly fifty years Millais has been before the public as an artist, and for the greater part of that time he has sustained his reputation as the greatest painter of his day. He has painted history, romance, poetry, landscape, portrait, and has made his mark in each. No one else has attempted so wide a range of subject, few have shown a greater variety of invention, or approached him in his command over tools and materials. It is only within the last few years that he has shown any decline of power, and it was only the other day that Mr. Watts, his great colleague, observed to me of one of his pictures in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy (1896), that as painting it was "as good as ever." His art is in no sense ideal; his imagination cannot body forth things unknown, or rise to any great heroic height; he has never attempted to represent rapid or violent action, but inside these lines his powers are splendid and exuberant. An almost matchless draughtsman, a colorist of great truth and force, a painter of extraordinary imitative power, with a handling, not always pleasant perhaps, but of the utmost sureness and freedom, he has left a body of work which both for quantity and quality has scarcely been equalled in modern art. Indeed, the whole of his work has been so sincere and full of fresh life, it reflects so forcibly his own personality and the living spirit of his day, that it is difficult to believe that it can ever become uninteresting to posterity.

His life has been uneventful, but prosperous and fully enjoyed. Though when he was young he, it is said, was discouraged by want of success, he had not long to wait for it. An Associate at five-and-twenty, an Academician at thirty-four, and ever since the most popular of British artists, he has had little to complain of professionally. Of vigorous constitution, fond of all sports, especially of hunting and fishing, he has enjoyed his play as much as his work. He, no doubt, has had his sorrows, his mortifications, and his trials like the rest of us, but it cannot be said of him that his life has been a dull or a sad one. He has received honor not only at home, but abroad. He has been dearly loved by nearly all who have ever heard his cheery voice, or looked upon his handsome and honest face. He is popular, not least, among students, to whom he has always given kind encouragement and valuable help. Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., tells me that he helped not as others would, with a word of advice only, but would seize a piece of paper and rapidly draw a hand or foot in rapid but perfect lines, and leave it with the student, saying only, "That's what you want." It need scarcely be added that his mind and character are truly reflected in his art. He is neither

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a profound thinker nor a learned scholar, but his mind is singularly sympathetic, observant, and apprehensive. He is perhaps a man of action rather than words, but has more than an ordinary share of just judgment and common sense. A strong Conservative he has a great hatred of all innovation, but at least in his view of art he is very tolerant and comprehensive, as indeed a man should be who has learned something from nearly every great artist from Van Eyck to Reynolds.

Alas, since the above lines were written this great artist and true man has passed away. He died on Thursday, August 13th, of a disease of the larynx, and on the Thursday following was buried with due honors in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he lies with Reynolds and Turner, with Leighton and Wren.

THE PHANTOM GOVERNESS

By T. R. Sullivan

I

"WALLACE! Wallace! The Minehead coach is coming down the hill!" cried Mrs. Lenox from the smoke-room threshold. Then, having assured herself that her husband and his friend, Harrison Waterbury, were quite alone, she advanced to the card-table at which the two men sat over a game of piquet.

"Twenty-five—twenty-six! All right, Lucy—in one moment. Twenty-seven—twenty-eight—and ten, thirty-eight!" returned Mr. Lenox, counting and scoring. "There will be time to finish the set, and then——"

"No, no! Do come now, please. I can never face Miss Dawson alone." Waterbury, who had gathered up the cards, threw them down. "Is my back hair in order?" he asked, with pretended anxiety, rising as he spoke and thereby forcing his opponent to do likewise.

"Yes, what there is of it!" growled Mr. Lenox, following the others reluctantly. "I think we are far from wise in permitting you to meet the lady. It will be a case of fascination at first sight."

"There is no danger of that, I am sure," said his wife, gravely. "For Miss Martha Dawson has reached years of discretion, and owns up to thirty-three. She lived with the Duchess of Saxe Gotha two whole years. Miss Walton-Woolley, through whom I heard of her, declared that she was the ideal governess. My one prayer is that Violet and the boys may not be as much afraid of her as I am."

The conversation had brought them into the central hall of the Lynton Hotel, and hurrying on to the porch, where the children stood already, they waited for the coach there in the sunshine.

They were all Americans, and they rejoiced at having not only the hotel but the resources of Lynton very much to themselves in these early July days. Lenox was a man of leisure, who had cut adrift from New York and Newport for a year or two, that he might give his family the benefit of foreign travel. He had landed in the month of June, and suddenly encountering in Regent Street his intimate friend and classmate, Harry Waterbury, had persuaded him to pass a month in Devonshire. The two men were of about the same age, just over forty; but this was almost their only point of resemblance, for Waterbury, when at home, knew no leisure; he was an ambitious man, with a definite mark in his profession of the law already made. Rich, unmarried, of excellent connections, agreeable manners, and great personal charm, he had become a favorite in his little world which had done its best to spoil him, but, thus far, had only succeeded in wearing him out. After a troublesome illness he yielded to advice and came abroad for rest, which was now assured to him in very pleasant company. The

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Devon breezes were bringing back the color to his dark, sallow face; and in their first long walk that morning, over the Tors to Countisbury, he had outstripped Lenox, who was a much heavier man.

The view which the little party overlooked is one of the finest in North Devon. Four hundred feet below the Lynton table-lands the port of Lynmouth nestles in its narrow, wooded gorge. Beyond the town and tumbling river stands the manor-house, in a smooth expanse of lawn reclaimed from the sea, which makes up behind it toward the huge promontory of the Foreland, outlined against the sky like a dormant lion. Its high cliffs, pale green and golden brown above, along the shoreline are worn into strange shapes and surf-indented with inaccessible caves. The rocky heights, stretching inland toward a wilderness of moors, were now aglow with purple heather, almost tropical in its vivid color. But, for the moment, this landscape was forgotten by them all; they had eyes only for a red strip of road, shining through the trees on the headland above the manor-house, along which the coach was expected to pass.

"It must have gone by," said Miss Violet Lenox, who was a graceful brunette of sixteen. "Hark! there are wheels on the bridge, down in the valley."

"Perhaps it's upset," said Joe, the younger of her two brothers, in a hopeful tone. He was only nine, and had not yet learned the value of lessons.

Mrs. Lenox stood with Waterbury a little apart from the others. "I do hope that this will succeed," she whispered. "It is such a risk to take a governess on faith, as it were. I have seen Miss Dawson only once. And I don't like the way she has disappointed us—twice already. She promised to be here ten days ago."

"If she comes recommended by the Duchess of Saxe Gotha," suggested Waterbury, by way of reassurance.

"It is so very important to have just the right person," pursued his companion, abstractedly; "sufficiently responsible to leave with the children in case Wallace and I should wish to travel by ourselves. That is why I chose an old one."

"Is thirty-three old?" asked Waterbury, laughing.

"Not for a man, of course. And when I say old, I don't mean that. I mean—that is——"

"By old you mean not young; I see."

"Here is the coach!" interposed Lenox, as the horses came in sight above the wall of the parish churchyard. "And there are four passengers. Shall you know the new incumbent when you see her, Lucy?"

"Of course I shall!" returned his wife, indignantly. "Why, Wallace, Wallace, this is too dreadful—she isn't there!"

The prospect of at least one more day's vacation proved too much for the irrepressible Joe; he gave a wild whoop of joy, which was ably echoed by his grave twelve-year-old brother, Jim. "Hurrah for the stars and stripes!" they shouted.

The coach drew up at the door, and Mrs. Lenox's incredible announcement was verified. Neither Miss Dawson nor any one resembling her could be discovered. The guard knew nothing of such a passenger. He had no letter, no message.

"What do you make of this?" asked Lenox, while the group slowly turned indoors. "After all these delays I give the lady up. In fact, I doubt if there is any Miss Dawson at all."

"My back hair doesn't matter now," said Waterbury. "We shall have to call her the Phantom Governess, I think."

"Oh, yes; that's a splendid name for her," Violet declared.

"Hurrah for the Phantom Governess!" shrieked her brothers.

"Boys, boys, be quiet!" said their mother, sternly.

"Shall we change our fine clothes, Harry, or wear them in to dinner?" Lenox inquired.

His wife turned upon him with a look of despair. "Now, Wallace, please be serious for one moment, if you can. What on earth am I to do?"

"Do? What can you do? There is nothing to be done."

"Well, I can only say that it is all very strange—very mysterious—very dreadful."

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Her husband predicted that the mystery would solve itself, unaided, in the course of a few hours; if it did not, he would journey up to London in search of another governess—a real one, this time!

The solution came at the dinner-table in a telegram, addressed to Mrs. Lenox, which ran as follows:

"Taunton train reached Minehead too late for coach. Shall arrive to-morrow.
"M. Dawson."

"And I need not go up to London," said Lenox. "Thank Heaven for that!"

"To-morrow, then," Waterbury remarked, "the phantom will clothe itself in human shape."

"Oh, dear! I dread her so!" said Violet. "What is she like, mamma?"

"Well, dear, I have seen her only once, you know, in Miss Walton-Woolley's dreary waiting-room. She sat with her back to the light, and kept her veil down. A plain little woman, I thought, with a fair complexion—rather colorless. She had a great deal to say about the Duchess of Saxe Gotha, but I suppose we shall accustom ourselves to that. Her voice is particularly pleasant, and she has nice, gentle manners."

"Do you know anything of her family?" asked Waterbury.

"Oh, yes; they are English, of course. Her father is a curate at Nottingham—very poor, I believe."

The conversation drifted to other subjects. No further reference to Miss Dawson was made until the next day, which, as Lenox said, showed plainly enough why English travellers by common consent avoid Devonshire in midsummer. The sky was overcast, and a cold wind from the sea brought scudding clouds with dashes of rain. The whole land was dank and cheerless; yet the men, having planned a walk to the Doone Valley, persisted in their plan. It was an all-day expedition, and they started early, promising to return in time for tea. But Devon miles are long, at best; moreover, the way home seemed to be all up hill; so that Lenox reached his room a full hour late, and found his wife already dressing for dinner.

"Well, Wallace, I must say——"

"We couldn't help it, dear! 'The way was long, the wind was cold.' Did Miss Dawson come?"

"Yes, poor child! almost frozen to death! They had a frightful journey across the moors. When she came in she could scarcely speak."

"Then it is just as well that I wasn't here. How do you like her?"

"That is why I counted on you," said Mrs. Lenox, inconsequently. "First impressions mean so much, and I am convinced that she isn't going to do at all."

"Come, Lucy, that's too bad! It is surely rather soon——"

"She is such a timid little creature, Wallace—and, somehow, she doesn't seem to be what I expected. She is prettier than I thought, for one thing; and she has beautiful hair—I am afraid it can't be all her own."

"Well, my dear, so far I see no just ground for complaint. If this is all your case——"

"Now, Wallace, do be reasonable. These things are always intuitive. I can't tell you why she is not the right person. But just as surely as I sit here—Oh, dear, there goes the first dinner-gong!"

Later on, that same evening, when Miss Dawson, still suffering from the effects of an uncomfortable journey, had gone to bed, a comparison of notes proved that those first impressions upon which Mrs. Lenox depended were hopelessly at variance. The new governess, very plainly yet very becomingly dressed, had taken punctually her allotted place at table between Violet and Joe. Over the latter she had at once assumed a certain sway which evidently surprised and displeased him, though he made no resistance. But his brother, sitting opposite, noted it defiantly, and "just pitied Joe," as he confided to Waterbury in an ominous whisper. Her conversation with the boys had been conducted in the French language, and their responses, in consequence, were all monosyllabic. Violet, rising to the situation nobly, had discussed climate in the foreign tongue with commendable fluency. It did not appear, however, that she approved of Miss Dawson, and, naturally, no attempt had

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been made to extract from her a hasty opinion. But Mrs. Lenox's mind had been actively engaged upon the case, and she felt no scruples about pronouncing judgment when the three elders were left to themselves.

"Deadly dull!" she sighed; "and characterless—shy as a school-girl, too, without either style or presence. How can a woman live thirty-three years in the world and be like that? We could never leave such a pretty, tremulous bit of inexperience in charge of the children. But I sha'n't say a single word to influence you, Wallace, until you have expressed your own unprejudiced views. What do you think of her?"

"I don't find her so uncommonly pretty, but then I never did care for blonde women," said Lenox, glancing toward his wife, who might have posed for a Queen of Night, and now acknowledged this compliment with a faint smile. "She seems, however, inoffensive enough—except, perhaps, for a certain consciousness of superiority which, of course, she can't help. The British always regard us as outer barbarians—the clown-dogs, so to speak, in the world's circus. As for her hair, if I am a judge, that's real, every lock of it!"

"Oh, I don't mind the hair!" replied Mrs. Lenox; "she might wear a wig, poor child, if she were the right person otherwise. I can't see what you mean by superiority. She never mentioned the Duchess of Saxe Gotha, even once!" Mr. Lenox laughed; and then turned upon his friend, who had listened attentively to the discussion. "What do you think of her, Harry?" said he.

Now the fact was that Waterbury's sympathies had already been stirred more deeply than he could have admitted. Imagining at the dinner-table that some instinctive doubt clouded Mrs. Lenox's mind, he had yielded to a feeling of pity for this little Miss Dawson, who, though evidently overcome by fatigue, struggled bravely to do what she conceived to be her duty; and when Lenox appealed to him, he was actually troubled by a fear that his friends might agree to dislike her. Far too wise to express the fear, even had he been fully conscious of it, he made his reply non-committal.

"I thought she spoke French very well," said he. "But an old bachelor's opinion of a governess can hardly be worth hearing, at best—and mine is not yet formulated. So far as I am concerned, she shall have, to-night, the benefit of any doubt there may be."

"Solon speaks," returned Lenox. "You hear, Lucy; let us leave Miss Dawson to her own devices, and observe her silently until a whole week has come and gone." His wife, eager, as she declared, to treat the case judicially, assented to this. And so the court adjourned.

During the stated interval, accordingly, Mrs. Lenox, keeping her agreement in mind, did not break it above a dozen times. Meanwhile, more by chance than by design, a small friendly acquaintance had sprung up between the new governess and Mr. Waterbury. On her second afternoon, when the lessons were over, she had strolled out upon the North Walk for a look at the sunset, and had overtaken the American, who was examining a patch of pale pink flowers embedded in a grassy bank. She had been able to inform him that this was the veritable wild thyme of Shakespeare. Thereupon, passing to other flowers, he had asked to have the difference between furze and gorse made clear to him. Then, in return, pulling out a guide-book, he had identified the points of interest along the coast—High Veer, Lee Bay, and Wring Cliff Cove. One line concerning the last especially interested her. "On the isolated mass of rock which lies to the left of the bay samphire grows abundantly —" he read, and she quoted from King Lear:

> Half-way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

"Have you ever gathered it?" he asked; and she was obliged to admit that she did not even know the plant by sight. So, following back the path, they had watched the pale sea break gently far below them, and he had continued his pursuit of information even to the point of questioning Miss Dawson about her life in Germany. At this she had grown suddenly reserved and shy, answering him vaguely, with much

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embarrassment. But upon a discreet change of subject their talk went on lightly and easily, until they parted at the hotel door like old friends. Left alone he reviewed all she had said, finding her reserve in matters relating to herself natural and most becoming. There was mischief in the air for Mr. Waterbury, though even then he had not the faintest suspicion of it.

Within those first few days he learned from Lenox that Miss Dawson had spoken of him more than once. Then, one evening, when they were standing apart, she made him, in a way, her confidant. He had referred to his plans for the late summer and the autumn, and her expressive face had suddenly put on a preoccupied look.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

Miss Dawson smiled. "I was only wondering about our own plans," she whispered; "Mrs. Lenox has told me nothing, and I can't very well question her. I might seem inquisitive, you see; yet I should like so much to know them."

"I understand," said Waterbury, gravely; and he proceeded to give her the desired information, finding something pathetic in her gratitude for that trifling favor. It distressed him to think that this sensitive woman might be forced to pass all the years of her life in a dependent position which he began to consider little better than slavery. "She has accepted her fate courageously," he reflected. "How else could she keep so young at thirty-three?" He determined, then and there, that his friends should like her. Since much would turn on her success with the children, he sounded them cautiously the next day, discovering to his satisfaction that Violet and Miss Dawson were already the best of friends. The temper of the boys was less encouraging. Joe still chafed under his newly imposed restraint; and Jim, declaring that the governess taught him only the things he knew by heart, had come into open conflict with her that very morning over his Latin lesson. Yet he listened so attentively when Mr. Waterbury enjoined patience and dwelt upon Miss Dawson's many virtues, that her advocate felt the unruly pupil's regeneration to be but a question of time. She, herself, could not have dreamed of all this labor in her behalf. For suddenly and unaccountably came a change in her behavior toward Waterbury. It was soon very clear that she desired to avoid him. When, watching his opportunity, he contrived to speak with her alone, she answered him civilly but coldly, almost in monosyllables. What could be the meaning of this? He racked his brains in a fruitless search for it. In the course of a few days he perceived that their acquaintance, so pleasantly begun, was practically at an end. None the less he remained loyal, sounding her praises warmly whenever her name came up, noting with pleasure that the responses grew more and more favorable. Evidently the family would like her. By the end of a fortnight Miss Dawson's cause was won.

II

"Lucy, my dear, our social duties are upon us!" said Mr. Lenox, suddenly, one evening after dinner. "The Hornby-Combes have arrived, and we must present our letter at once."

"Oh, Wallace, must we? Glenmoor was still shut up when we drove by, two days ago. I began to hope they were not coming at all."

"They came last night, and the sooner our visit is paid, the better. The Thornes would never forgive us if we neglected to hand in our credentials."

"Oh, mamma, please go — to-morrow!" urged Violet. "Then, perhaps, they will ask us to dinner. I want so much to see what an English country-house is like."

Mrs. Lenox, laughing and sighing, agreed to go on the following afternoon should the weather be fine. Then, accordingly, she drove to Glenmoor with her husband, and, when the party met at dinner, Violet asked eagerly for an account of their adventures.

"The place is beautiful," replied her mother; "there are fine trees, and the drawing-room windows open upon the sea. As for the house, that seemed enormous, though not especially comfortable. It must be very old."

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"And Lady Hornby-Combe, mamma? Was she nice?"

"She is a handsome woman of middle age, stately as a family portrait. Yet I am sure she meant to be very agreeable. She has been everywhere, and was much interested in our travels; she asked a great many questions about you all."

"But she didn't ask us to dinner!" said Violet, in a tone of disappointment that provoked a general laugh.

"No, my dear! That happiness will come after she has returned our visit—if it comes at all." And so the subject was dropped. A day or two later, when Violet and Miss Dawson returned from an afternoon walk, Mrs. Lenox met them in the hall.

"Violet, I have great news for you. Sir George and Lady Hornby-Combe have called, and she has asked you to drive with your father and me to a meet of the stag-hounds. We are to dine at Glenmoor afterward. It is the first meet of the season. Sir George is to follow."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Violet, flushed with excitement. And, dancing up to her father and Mr. Waterbury who came in at that moment, she told them the news. "Wasn't it nice of her to ask me?"

"I wish you had been at home to help me receive her," said Mrs. Lenox, laughing. "And you, too, Miss Dawson! It seemed that she met you a year or two ago, when she visited the Duchess of Saxe Gotha."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Dawson, calmly. "I could not have supposed that she would remember it."

"On the contrary, she remembers it very well; and she inquired for you, particularly upon hearing that you were with us."

"That was very kind," returned the governess in the same quiet tone which Waterbury, who had turned at the sound of her voice, fancied was not without constraint. Every word she spoke interested him now, as he suddenly perceived; and he reproached himself for idle curiosity.

The day of the meet chanced to be very fine. The Lenox family departed for Glenmoor in the early morning, and Waterbury, left to his own resources, determined to walk along the cliffs as far as High Veer. This plan he carried out in a very leisurely fashion, following the indentures of the coast high over the quiet sea. Then descending to the River Heddon, he lunched at a thatched inn, a mile or so up the stream, where he was the only visitor. He lingered in this peaceful spot, to smoke pipe after pipe and laugh at the flattering sentiments of the inn-album. The house seemed to be a favorite honeymoon resort; and, as he added his signature to the rest, he wished with a sigh that he could see any possibility of such a crescent moon for him. The wish recurred more than once on his way back by wooded combe and open common. The afternoon would have been better than the morning, but for a new sense of loneliness.

It was nearly four o'clock when he came out at Wring Cliff Cove, just a mile from the town. Above towered the rough battlements of the Castle Rock; and, between this and the lesser peak of Duty Point, the surf broke lazily upon a semicircle of yellow shingle lying many feet below him. To his left, close under the point, rose the detached mass of rock which he had first seen in Miss Dawson's company; and he recalled the fact that samphire grew upon it. As the tide was half out the rock must be easily accessible from the shore side; he would go down to gather a specimen of the uncanny herb which seemed emblematic of danger and difficulty. So, following a zigzag sheep-track to the shingle, Waterbury was soon clambering over the slippery bowlders scattered about the base of the rock, which proved to be higher and steeper than he had supposed. At first no signs of vegetation appeared there, but, nearing the top, he found a tangle of yellow stalks and pale-green lance-like leaves in every crevice. He broke a leaf from this parasite of the rock and tasted it. The pungent, aromatic flavor removed all doubt at once. It was the samphire, whose strange growth, without apparent need of soil, resembled that of mistletoe upon an oak. Pulling a handful of it up by the roots, he rounded the last jagged pinnacle, and

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stood upon a wide ledge high over the waves, beyond which loomed the Welsh coast, faintly discernible. Here, to his great surprise, sat a thrice familiar figure in an attitude of contemplation. "Miss Dawson!" he cried, as she rose and turned toward him. An unbound book slipped from her hand in the process, but she caught it up before he could discover what she had brought with her to beguile the time.

"Yes," she stammered, nervously rearranging a tuft of green sprays in her dress; "the samphire! I wished to see it, and—and I thought I was quite alone."

"I understand," he said, coldly. "But my coming here at this moment is purely accidental. I will not stay to annoy you."

"Oh, please!" she answered, with eagerness. "I did not mean that. I have had so much to trouble me in these last few days that I hardly know what I am saying."

"Thank you. I should have been the last to intrude upon you purposely, after your evident desire to avoid me."

"Avoid?" she repeated, flushing scarlet. "I did not know——"

"Surely, you *do not think me so dull* as not to have seen it. Friendship is a very sensitive thermometer; it notes the slightest changes."

"It was very foolish of me to show any feeling," she replied, gently. "But one does not like to be ridiculed, and——"

"Ridiculed? Who has done that? Certainly not I!"

"Ah! you forget!" Miss Dawson explained, with a faint smile. "It was Jim who betrayed the secret in a fit of ill-temper over his Latin lesson. He said I was only a phantom governess, after all, for you had called me so. I felt sure that you suspected me."

Waterbury burst into a laugh. "Is that all?" he cried, merrily. "I said that, to be sure, the day before you came—when your coming had been postponed more than once. It was a very weak joke, never meant to reach your ears. I could not have made it at all, had I dreamed you would know, and, knowing, be offended. You are very real, and your friendship is of real value to me. So, pray shake hands as an assurance that I have not lost it. Forgive the absurd speech, and the speaker, too!"

"It is I who have been absurd," she said, taking the hand he offered. "And you are more than kind."

Their eyes did not meet, and he changed the subject at once. "This view is superb. Let us look at it before turning back. Won't you sit down for a moment?" And he spread out for her the light overcoat he carried.

"For a little moment," she said, adopting his easy, conventional tone and sitting beside him. As she did so, his attention was drawn again to the book in her hand.

"You were reading."

"No. I heard Mrs. Lenox speak of some verses in the Tavistock *Review*. So I brought the number with me, but have not looked at it. Will you not find the lines and read them? She said that they were called 'The Palm-Bearers!'"

"With pleasure. Yes, here they are—unsigned. Listen to the unknown poet!" And he read aloud, expressively:

Oh, Youth shall strive the stars to win,
And teach a wondering world his name;
And, strong in hope and joy, begin
The vast foundations of his fame!

While Age shall lean upon his crutch,
And through his rising tears shall sigh:
"*Thy strength deludes thee overmuch*,
He only lives who learns to die!"

And Dives at his feast shall sneer,
Couched all his length in silken ease:
"My cups will banish care and fear;
What are thy stars, thy fame to these?"

But I, *too poor to understand*,
Too wise to seek the world's renown,
Shall clasp anew my love's soft hand,
And through the valley wander down.

We two the sunny path shall find,
That sweet, immortal songs have sung;
And Sorrow's cloak shall drop behind,
And I shall still be young, be young!

The love she stores within her eyes
Is all the wealth that I have known;
Yet I, of all, shall gain the prize,
And prove in her content my own.

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For Dives learns too late the truth;
His grapes shall fail him at the end;
And frosted Age and fevered youth
Into one dark alike descend.

But, overhead, the stars shall shine
For us, who still our love shall hold,
Her hand shall still be locked in mine,
Through all the darkness and the cold.

Within her eyes my heart shall read
Diviner hopes than earth can show;
What joys in worlds to come succeed
We two, alone, shall know, shall know!

Waterbury, in beginning, had not perceived the depth of sentiment toward which he drifted. As he read on his voice faltered; and, when he finished, a silence fell upon them, broken only by the sound of the waves which dashed against the base of the rock under a rising breeze.

"Thank you," said Miss Dawson, at last; "that is very graceful, very musical. I should not have supposed that Mrs. Lenox would care for it so much."

"All honor to the anonymous writer!" Waterbury replied. "His philosophy is the true one—as Mrs. Lenox knows."

"No doubt."

"And yet you say that doubtfully," said Waterbury, throwing down the book. "Mrs. Lenox and I are old friends. You must not misunderstand her. That would be unfair, as well as unkind. For she is very genuine—very true, and she likes you, I am sure."

"I know—I understand. She has been very good to me. I cannot bear to think of leaving her."

"Of leaving her? You are not going?"

"Yes; I must go of my own accord, or be sent away in disgrace. I might give up my place to-morrow and escape detection. But I have decided to choose the better way—to tell the whole truth this very night. I am here under false pretences—I have deceived Mrs. Lenox shamefully."

"What do you mean?" asked Waterbury, staring in amazement at her pale face.

She would not look at him, but went on with evident effort, yet calmly and clearly:

"I am not the governess whom Mrs. Lenox engaged in London—not Miss Martha Dawson. I am Mary Dawson, her younger sister—eight years younger than she, with no experience in teaching. My sister was taken ill, and could not come. We are very poor, worse than that—we have debts that make my father's life a burden. A little money is always of vast importance to us; this time, it seemed almost a question of daily bread or of going without it. So I persuaded my sister to let me fill her place. We look much alike, and Mrs. Lenox had seen Martha only once. I thought that she would never know, never, perhaps, have cause to suspect, if I passed the ordeal of our first meeting. She was a stranger, without English friends in all probability — surely, I imagined, without friends capable of detecting the falsehood. I forgot how very small this great world really is. I reckoned, you see, without Lady Hornby-Combe."

"Go on!" said Waterbury, earnestly. "Tell me the rest, since you have told so much."

"The rest? There is no more to tell. Lady Hornby-Combe, when we meet, will perceive instantly that I am not the governess whom she knew in Germany. I cannot wait for such an encounter. I prefer to avoid it by going away, but, in going, to confess the truth frankly."

"This, then, is the full extent of your fault?"

"This is all. But if you knew how I have suffered in committing it! My success has brought its own punishment—its torture! I have been overwhelmed with kindness to which I had no right. I had no right even to your friendship. You will never understand my relief in losing it by a single honest word. Thank heaven, that is over! Yet I cannot rest until I have completed the humiliation."

Rising as she spoke, she moved away with downcast eyes, as if to put an impassable space between them. He did not follow, but looked blankly out at the surf, lost in thought, speaking his thought aloud unconsciously.

"Poor child!" he murmured.

"Have I fallen so low as that?" she said, sorrowfully. "You do not care, then, to reproach me!"

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"Reproach you?" he cried, springing to his feet. "You take this all too seriously. What you have done is nothing—Mrs. Lenox will laugh at it. You are the whitest of phantoms."

She hid her face in her hands, and leaned back against the rock, sobbing. "You kill me with your kindness. You do not understand—you will not see."

"It is you who do not understand," he answered, gently. "And you are blind, or you would have seen long ago that my feeling for you was stronger than simple friendship. It was never stronger than it is at this moment. I admire the devotion that led you here to Lynton. I honor the courage that prompted you to tell the truth. I love you, and have loved you from the moment when I saw you first. I did not believe that such a thing could be—I did not know what it meant, but now my eyes are opened. I love you, as I have loved no one else in the world."

She broke down utterly, bursting into a flood of tears. "No—no!" she moaned; "you must not say those things."

"Listen!" he urged. "When I read those lines just now, the truth was suddenly revealed to me. Love is the one prize worth possessing—it is the saving grace, the heaven we pray for. I blessed the unknown writer for showing me my own heart. If I could only show it now to you! I cannot find the words. I can only beg you not to destroy the hope of this great happiness. Be my wife—I love you—that is all I have to say."

She would have made her escape, but that he stood between her and the path, compelling her to hear him.

"No!" she said, now in a firm voice. "Please do not speak of this again. It can't be—I cannot care for you in—in that way."

"Is this your answer?"

"I am very sorry—I cannot help it. Oh, please—please let me go!"

He stepped aside, and she passed him without another word, to begin her descent of the path, hurriedly at first; then, as its difficulties increased, more slowly, clinging to the rock for support. Waterbury, who had watched every step, now followed her.

"You cannot go down alone," he said; "you must let me help you—indeed, you must." She obeyed, though reluctantly, and together they went on for a few minutes in silence. Suddenly she stopped, to point shoreward with a startled cry.

"Oh, look! The tide—the tide!"

Waterbury turned, and saw that the sea had crept in around their course, which now ended in a wave that plunged and foamed between the outlying bowlders. For the time being the rough rock on which they stood was turned into an island.

He looked at her, and laughed. "How stupid!" he cried; "I came for a moment, and, finding you, I lost my wits. We are caught like truant children. But there is not the slightest danger; we must wait, that's all!"

"Wait? It will be for hours!" gasped Miss Dawson, sinking to her knees in white dismay.

Waterbury, making no answer, scrambled back to the ledge. Far out, a Bristol collier, heavily laden, under a trail of black smoke, ploughed slowly toward the open sea. But there was no boat, no sail in sight, however distant. Obviously help could not be summoned from that quarter; and he rejoined his companion, who only stared at him desperately.

"There is but one thing to do!" said he, when he had eyed the encroaching wave for another moment with fierce determination.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I am going ashore for help—it will not take long."

"Oh, but you can't do that; it is impossible."

"Nonsense! There are only six yards of water, and I am a capital swimmer. But no time should be lost."

"No, no—to wait is nothing. You must not, you must not, indeed—I implore you."

"Come back!" he said, sternly. "I shall do nothing that involves risk, you may be sure."

Without further objection she gave him her hand, and they returned to the ledge, where Waterbury took off his watch, with other valuables, laying them down. "You will wait here," he said;

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then, disregarding her inarticulate answer, turned away. In a few moments he had reached the lowest point on the land side, and by removing his shoes and outer clothing had prepared for his plunge. Before making this, however, he delayed a little. The gulf between him and the nearest bowlder was narrow, but the sea swept through it furiously. He must choose his moment there, or be dashed headlong, disabled, perhaps. Would it not be wiser to swim directly for the shingle, even though that way were much the longer one? Deciding upon this more prudent course, he had already drawn himself together for his leap, when a voice hailed him in a tone of remonstrance. He looked up, and saw on the opposite cliff the figure of a man, standing out sharply against the rocky hillside. He signalled in return, whereupon the man pointed toward another figure—a boy's—running at full speed along the path to the town; then followed much shouting and superfluous gesticulation, from which Waterbury soon grasped the one important fact that a boat would put out from the port for his rescue. There was no need, therefore, of wetting even the soles of his feet. He could but dress himself, and climb back somewhat sheepishly to an hour of perfunctory speech, with its unspeakable gaps of silence, at Miss Dawson's side. When they were safe at home, in ample time for dinner, he was, on the whole, far from grateful that the afternoon's adventure had led to no more practical discomfort than prolonged companionship with the girl who an hour before had seen fit to refuse him.

III

The discomfort continued throughout the dinner, which by tacit agreement they forced themselves to eat as usual, face to face, with only the inconsequent chatter of the boys to distract their minds. Miss Dawson, feigning a composure which she could not have felt, was certainly far more at ease than her unsuccessful suitor, who grew painfully reticent under an effort to recall, word for word, the terms of his rejection and of the talk that had precipitated it. Therein had occurred certain blanks of memory which he tried vainly to fill; and not until they rose from the table did he re-establish the fact that Miss Dawson had expressed an intention of confessing her misdeeds to Mrs. Lenox the moment they met. With a view of changing this intent, if possible, he followed her across the hall to a small waiting-room, where she had secluded herself without so much as a look his way.

"You will not speak to-night," said he.

"On the contrary, I cannot rest until I have spoken."

"But——"

"Pray, do not urge me against my better judgment," she said, firmly. "I should gain nothing by delay." He longed to say more, but still she would not look at him; so he left her in possession, and passed out through a long window opening upon the lawn. Here he wandered aimlessly about in the dusk, until at last, drawn back to the window, he discovered Mrs. Lenox seated within range of it. Though her face was turned away, her attitude denoted close attention; while Miss Dawson faced him in the full glare of the lamplight, speaking earnestly and rapidly. The tale, then, was in progress; he must watch his opportunity, and learn its effect from one or the other, as the case might be. He withdrew into the darkness, cautiously biding his time. There came a movement in the room, and, venturing nearer, he saw that one of the two women was left alone; it proved to be Mrs. Lenox, upon whom he burst in so abruptly that she recoiled from him with a faint scream.

"She has told you!" he said, anxiously.

"Yes. How you startled me! So, you know, too!"

"Yes, yes; I know. What has been decided? You will not let her go?"

"Certainly not, if I can prevent it; though I very much fear that she will go in spite of me. She will not listen to reason. She magnifies her small deception into a great crime. It *was* wrong, of course, but——"

"But you forgave her?"

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"Not only that; I have declared that the whole family would look upon her going away as a positive misfortune. Yet a three days' reprieve is all I can extort from her."

"Did she tell you nothing more?"

Mrs. Lenox looked at him in astonishment. "Dear me!" she said; "is there anything else?"

"I see she did not tell you. Then I will!" Thereupon Waterbury briefly reviewed the events of the afternoon, dwelling, with spirit and emphasis, upon the state of his wounded affections, while Mrs. Lenox listened with all the devotional interest which this genuine love-affair demanded.

"Is that all?" she asked, when he stopped to take breath.

"Everything. What do you advise?"

"You are quite sure that you wish to marry her?" This was answered by a look. "Then you will ask her again, of course."

"Again? When she refused me so decidedly."

"She did not even hint, however, if I understand your story, of her engagement to anyone else."

"No—no—certainly not, but——"

"Then, my dear Mr. Waterbury, you will ask her and you will continue to ask her, until she becomes engaged to some one else or to you. That is, if you are really quite sure of your own mind."

Waterbury laughed. "I suppose you know best," he said; "and yet——"

"No," said Mrs. Lenox, joining in the laugh, "not best, only better. I certainly know my own sex a little better than you do."

"Thank you for lending me a little of your knowledge."

"You ought to thank me — indeed you ought! For the game we are playing is, 'Heads, you win—tails, I lose!' Whatever happens, my governess is spirited away."

"Ah," said Waterbury. "She is only a phantom—a very delusive one, I fear."

"Oh, that reminds me! I must send a telegram. Will you come with me to the office? Through the garden and out by the side gate—this way, for it is a secret! We will keep it, if you please, to ourselves."

They crossed the grounds, unobserved, to a lane which led into the quiet village street, where Waterbury hung about the door of the post-office while Mrs. Lenox busied herself within over the message. This took so much time that he had twice inspected every bit of Devon pottery in the neighboring shop-windows when she came back. He was informed that it had suddenly occurred to her to confirm her telegram by a letter, written on the spot, since the post was closing. "You don't understand all this," she added; "but it will explain itself later. And now I'll go home, and tell my husband everything."

"Everything?" repeated Waterbury.

"Everything which I have the right to tell—my secret, not yours. I leave you that until it is worth telling."

"Until I have repeated my small question to Miss Dawson how many times within the next three days?"

"At least once. She will surely expect that, as every woman does when she refuses the offer of an eligible man. It is often the test, by no means irrational, to which we put a man's sincerity. To disappoint Miss Dawson by not repeating your question would be unfair to her, if not to yourself. Do you hear me?"

"I hear, and I obey!" he sighed.

Nearly two days passed, however, before even the ghost of an opportunity for this act of obedience presented itself. Miss Dawson persistently kept aloof from him, devoting herself to the children with a calmness which her lover mentally characterized as unnatural. Not even Violet was permitted to suspect that anything extraordinary had occurred. Her father understood the main situation, of course; but it was clear that he knew nothing of the underplot in which his friend figured as chief actor. So matters remained through some of the most uncomfortable hours that Waterbury had ever known. By night, he could not sleep; by day, he was restless, preoccupied, almost irritable. Late in the second afternoon Violet and her father prepared for a walk in the valley, asking him to join them; but he excused himself, needing a nap, he said. From his

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open window he watched them go down the road in high spirits. A fresh breeze had sprung up, making the sky cloudless. He could not stay indoors, but went down and out, moodily choosing a course of his own toward the fields. As he turned the corner of the house, a voice hailed him, and, looking up, he saw Mrs. Lenox at her window.

"Are you taking a solitary walk?" she inquired, with a touch of mockery in her tone.

"Yes—unless you will come with me."

"Oh, thank you, no?" she rejoined, smiling. "I would try Shamble-Way, if I were you. Wait, one moment!" Then, disappearing, she came back presently, holding up a small, red book. "Here is a guide for you — catch!" And tossing it straight into his hands she closed the window, and was gone.

It was not a guide at all, but only a volume of her pocket Shakespeare, containing "Twelfth Night." As he looked at it in surprise, the book opened at a turned-down leaf scored with pencil-marks. And this was the marked passage:

Viola: If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.
Olivia: Why, what would you?
Viola: Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;——

Waterbury read the words, laughed, and looked back at the closed window. But no further sign came from it; even its shade was drawn. Then, reading the words once more, he slipped the book into his pocket. "I will take Shamble-Way," said he.

He knew the quiet lane by heart already. It wound up over the hills, away from humanity and all its works, between bank-fences six feet or more in height, overgrown with masses of ivy and a profusion of wild-flowers — the foxglove with its clustered stalks, tufts of valerian, white and red, the bright eyes of the speedwell flashing here and there among the leaves. Spreading elms and beeches shaded the narrow path, which for its mile of length had less outlook than a cloister, except at one point where a gap in the bank permitted an incomparable view of the Lyn valley with the heather-crowned ledges beyond it stretching down to the sea. Such was Shamble-Way, and no better example could be found of the peculiar charm that lurks in the secluded lanes of Devonshire. A quality, unlike any in his own land, had drawn Waterbury to it from the first; he had often turned aside to take it; and he would probably have chosen it now, even without the cue which seemed to indicate that he might find a companion there. He wondered which way she had gone. Was he likely to meet her, or must he overtake her? In either case he would speak, she would answer. This was his hour, and he must improve it; now, or never, was to be the time.

He had reached the very top of the hill, and could overlook the path ahead for a long distance; but neither coming nor going was there anyone to be seen. A great swarm of flies, taking shelter here from the breeze, circled in the sunlight murmurously, and this was the only sign of life. He hurried on; then stopped to pick up something that lay in the path before him. It was a spray of samphire, the emblem of danger and difficulty, still almost as fresh as when she had found it, three days ago. For it was hers, of course; she had worn that, and it had fallen from her dress; she must really have passed this way, then! In another moment he came upon her, seated in the roadside gap which he had entirely forgotten. Her face was turned away, and she started up in confusion — then received him with a pleasant smile. But she had been crying, as he could see at a glance; and for a reason which he could hardly have explained, he found a gleam of hope in that.

"Ah, to be sure!" he said, half to himself. "I might have known you would be here."

She looked off at the valley. "It is very beautiful," she replied, softly; "a place to remember, when one is going away."

"You have decided, then?"

"Yes. I have given my answer to Mrs. Lenox. I am going to-morrow."

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"To Nottingham?"

"To Nottingham."

"You are sorry, I think," said he; "but I am very glad. The decision gives you back your freedom. I hoped you would tell me this when I followed you."

"You followed me? How did you know which way I came?"

"In more ways than one—this, for instance." And he held up the samphire. She put out her hand to take it, but he shook his head, "No," he continued, "I deserve more than this—let me keep so much, at least, to look at and remember, as you say, when I am gone."

Her interest in the valley became absorbing. Still intent upon it, with the air of one who merely wishes to break an awkward silence, she asked if he meant to return home.

"No," he replied, emphatically, "not without journeying from Devon as far as Nottingham—to make me a willow cabin at your gate."

"A willow cabin—at my gate?" she stammered.

"Meanwhile, I shall lodge at the hotel—I suppose there are hotels in Nottingham. Oh, I am perfectly serious! Did you really think I would give you up so easily?"

She drew away from him, pale, with drooping eyelids. "I am not worth it," she murmured, faintly. "How can you care so much for one who has lied to you?"

He had feared she would refuse to listen, and in this unexpected tolerance he recognized a victory which made his heart leap, as he answered:

"You told the truth. That is reason enough, if reason in such things were desirable or even possible. I care for you so much that I would grow gray with years of waiting. You will not force me to do that—you cannot, it is too late now. The mind may hide its secrets, not the heart—and yours tells you that this thing must be. What must be is already. Deny it, if you dare, I shall not believe you. You do care for me, you know you do!"

Without waiting for the protest he suggested, overcoming with gentle force her feeble opposition, he put his arm around her and drew her toward him. Then, all at once, her strength was gone. She clung to him and hid her face upon his breast, silent, in tears.

The sun, inclining lower, shone full upon the dark valley which was all illumined. The turbulent Lyn glistened along its stony bed in every sheet of foam; over one of its bridges two figures passed; Violet and her father had turned toward home.

Miss Dawson sprang up. "It is time to go," said she. "Mrs. Lenox will think that I am lost."

"No," said her lover, laughing. "She will only be sure that I have found you."

At the first glimpse of the hotel porch she caught his arm. "Let us wait a moment," she urged. "Those horses are Lady Hornby-Combe's."

In the moment their owner came out to her carriage. At the foot of the steps she turned to take leave of Mrs. Lenox, who had followed her, and of another woman—a younger and slighter one—whom Waterbury did not know. But his companion knew and recognized her instantly with a cry of delight.

"It is my sister!" she explained, darting away along the narrow street, and reaching the steps just as the carriage disappeared behind the churchyard wall.

Waterbury, following more slowly, came up when the embraces were over, and was formally presented by Mrs. Lenox to Miss Dawson.

"How like mine!" he thought. "And yet how unlike!" he thought again.

Then, while the sisters exchanged eager questions, Mrs. Lenox drew him aside, and said:

"This is my little secret. Miss Dawson is quite well again, and comes to take her sister's place. I have my governess, after all—the real one. And so you found your way!"

"Yes," he replied. "Thanks for your guide. I shall not need it longer. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going—where?" gasped Mrs. Lenox, with wide-open eyes.

"To Nottingham," he said, quietly; "to publish the banns."

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THE MAGIC RING

BY KENNETH GRAHAME

GROWN-UP people really ought to be more careful. Among themselves it may seem but a small thing to give their word and take back their word. For them there are so many compensations. Life lies at their feet, a party-colored india-rubber ball; they may kick it this way or kick it that, it turns up blue, yellow, or green, but always colored and glistening. Thus one sees it happen almost every day, and, with a jest and a laugh, the thing is over, and the disappointed one turns to fresh pleasure, lying ready to his hand. But with those who are below them, whose little globe is swayed by them, who rush to build star-pointing alhambras on their most casual word, they really ought to be more careful.

In this case of the circus, for instance, it was not as if we had led up to the subject. It was they who began it entirely — prompted thereto by the local newspaper. "What, a circus!" said they, in their irritating, casual way; "that would be nice to take the children to. Wednesday would be a good day. Suppose we go on Wednesday. Oh, and pleats are being worn again, with rows of deep braid," etc.

What the others thought I know not; what they said, if they said anything,

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I did not comprehend. For me the house was bursting, walls seemed to cramp and to stifle, the roof was jumping and lifting. Escape was the imperative thing—to escape into the open air, to shake off bricks and mortar, and to wander in the unfrequented places of the earth, the more properly to take in the passion and the promise of the giddy situation.

Nature seemed prim and staid that day, and the globe gave no hint that it was flying round a circus ring of its own. Could they really be true, I wondered, all those bewildering things I had heard tell of circuses? Did long-tailed ponies really walk on their hind-legs and fire off pistols? Was it humanly possible for clowns to perform one-half of the bewitching drolleries recorded in history? And how, oh how, dare I venture to believe that, from off the backs of creamy Arab steeds, ladies of more than earthly beauty discharged themselves through paper hoops? No, it was not altogether possible, there must have been some exaggeration. Still I would be content with very little, I would take a low percentage—a very small proportion of the circus myth would more than satisfy me. But again, even supposing that history were, once in a way, no liar, could it be that I myself was really fated to look upon this thing in the flesh and to live through it, to survive the rapture? No, it was altogether too much. Something was bound to happen, one of us would develop measles, the world would blow up with a loud explosion. I must not dare, I must not presume, to entertain the smallest hope. I must endeavor sternly to think of something else.

Needless to say I thought, I dreamed of nothing else, day or night. Waking, I walked arm-in-arm with a clown, and cracked a portentous whip to the brave music of a band. Sleeping, I pursued—perched astride of a coal-black horse—a princess all gauze and spangles, who always managed to keep just one unattainable length ahead. In the early morning Harold and I, once fully awake, cross-examined each other as to the possibilities of this or that circus

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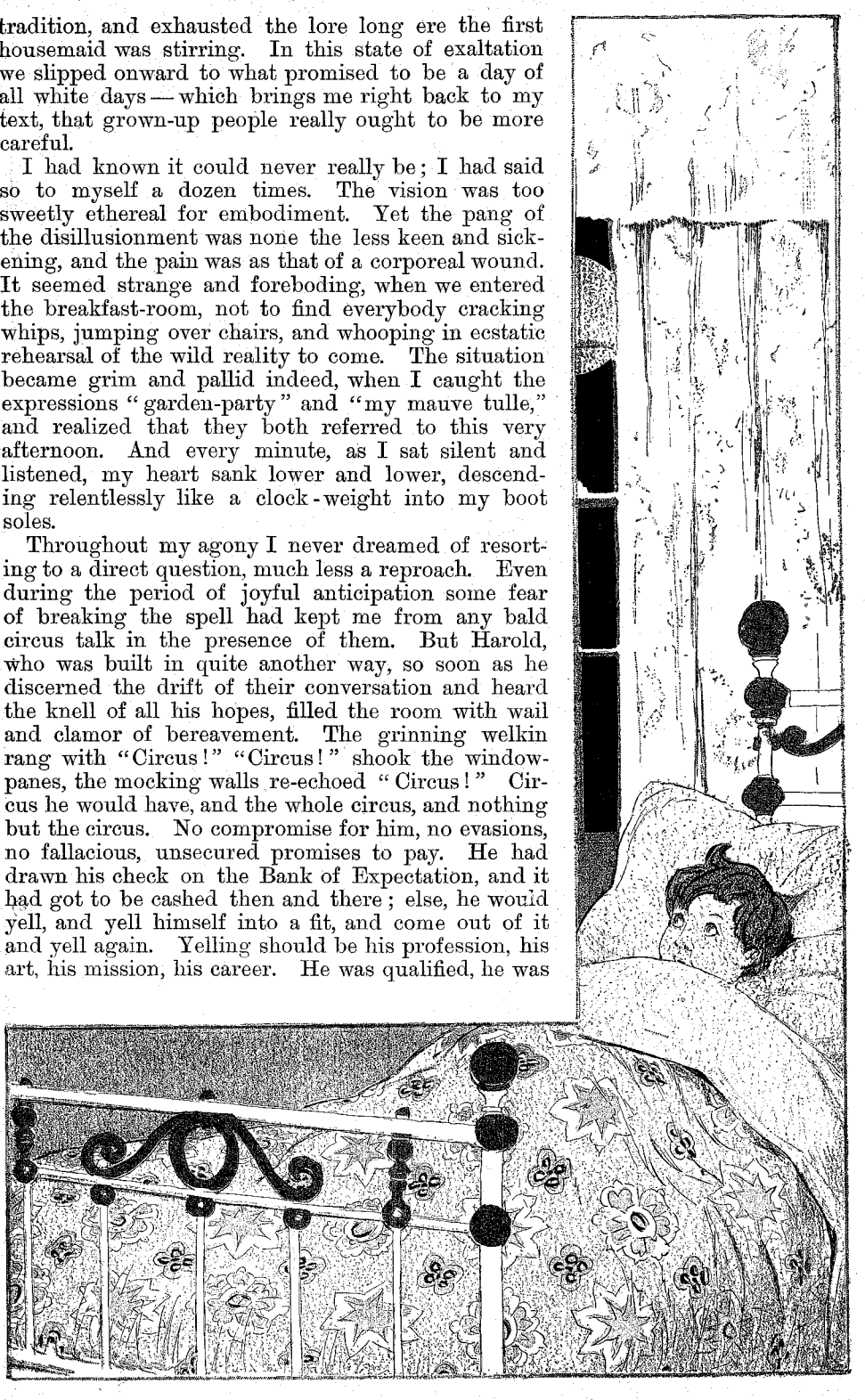
tradition, and exhausted the lore long ere the first housemaid was stirring. In this state of exaltation we slipped onward to what promised to be a day of all white days — which brings me right back to my text, that grown-up people really ought to be more careful.

I had known it could never really be; I had said so to myself a dozen times. The vision was too sweetly ethereal for embodiment. Yet the pang of the disillusionment was none the less keen and sickening, and the pain was as that of a corporeal wound. It seemed strange and foreboding, when we entered the breakfast-room, not to find everybody cracking whips, jumping over chairs, and whooping in ecstatic rehearsal of the wild reality to come. The situation became grim and pallid indeed, when I caught the expressions "garden-party" and "my mauve tulle," and realized that they both referred to this very afternoon. And every minute, as I sat silent and listened, my heart sank lower and lower, descending relentlessly like a clock-weight into my boot soles.

Throughout my agony I never dreamed of resorting to a direct question, much less a reproach. Even during the period of joyful anticipation some fear of breaking the spell had kept me from any bald circus talk in the presence of them. But Harold, who was built in quite another way, so soon as he discerned the drift of their conversation and heard the knell of all his hopes, filled the room with wail and clamor of bereavement. The grinning welkin rang with "Circus!" "Circus!" shook the window-panes, the mocking walls re-echoed "Circus!" Circus he would have, and the whole circus, and nothing but the circus. No compromise for him, no evasions, no fallacious, unsecured promises to pay. He had drawn his check on the Bank of Expectation, and it had got to be cashed then and there; else, he would yell, and yell himself into a fit, and come out of it and yell again. Yelling should be his profession, his art, his mission, his career. He was qualified, he was



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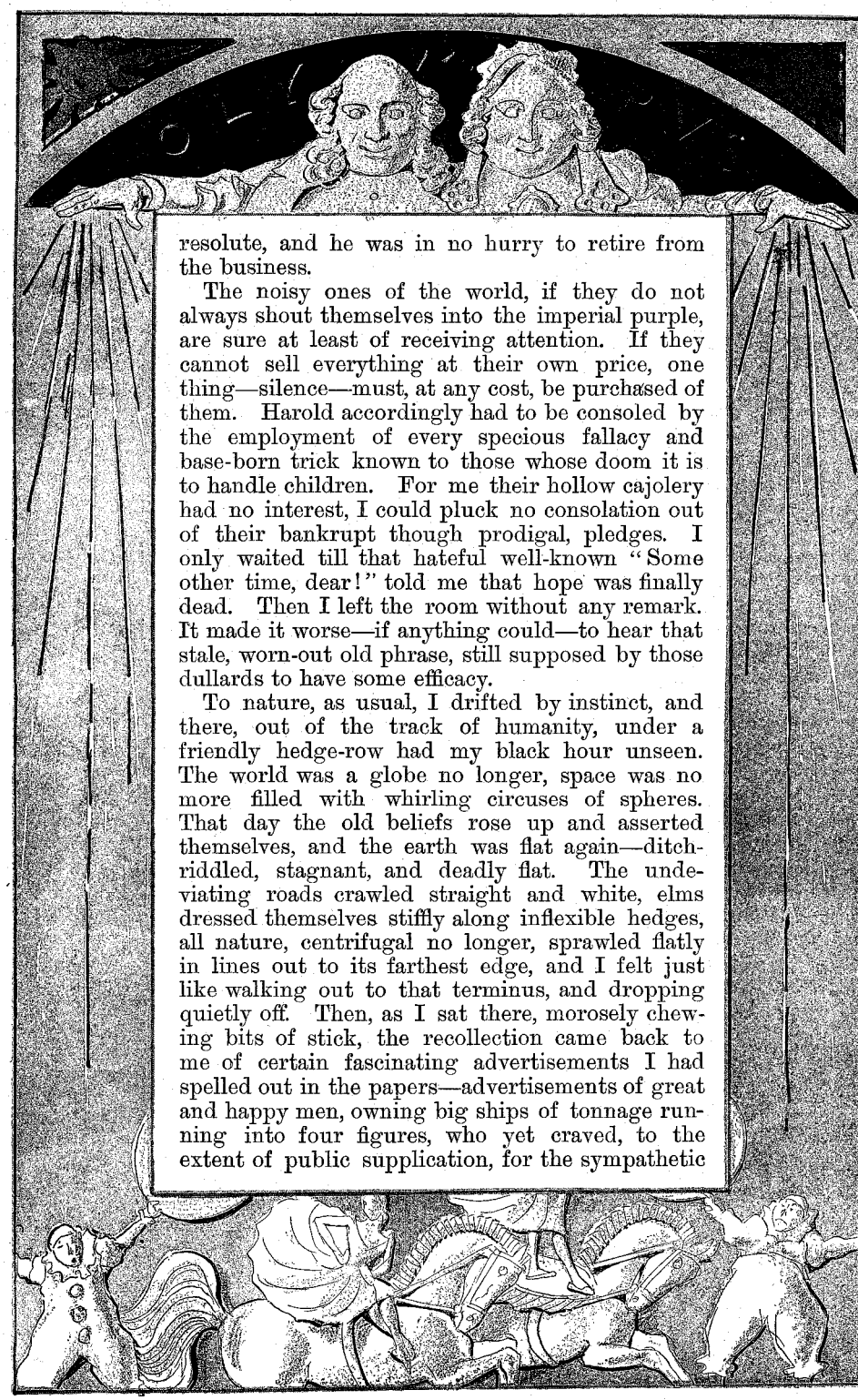

resolute, and he was in no hurry to retire from the business.

The noisy ones of the world, if they do not always shout themselves into the imperial purple, are sure at least of receiving attention. If they cannot sell everything at their own price, one thing—silence—must, at any cost, be purchased of them. Harold accordingly had to be consoled by the employment of every specious fallacy and base-born trick known to those whose doom it is to handle children. For me their hollow cajolery had no interest, I could pluck no consolation out of their bankrupt though prodigal, pledges. I only waited till that hateful well-known "Some other time, dear!" told me that hope was finally dead. Then I left the room without any remark. It made it worse—if anything could—to hear that stale, worn-out old phrase, still supposed by those dullards to have some efficacy.

To nature, as usual, I drifted by instinct, and there, out of the track of humanity, under a friendly hedge-row had my black hour unseen. The world was a globe no longer, space was no more filled with whirling circuses of spheres. That day the old beliefs rose up and asserted themselves, and the earth was flat again—ditch-riddled, stagnant, and deadly flat. The undeviating roads crawled straight and white, elms dressed themselves stiffly along inflexible hedges, all nature, centrifugal no longer, sprawled flatly in lines out to its farthest edge, and I felt just like walking out to that terminus, and dropping quietly off. Then, as I sat there, morosely chewing bits of stick, the recollection came back to me of certain fascinating advertisements I had spelled out in the papers—advertisements of great and happy men, owning big ships of tonnage running into four figures, who yet craved, to the extent of public supplication, for the sympathetic

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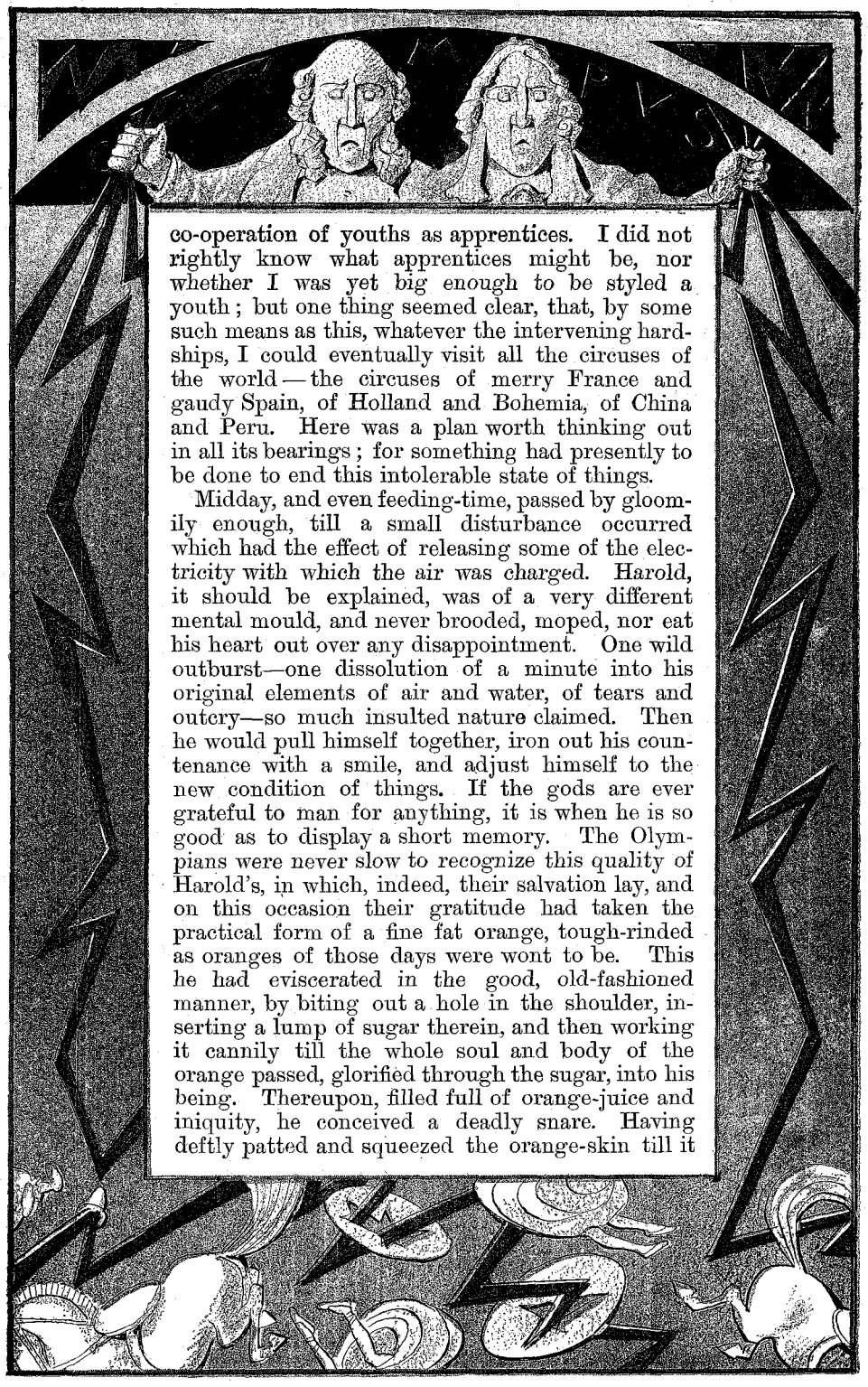

co-operation of youths as apprentices. I did not rightly know what apprentices might be, nor whether I was yet big enough to be styled a youth; but one thing seemed clear, that, by some such means as this, whatever the intervening hardships, I could eventually visit all the circuses of the world — the circuses of merry France and gaudy Spain, of Holland and Bohemia, of China and Peru. Here was a plan worth thinking out in all its bearings; for something had presently to be done to end this intolerable state of things.

Midday, and even feeding-time, passed by gloomily enough, till a small disturbance occurred which had the effect of releasing some of the electricity with which the air was charged. Harold, it should be explained, was of a very different mental mould, and never brooded, moped, nor eat his heart out over any disappointment. One wild outburst—one dissolution of a minute into his original elements of air and water, of tears and outcry—so much insulted nature claimed. Then he would pull himself together, iron out his countenance with a smile, and adjust himself to the new condition of things. If the gods are ever grateful to man for anything, it is when he is so good as to display a short memory. The Olympians were never slow to recognize this quality of Harold's, in which, indeed, their salvation lay, and on this occasion their gratitude had taken the practical form of a fine fat orange, tough-rinded as oranges of those days were wont to be. This he had eviscerated in the good, old-fashioned manner, by biting out a hole in the shoulder, inserting a lump of sugar therein, and then working it cannily till the whole soul and body of the orange passed, glorified through the sugar, into his being. Thereupon, filled full of orange-juice and iniquity, he conceived a deadly snare. Having deftly patted and squeezed the orange-skin till it

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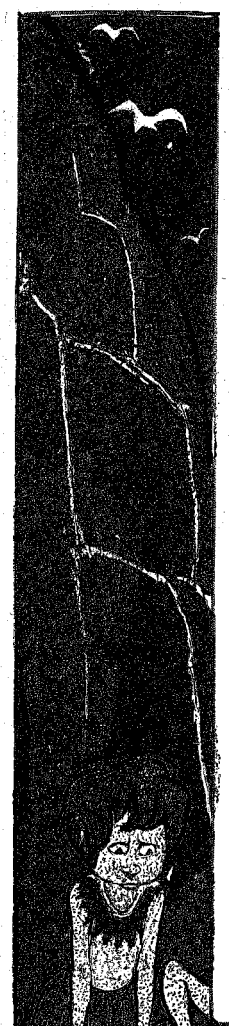
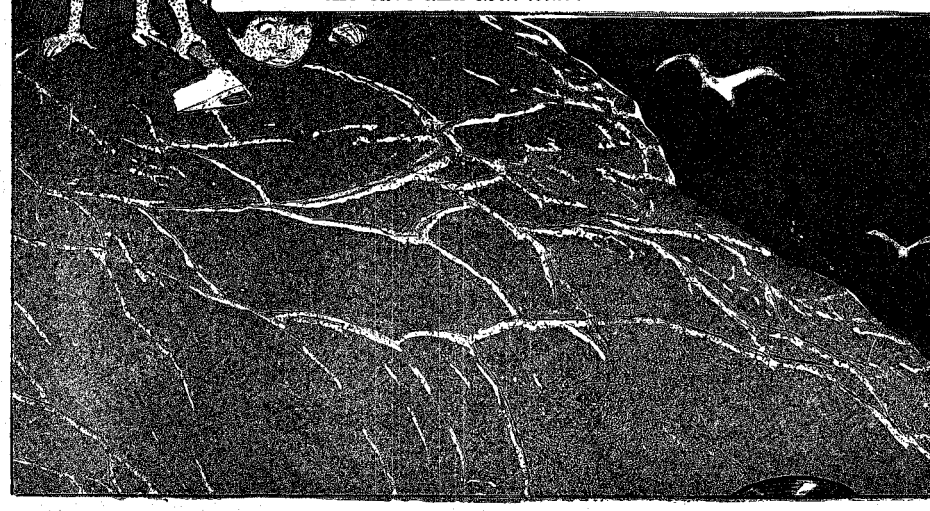


resumed its original shape, he filled it up with water, inserted a fresh lump of sugar in the orifice, and, issuing forth, blandly proffered it to me as I sat moodily in the doorway dreaming of strange wild circuses under tropic skies. Such a stale old dodge as this would hardly have taken me in at ordinary moments. But Harold had reckoned rightly upon the disturbing effect of ill-humor, and had guessed, perhaps, that I thirsted for comfort and consolation, and would not criticise too closely the source from which they came. Unthinkingly I grasped the golden fraud, which collapsed at my touch, and squirted its contents into my eyes and over my collar, till the innermost parts of me were damp with the water that had run down my neck. In an instant I had Harold down, and, with all the energy of which I was capable, devoted myself to grinding his head into the gravel; while he, realizing that the closure was applied, and that the time for discussion or argument was past, sternly concentrated his powers on kicking me in the stomach.

Some people can never allow events to work themselves out quietly. At this juncture one of them swooped down on the scene, pouring shrill, misplaced abuse on both of us, on me for ill-treating my younger brother, whereas it was distinctly I who was the injured and the deceived; on him for the high offence of assault and battery on a clean collar—a collar which I had myself deflowered and defaced, shortly before, in sheer desperate ill-temper. Disgusted and defiant we fled in different directions, rejoining each other later in the kitchen-garden; and as we strolled along together, our short feud forgotten, Harold observed, gloomily: "I should like to be a cave-man, like Uncle George was tellin' us about: with a flint hatchet and no clothes, and live in a cave and not know anybody!"

"And if any one came to see us we didn't like," I joined in, catching on to the points of the idea, "we'd hit him on the head with the hatchet till he dropped down dead."

"And then," said Harold, warming up, "we'd drag him into the cave and *skin him!*"



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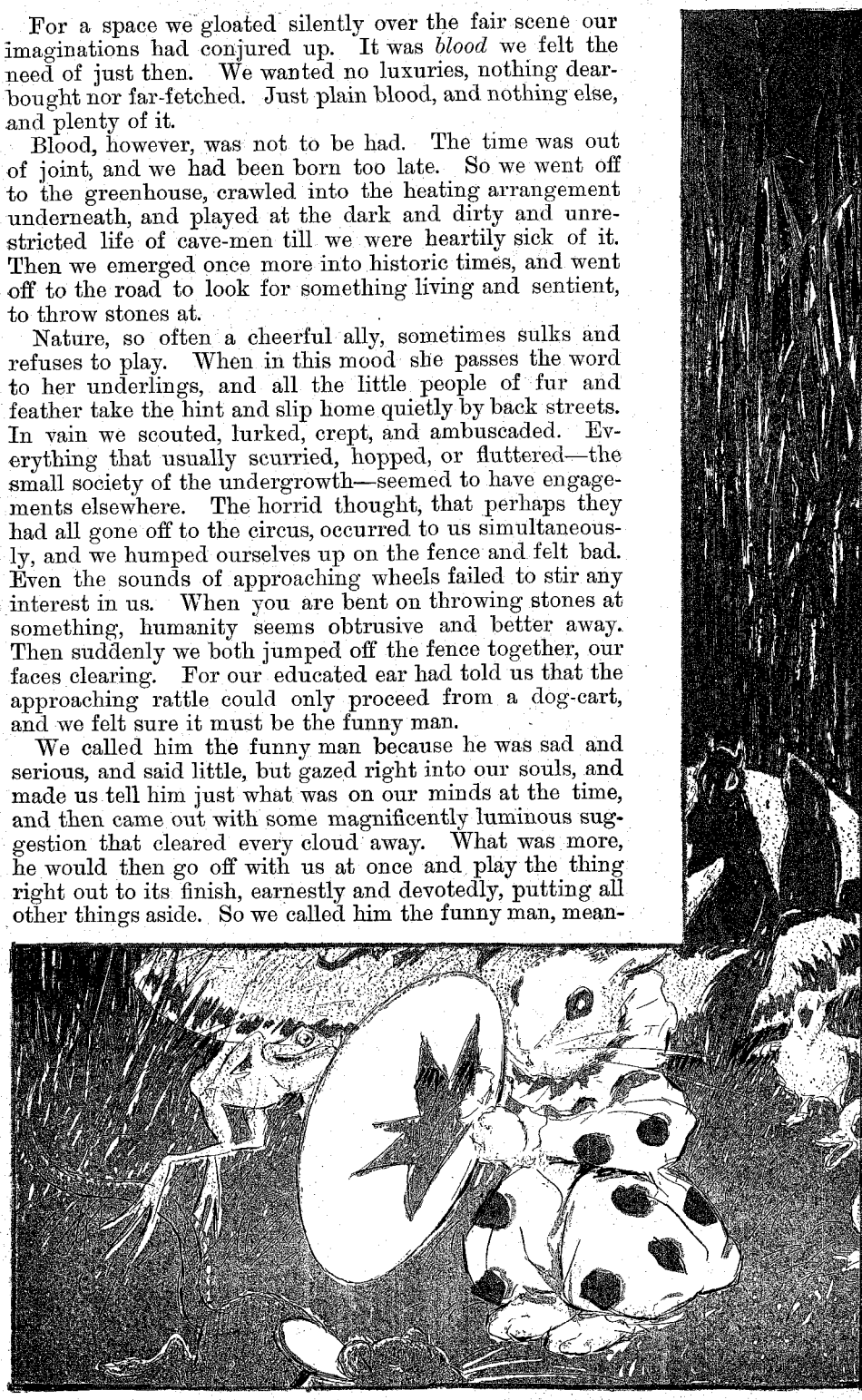
For a space we gloated silently over the fair scene our imaginations had conjured up. It was *blood* we felt the need of just then. We wanted no luxuries, nothing dear-bought nor far-fetched. Just plain blood, and nothing else, and plenty of it.

Blood, however, was not to be had. The time was out of joint, and we had been born too late. So we went off to the greenhouse, crawled into the heating arrangement underneath, and played at the dark and dirty and unrestricted life of cave-men till we were heartily sick of it. Then we emerged once more into historic times, and went off to the road to look for something living and sentient, to throw stones at.

Nature, so often a cheerful ally, sometimes sulks and refuses to play. When in this mood she passes the word to her underlings, and all the little people of fur and feather take the hint and slip home quietly by back streets. In vain we scouted, lurked, crept, and ambuscaded. Everything that usually scurried, hopped, or fluttered—the small society of the undergrowth—seemed to have engagements elsewhere. The horrid thought, that perhaps they had all gone off to the circus, occurred to us simultaneously, and we humped ourselves up on the fence and felt bad. Even the sounds of approaching wheels failed to stir any interest in us. When you are bent on throwing stones at something, humanity seems obtrusive and better away. Then suddenly we both jumped off the fence together, our faces clearing. For our educated ear had told us that the approaching rattle could only proceed from a dog-cart, and we felt sure it must be the funny man.

We called him the funny man because he was sad and serious, and said little, but gazed right into our souls, and made us tell him just what was on our minds at the time, and then came out with some magnificently luminous suggestion that cleared every cloud away. What was more, he would then go off with us at once and play the thing right out to its finish, earnestly and devotedly, putting all other things aside. So we called him the funny man, mean-



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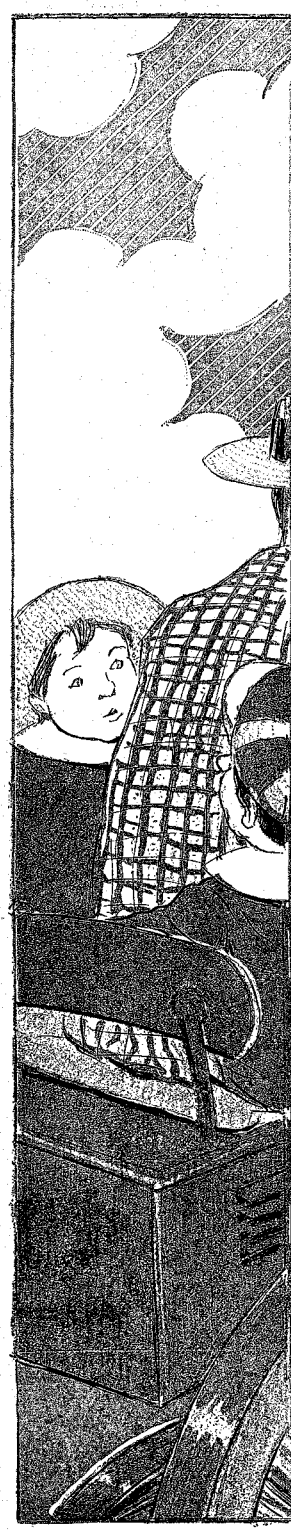

ing only that he was different from those others who thought it incumbent on them to play the painful mummer. The ideal as opposed to the real man was what we meant, only we were not acquainted with the phrase. Those others, with their labored jests and clumsy contortions, doubtless flattered themselves that *they* were funny men; we, who had to sit through and applaud the painful performance, knew better.

He pulled up to a walk as soon as he caught sight of us, and the dog-cart crawled slowly along till it stopped just opposite. Then he leant his chin on his hand and regarded us long and soulfully, yet said he never a word; while we jigged up and down in the dust, grinning bashfully but with expectation. For you never knew exactly what this man might say or do.

"You look bored," he remarked, presently; "thoroughly bored. Or else—let me see; you're not married, are you?"

He asked this in such sad earnestness that we hastened to assure him we were not married, though we felt he ought to have known that much; we had been intimate for some time.

"Then it's only boredom," he said. "Just satiety and world-weariness. Well, if you assure me you aren't married you can climb into this cart and I'll take you for a drive. I'm bored, too. I want to do something dark and dreadful and exciting."

We clambered in, of course, yapping with delight and treading all over his toes; and, as we set off, Harold demanded of him imperiously whither he was going.

"My wife," he replied, "has ordered me to go and look up the curate and bring him home to tea. Does that sound sufficiently exciting for you?"

Our faces fell. The curate of the hour was not a success, from our point of view. He was not a funny man, in any sense of the word.

"—— but I'm not going to," he added, cheerfully. "Then I was to stop at some cottage and ask—what was it? There was *nettle-rash* mixed up in it, I'm sure. But never mind, I've forgotten, and it doesn't matter. Look here, we're three desperate young fellows who stick at nothing. Suppose we go off to the circus?"

Of certain supreme moments it is not easy to write. The varying shades and currents of emotion may indeed be put into words by those specially skilled that way; they often are, at considerable length. But the sheer, crude article itself—the strong, live thing that leaps up inside you and swells and strangles you—the

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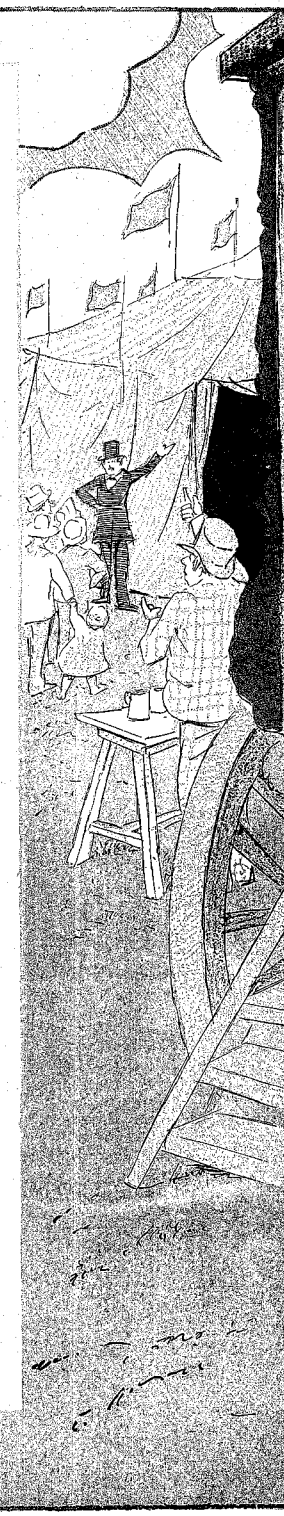
dizziness of revulsion that takes the breath like cold water—who shall depict this and live? All I knew was, that I would have died then and there, cheerfully, for the funny man; that I longed for red Indians to spring out from the hedge on the dog-cart; just to show what I would do; and that, with all this, I could not find the least little word to say to him.

Harold was less taciturn. With shrill voice, uplifted in solemn chant, he sang the great spheral circus-song, and the undying glory of the King. Of its timeless beginning he sang, of its fashioning by cosmic forces, and of its harmony with the stellar plan. Of horses he sang, of their strength, their swiftness, and their docility as to tricks. Of clowns again, of the glory of knavery, and of the eternal type that shall endure. Lastly he sang of Her—the Woman of the Ring—flawless, complete, untrammelled in each subtly curving limb; earth's highest output, time's noblest expression. At least, he doubtless sang all these things and more—he certainly seemed to; though all that was distinguishable was "we're-goin'-to-the-circus!" and then, once more, "we're-goin'-to-the-circus!"—the sweet rhythmic phrase repeated again and again. But indeed I cannot be quite sure, for I heard confusedly, as in a dream. Wings of fire sprang from the old mare's shoulders. We whirled on our way through purple clouds, and earth and the rattle of wheels were far away below.

The dream and the dizziness were still in my head when I found myself, scarce conscious of intermediate steps, seated actually in the circus at last, and took in the first sniff of that intoxicating circus smell that will stay by me while this clay endures. The place was beset by a hum and a glitter and a mist; suspense brooded large o'er the blank, mysterious arena. Strung up to the highest pitch of expectation, we knew not from what quarter, in what divine shape, the first surprise would come.

A thud of unseen hoofs first set us a-quiver; then a crash of cymbals, a jangle of bells, a hoarse applauding roar, and Coralie was in the midst of us, whirling past 'twixt earth and sky, now erect, flushed, radiant, now crouched to the flowing mane; swung and tossed and moulded by the maddening dance-music of the band. The mighty whip of the count in the frock-coat marked time with pistol-shots; his war-cry, whooping clear above the music, fired the blood with a passion for splendid deeds, as Coralie, laughing exultant, crashed through the paper hoops. We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round



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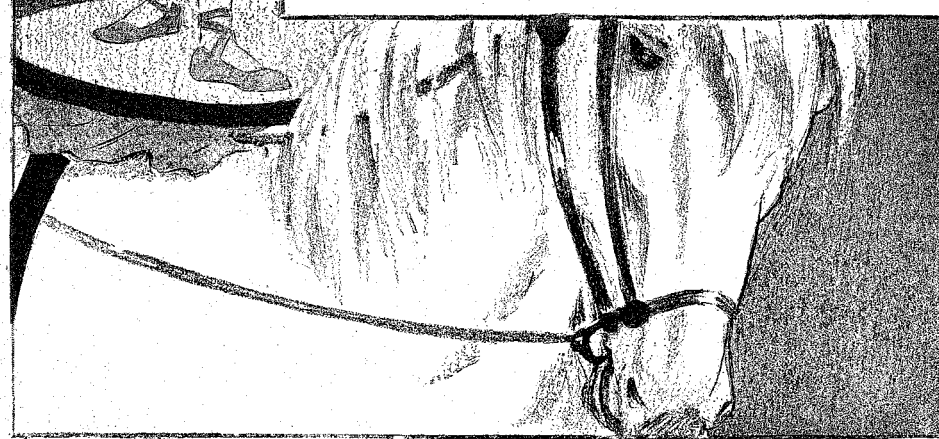
with Coralie, leaping with her, prone with her, swung by mane or tail with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delirious feats, nor her cream-colored horse of fairy breed, long-tailed, roe-footed, an enchanted prince surely, if ever there was one! It was her more than mortal beauty—displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before — that held us spell-bound. What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or went delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, hour-glass shaped, nearly legless, bunched here, constricted there; slow of movement, and given to deprecating lusty action of limb. Here was a revelation! From henceforth our imaginations would have to be revised and corrected up to date. In one of those swift rushes the mind makes in high-strung moments, I saw myself and Coralie, close enfolded, pacing the world together, o'er hill and plain, through storied cities, past rows of applauding relations—I in my Sunday knickerbockers, she in her pink and spangles.

Summers sicken, flowers fail and die, all beauty but rides round the ring and out at the portal; even so Coralie passed in her turn, poised sideways, panting, on her steed, lightly swayed as a tulip-bloom, bowing on this side and on that as she disappeared; and with her went my heart and my soul, and all the light and the glory and the entrancement of the scene.

Harold woke up with a gasp. "Wasn't she beautiful?" he said, in quite a subdued way for him. I felt a momentary pang. We had been friendly rivals before, in many an exploit; but here was altogether a more serious affair. Was this, then, to be the beginning of strife and coldness, of civil war on the hearthstone and the sundering of old ties? Then I recollected the true position of things, and felt very sorry for Harold; for it was inexorably written that he would have to give way to me, since I was the elder. Rules were not made for nothing, in a sensibly constructed universe.

There was little more to wait for, now Coralie had



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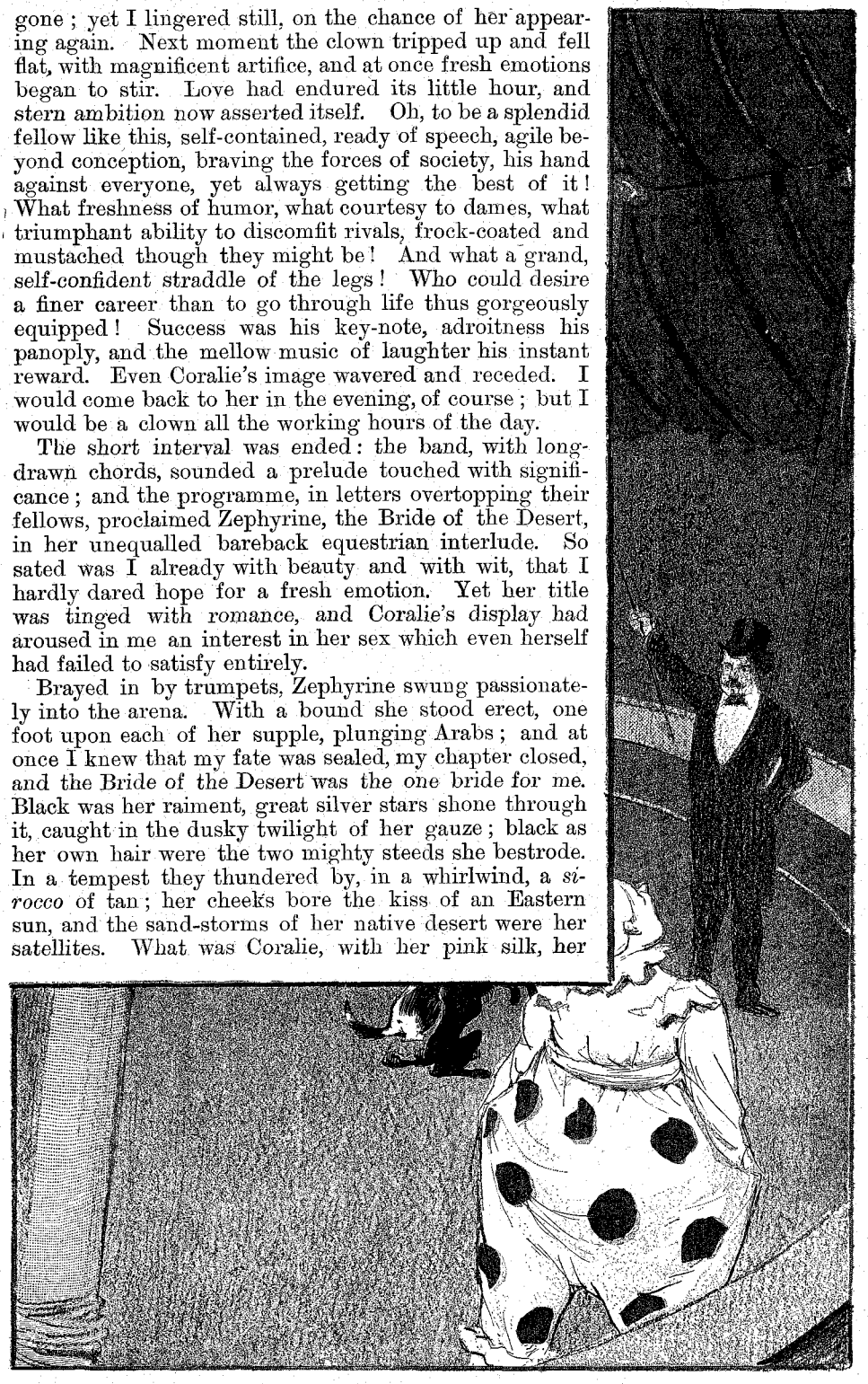
gone ; yet I lingered still, on the chance of her appearing again. Next moment the clown tripped up and fell flat, with magnificent artifice, and at once fresh emotions began to stir. Love had endured its little hour, and stern ambition now asserted itself. Oh, to be a splendid fellow like this, self-contained, ready of speech, agile beyond conception, braving the forces of society, his hand against everyone, yet always getting the best of it! What freshness of humor, what courtesy to dames, what triumphant ability to discomfit rivals, frock-coated and mustached though they might be! And what a grand, self-confident straddle of the legs! Who could desire a finer career than to go through life thus gorgeously equipped! Success was his key-note, adroitness his panoply, and the mellow music of laughter his instant reward. Even Coralie's image wavered and receded. I would come back to her in the evening, of course ; but I would be a clown all the working hours of the day.

The short interval was ended: the band, with long-drawn chords, sounded a prelude touched with significance ; and the programme, in letters overtopping their fellows, proclaimed Zephyrine, the Bride of the Desert, in her unequalled bareback equestrian interlude. So sated was I already with beauty and with wit, that I hardly dared hope for a fresh emotion. Yet her title was tinged with *romance*, and Coralie's display had aroused in me an interest in her sex which even herself had failed to satisfy entirely.

Brayed in by trumpets, Zephyrine swung passionately into the arena. With a bound she stood erect, one foot upon each of her supple, plunging Arabs ; and at once I knew that my fate was sealed, my chapter closed, and the Bride of the Desert was the one bride for me. Black was her raiment, great silver stars shone through it, caught in the dusky twilight of her gauze ; black as her own hair were the two mighty steeds she bestrode. In a tempest they thundered by, in a whirlwind, a *sirocco* of tan ; her cheeks bore the kiss of an Eastern sun, and the sand-storms of her native desert were her satellites. What was Coralie, with her pink silk, her



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golden hair, and slender limbs, beside this magnificent, full-figured Cleopatra? In a twinkling we were scouring the desert—she and I and the two coal-black horses. Side by side, keeping pace in our swinging gallop, we distanced the ostrich, we outstrode the zebra; and, as we went, it seemed the wilderness blossomed like the rose.

. . . . . .

I know not rightly how we got home that evening. On the road there were everywhere strange presences, and the thud of phantom hoofs encircled us. In my nose was the pungent, circus smell, the crack of the whip, and the frank laugh of the clown were in my ears. The funny man thoughtfully abstained from conversation, and left our illusion quite alone, sparing us all jarring criticism and analysis; and he gave me no chance, when he deposited us at our gate, to get rid of the clumsy expressions of gratitude I had been laboriously framing. For the rest of the evening, distraught and silent, I only heard the march-music of the band, playing on in some corner of my brain. When at last my head touched the pillow, in a trice I was with Zephyrine, riding the boundless Sahara, cheek to cheek, the world well lost; while at times, through the sand-clouds that encircled us, glimmered the eyes of Coralie, touched, one fancied, with something of a tender reproach.

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THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

A SKETCH CONTAINING THREE POINTS OF VIEW

By Richard Harding Davis

WHAT THE POET LAUREATE WROTE.

"THERE are girls in the Gold Reef City
There are mothers and children too!
And they cry, 'Hurry up for pity!'
So what can a brave man do?

"I suppose we were wrong, were mad men,
Still I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say."

WHAT MORE THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE FOUND TO SAY.

"IN this case we know the immediate consequence of your crime. It has been the loss of human life, it has been the disturbance of public peace, it has been the creation of a certain sense of distrust of public professions and of public faith. . . . The sentence of this Court therefore is that, as to you, Leander Starr Jameson, you be confined for a period of fifteen months without hard labor; that you Sir John Willoughby have ten months' imprisonment; and that you, etc., etc."

London Times, July 29th.

WHAT THE HON. "REGGIE" BLAKE THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

"H. M. HOLLOWAY PRISON,
"July 28th.

"I AM going to keep a diary while I am in prison, that is, if they will let me. I never kept one before because I hadn't the time; when I was home on leave there was too much going on to bother about it, and when I was up country I always came back after a day's riding so tired out that I was too sleepy to write anything. And now that I have the time, I won't have anything to write about. I fancy that more things happened to me to-day than are likely to happen again for the next eight months, so I will make this day take up as much room in the diary as it can. I am writing this on the back of the paper the Warder uses for his official reports, while he is hunting up cells to put us in. We came down on him rather unexpectedly and he is rattled.

"Of course, I had prepared myself for this after a fashion, but now I see that somehow I never really thought I would be in here, and all my friends outside, and everything going on the same as though I wasn't alive somewhere. It's like telling yourself that your horse can't possibly pull off a race, so that you won't mind so much if he don't, but you always feel just as bad when he comes in a loser. A man can't fool himself into thinking one way when he is hoping the other.

"But I am glad it is over, and settled. It was a great bore not knowing your luck and having the thing hanging over your head every morning when you woke up. Indeed it was quite a relief when the counsel got all through arguing over those proclamations, and the Chief Justice summed up, but I nearly went to sleep when I found he was going all over it again to the jury. I didn't understand about those proclamations myself and I'll lay a fiver the jury didn't either. The Colonel said he didn't. I couldn't keep my mind on what Russell was explaining about, and I got to thinking how much old Justice Hawkins looked like the counsel in 'Alice in Wonderland' when they tried the knave of spades for stealing the tarts. He had just the same sort of a beak and the same sort of a wig, and I wondered why he had his wig powdered and the others didn't. Pollock's wig had a hole in the top; you could see it when he bent over to take notes. He was always taking notes. I don't believe he understood

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about those proclamations either, he never seemed to listen anyway.

"The Chief Justice certainly didn't love us very much, that's sure; and he wasn't going to let anybody else love us either. I felt quite the Christian Martyr when Sir Edward was speaking in defence. He made it sound as though we were all a lot of Adelphi heroes and ought to be promoted and have medals, but when Lord Russell started in to read the Riot Act at us I began to believe that hanging was too good for me. I'm sure I never knew I was disturbing the peace of nations; it seems like such a large order for a subaltern.

"But the worst was when they made us stand up before all those people to receive sentence. I must say I felt shaky about the knees then, not because I was afraid of what was coming, but because it was the first time I had ever been pointed out to people, and made to feel ashamed. And having those girls there, too, looking at one. That wasn't just fair to us. It made me feel about ten years old, and for some reason I remembered how the Head Master used to call me to his desk. 'Blake Senior,' he used to say, 'two pages of Horace and keep in bounds for a week.' And then I heard our names and the months and my name and 'eight months' imprisonment,' and there was a bustle and murmur and the tipstaves cried, 'Order in the Court,' and the Judges stood up and shook out their big red skirts as though they were shaking off the contamination of our presence and rustled away, and I sat down wondering how long eight months was, and wishing they'd given me as much as they gave the Doctor.

"They put us in a room together then and our counsel said how sorry they were, and shook hands and went off to dinner and left us. I thought they might have waited with us and been a little late for dinner just that once; but no one waited except a lot of costers outside whom we did not know. It was eight o'clock and still quite light when we came out, and there was a line of four-wheelers and a hansom ready for us. I'd been hoping they would take us out by the Strand entrance, just because I'd like to have seen it again, but they marched us instead through the main quadrangle—a beastly gloomy courtyard that echoed, and out, into Carey Street — such a dirty gloomy street. The costers and clerks set up a sort of a cheer when we came out, and one of them cried, 'God bless you, sir' to the doctor, but I was sorry they cheered. It seemed like kicking against the umpire's decision—and none of us were doing that. The Colonel and I got into a hansom together and we trotted off into Chancery Lane and turned into Holborn. Most of the shops were closed and the streets looked empty, but there was a lighted clock-face over Mooney's public-house, and the hands stood at a quarter past eight. I didn't know where Holloway was, and was hoping they would have to take us through some decent streets to reach it; but we didn't see a part of the city that meant anything to me, or that I would choose to travel through again.

"Neither of us talked, and I imagined that the people in the streets knew we were going to prison, and I kept my eyes on the enamel card on the back of the apron. I suppose I read, 'Two-wheeled hackney carriage: if hired and discharged within the four-mile limit, 1/,' at least a hundred times. I got more sensible after a bit, and when we had turned into Gray's Inn Road I looked up and saw a tram in front of us with 'Holloway Road and King's X' painted on the steps, and the Colonel saw it about the same time I fancy, for we each looked at the other, and the Colonel raised his eyebrows. It showed us that the cabman at least knew where we were going.

"'They might have taken us for a turn through the West End first, I think,' the Colonel said. 'I'd like to have had a look around, wouldn't you? This isn't a cheerful neighborhood, is it?'

"There were a lot of children playing in St. Andrew's Gardens, and a crowd of them ran out just as we passed, shrieking and laughing over nothing, the way kiddies do, and that was about the only pleasant sight in the ride. I had quite a turn when we came to the

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New Hospital just beyond, for I thought it was Holloway, and it came over me what eight months in such a place meant. I believe if I hadn't pulled myself up sharp, I'd have jumped out into the street and run away. It didn't last more than a few seconds, but I don't want any more like them. I was afraid, afraid—there's no use pretending it was anything else. I was in a dumb, silly funk, and I turned sick inside and shook, as I have seen a horse shake when he shies at nothing and sweats and trembles down his sides.

"During those few seconds it seemed to be more than I could stand, I felt sure that I couldn't do it—that I'd go mad if they tried to force me. The idea was so terrible—of not being master over your own legs and arms, to have your flesh and blood and what brains God gave you buried alive in stone-walls as though they were in a safe with a time-lock on the door set for eight months ahead. There's nothing to be afraid of in a stone-wall really, it's not half so effective as a Boer's rifle; but it's the idea of the thing—of not being free to move about, especially to a chap that has always lived in the open as I have, and has had men under him. It was no wonder I was in a funk for a minute. I'll bet a fiver the others were, too, if they'll only own up to it. I don't mean for long, but just when the idea first laid hold of them. Anyway it was a good lesson to me, and if I catch myself thinking of it again I'll whistle or talk to myself out loud and think of something cheerful. And I don't mean to be one of those chaps who spends his time in jail counting the stones in his cell or training spiders or measuring how many of his steps make a mile, for madness lies that way. I mean to sit tight and think of all the good times I've had, and go over them in my mind very slowly so as to make them last longer and remember who was there and what we said and the jokes and all that; I'll go over house-parties I have been on and the times I've had in the Riviera, and scouting parties Dr. Jim led up country when we were taking Matabele Land.

"They say that if you're good here they give you books to read after a month or two, and then I can read up all those instructive chaps that a fellow never does read until he's in hospital.

"But that's crowding ahead a bit; I must keep to what happened to-day. We struck York Road at the back of the Great Western Terminus, and I half hoped we might see some chap we knew coming or going away, I would like to have waved my hand to him. It would have been fun to have seen his surprise the next morning when he read in the paper that he had been bowing to jail-birds, and then I would like to have cheated the tipstaves out of just one more friendly good-by. I wanted to say good-by to somebody, but I really couldn't feel sorry to see the last of anyone of those we passed in the streets—they were such a dirty, unhappy-looking lot, and the railroad wall ran on forever apparently, and we might have been in a foreign country for all we knew of it. There were just sooty gray brick tenements and gas-works on one side, and the railroad cutting on the other, and semaphores and telegraph wires over head, and smoke and grime everywhere, it looked exactly like the sort of street that should lead to a prison, and it seemed a pity to take a smart hansom and a good cob into it.

"It was just a bit different from our last ride together—rather, when we rode through the night from Krugers-Dorp with hundreds of horses' hoofs pounding on the soft veldt behind us, and the carbines clanking against the stirrups as they swung on the sling belts. We were being hunted then, harassed on either side, scurrying for our lives like the Derby Dog in a race-track when everyone hoots him and no one man steps out to help—we were sick for sleep, sick for food, lashed by the rain and we knew that we were beaten; but we were free still and under open skies with the derricks of the Rand rising like gallows on our left, and Johannesberg only fifteen miles away."

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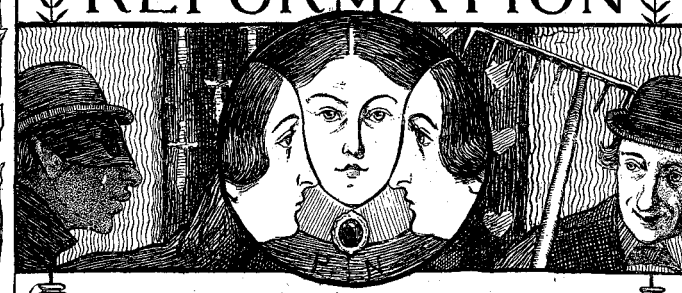
A PRACTICAL REFORMATION



BY JAMES BARNES

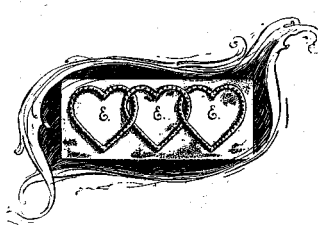
ANY one of the "Three Misses Kershaw" might have, at some time in the past, laid claims to good looks, and although when they had first arrived at Mendham Miss Eudora's hair was gray, yet it was well remembered that she had been considered quite pretty. The pastor of the First Church (who had buried his wife only a twelvemonth before) had paid her marked attention.

The pastor had paid her marked attention.

Unfortunately for the matrimonial prospects of the trio no one could ever have married one of them who was not acceptable in every way to the others. Now, as it is impossible for a man to make love to three women who live under the same roof without getting himself into trouble, no one had ever actually dared to propose.

Miss Emmerett, the eldest, was entirely without guile, and depended largely upon ejaculatory prayer; her mercy was seldom tempered with the sternness of justice, and it was her aim to do good as long as she lived. The condition of people's souls was her one absorbing topic, and incredulity had no part in her moral or mental composition. A clever hypocrite could have lived with her unmolested, but an ordinarily honest mortal could not have withstood her oft-expressed spiritual anxiety without a loss of nervous vitality.

Miss Eudosia, the second sister, who had been counted an invalid in the days of her extreme youth, still claimed some privileges derived therefrom, and her energy as to the matter of souls was not so apparent as was her sister's. In fact, Miss Eudosia hated trouble. If roused, however, it had been proven that she possessed a battery of sarcasm sufficient to melt the tenderest earthly sentiments. She believed, moreover, that she had more common-sense than most people, which was the truth.



As for Miss Eudora, the youngest, she accepted the advices of her sisters so readily that it might have been said she was perpetually in a state of uncondi-

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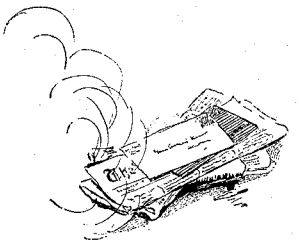
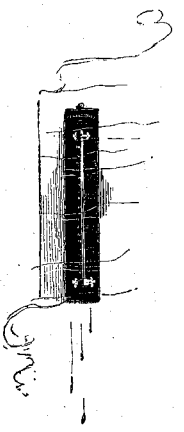


tional surrender. Miss Eudora still possessed dimples, and any one of the three would tell you that gray hair ran in their family.

It was a sunny day in the middle of July and "The Misses Kershaw" had driven to the village for their mail. It was never very large, consisting usually of one or two letters from the corresponding agents of some missionary society, and a few copies of papers whose only difference was in their titles, and whose contents might have been exchanged without altering their policy. Of course, there was the village journal, the *Gleaner*, which contained all the news of the outside world in which they could possibly feel the slightest interest.



The thermometer at the village drug-store on this day had recorded ninety-four degrees. The grass on either side of the road was gray with the dust of a rainless fortnight. Even the cobwebs that stretched from stalk to stalk in the cornfields were heavy with the thick, white powder.

The Misses Kershaw were driving along in a decrepit basket phaeton; there was an odor of alpaca in the air about them. The two elder were seated together, and Miss Eudora was propped in a little seat against the dash-board with her back to the yellowish-white nag. All three of the Misses Kershaw wore green veils, and Miss Eudora's had been pulled up so that it formed a straight line across the tip of her nose and just hid her ears. She was opening the village paper.

The old horse had fallen into a walk. As he had become hardened to the slap-

"In the village last night. Dr. Hodgman's house was entered."—Page 710.

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ping of the reins on his back, he plodded along thoughtfully, his head and tail swinging from side to side. Miss Emmerett jerked the reins, and as she did so a strange sound issued from behind her thick green veil.

"Don't do that, Emmerett," said Miss Eudosia, "it makes me nervous."

"I was only trying to cluck to him, my dear," answered Miss Emmerett. "That was the way John used to make him go."

"You do it beautifully," said Miss Eudosia, cuttingly, "but I prefer the dust."

Miss Eudora smiled, and the dimples showed quite plainly.

At this moment they came to a slight decline, and the phaeton, running up on the horse's heels, pushed him into a stiff-legged trot. He slowly forged ahead out of the dry, stifling cloud that enveloped him.

"I don't think the harness is on right," said Miss Emmerett, as the shafts suddenly tossed up almost as high as the horse's ears. "Mary said she didn't know much about harnessing a horse."

"I think she has done very well," said Miss Eudosia; "I helped her put it on." There was no sarcasm this time.

"We'll never get a man like John again," sighed Miss Eudora, spreading the copy of the *Gleaner* out on her knees.

"He was always very repentant," said Miss Eudosia, "I think——"

But what she was going to say can never be recorded, for she was interrupted by a little shriek from the figure on the low settee.

"Oh, oh, robbers!" Miss Eudora glanced up at her sisters, her mouth wore a frightened look.

Miss Emmerett clucked successfully to the horse, this time without opposition, and half glanced over her shoulder.

"Where?" inquired Eudosia, incredulously.

"In the village—last night. Dr. Hodgman's house was entered."

"I don't suppose they got much there," said Miss Eudosia.

"Oh, dear, and Mr. Berry's also. What shall we do?"

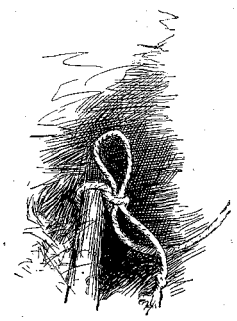
"We must get a man," said Miss Emmerett, firmly.

Now the Misses Kershaw were quite wealthy.

The old horse had turned through a gateway to the left of the road. A very pretty house with a Grecian front was at the end of the short driveway. Vines climbed up the pillars and honeysuckle swayed about the window frames. Half-

"Oh, you beast!"—Page 711.

concealed by a clump of evergreens at the back was a diminutive stable. The former occupant of the place, being of a romantic turn of mind, had named the domicile "Abbey Lodge." As there was no abbey and no lodge



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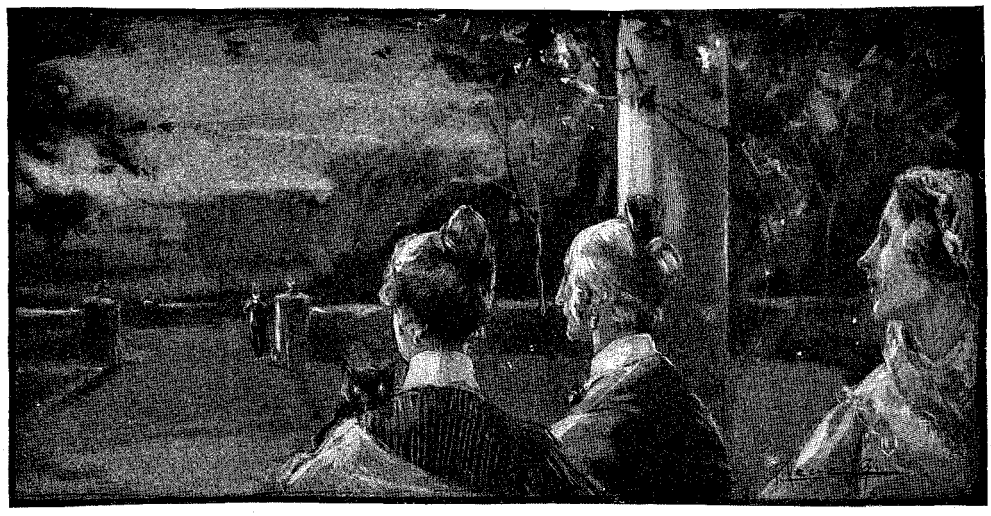

As the three watched him, he struck a match on the stone post, and lit his pipe.—Page 713.

this must be put down to romanticism entirely. And not content with thus naming his dwelling, the former owner had inserted a slab of marble bearing the name of his choice into one of the huge stone gate-posts.

Since the advent of the Misses Kershaw some inconsiderate and facetious individual had inscribed a large "T" at the beginning, so that it now read "Tabbey Lodge."

The Misses Kershaw had either not seen fit to notice this, or it had escaped their attention, for there it stood.

The driveway up to the house was made of crushed blue-stone. As it had been little used, the phaeton crunched its way noisily up to the front porch, thus signalling its own approach.

The figure of a tall woman came out of a doorway. She was wiping her hands upon a checked apron, and as Miss Emmerett pulled up at the step she called:

"Hold his head, Mary, while we all get out."

It was a very remarkable thing. The Misses Kershaw had not even felt enough sentiment to name the yellowish-white steed. He had always been "the horse" to them and nothing more.

Miss Eudora had disappeared within the house, but soon emerged carrying in her hand some lumps of sugar. She walked about the phaeton to where Mary was holding the horse's head away from her — with the bridle grasped firmly in both hands. Miss Eudora held one of the lumps of sugar in her outstretched palm. The horse caught one of her fingers with his thick flopping lips, and Eudora, with a nervous scream, dropped the lump on the ground.

"Oh, you beast!" she said. "He would have bitten me."

Foiled in his attempt to get at the tempting morsel the horse stepped forward.

"Hold him!" cried Miss Eudora.

Mary twitched the bridle so fiercely that the horse began to back and toss his head. At last, however, he stopped and suffered himself to be led up to the stable. The harness was removed in somewhat unusual sections and he was tied to the stall with a bow knot.

For the last four days the poor beast's life had been a puzzle to him. He had missed his early morning meal altogether and had been watered at most irregular intervals; his coat also showed the need of a curry-comb, and he had cast a shoe without it having been observed.

"Oh, Emmerett," cried Miss Eudora, when she came into the house, "we must get a man. You should have seen the way that horse behaved!"

At this moment Mary, who had succeeded in disentangling the horse from his surroundings unaided, appeared at

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"Did you come to rob us?"—Page 716.

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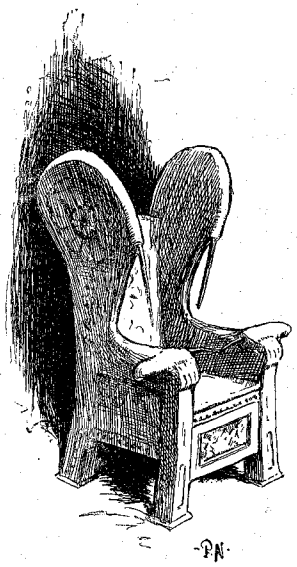
the threshold. Mary was strong and muscular. She was young and had fine eyes and large features.

"If it please you, mum," she said, looking at the group and addressing no one in particular, "might I get away to-night? My sister's child is ill and the poor girl is most worked out wid watchin'."



"Why, certainly," said Miss Emmerett, breathing a half-audible prayer for the infant's immediate recovery.

After supper had been finished and the gleaming table-cloth removed, the three sisters sat out on the porch in the twilight. The crickets were chirping and a tree-frog raised his "clack, clack," from a neighboring elm. In the direction of the river a silvery vail of mist was rising against the hills; a few fireflies glinted over the uncut lawn."

"The grass is growing very long," said Miss Eudora.

"We *must* have a man," said Miss Emmerett, as if at last she had decided. "We'll advertise to-morrow."

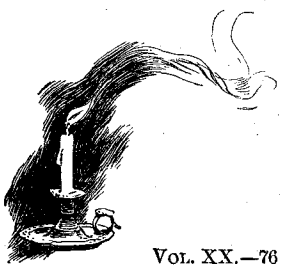
"Oh, dear me," said Eudora, stopping her employment of stroking the black cat underneath the chin and raising both her hands, "Mary is away and we forgot about the robbers."

"It's growing very dark," said Miss Emmerett.

"And damp too, don't you think?" said Miss Eudora. "Let's go into the house."

They arose and carried in the cushions.

"Don't you think we had better bring the chairs in?" said the eldest sister.



"The lawn-mower also?" suggested Miss Eudosia.

Whether she meant it or not the sisters were about to comply, when the youngest gazed down the walk.

"Oh, oh!" she said, "there's a man standing by the gate."

Sure enough. There he was, quite plain to be seen in the dim light, but as the three watched him he struck a match on the stone post, lit his pipe, and walked on down the road.

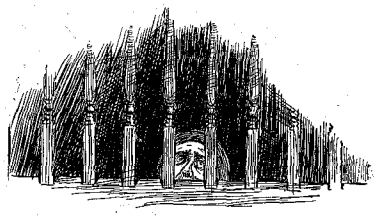
"Let's be sure we lock up carefully," Eudosia said, slamming the door. There was no light in the hall, but the eldest Miss Kershaw appeared with a candle and they made the rounds; tested the lock of every window and paused before the hat-rack.

"Let's take the big chair and put it there at the bottom of the stairs," the eldest suggested, "as a sort of blockade."

"A brilliant idea. I shall wait here for you," said the second, seating herself on the top stair.

It was a very quaint old chair, that had belonged to the Kershaws for a number of years and had a history.

Their only brother, who had soon spent his share of the family inheritance —long before he died—had purchased this chair in England. It was of heavy oak, carved with archaic-looking figures, and bore the date, 1690, in the rough scroll work at the top. The seat was low, and the arms were heavy and of a peculiar shape. It had not been purchased for its beauty, but for another reason that had appealed entirely to a peculiar vein in Mr. Robert Kershaw's nature.



As they lifted it across the hall and placed it at the bottom of the stairs with a thump, Miss Emmerett spoke up.

"I wonder if it's securely caught," she said.

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"Oh, it's been so for years," said Miss Eudosia from the top of the stairs. "It's perfectly safe."

"Will you ever forget the fun we had," laughed Miss Eudora, as if at some recollection. "Poor Robert delighted in it, didn't he. I think I will keep a light in my room," she added.

"Yes," remarked Miss Eudosia, leaning over the banisters, "you sleep so much better with it, you know."

At half-past one o'clock that night Miss Eudora had not gone to sleep at all. She had made up her mind that there was no use trying to with the candle burning there upon the table.

Emmerett, after many prayers, had blown out hers some time ago, and Eudosia had dispensed with one altogether.

"I know I'm brave enough to do it," said Miss Eudora, half-rising, and then she paused, her heart beating almost audibly. Surely, yes surely, there was some one moving down below!

"Oh, why did we let Mary leave? She can scream so loudly," said Eudora, remembering the time that the domestic had thought she had seen the ghost of the former owner of the house. "Mercy! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

To reach her sisters' rooms it was necessary for her to go out into the hall.

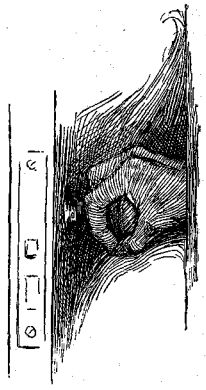
There, there it was again! Footsteps stealing across the dining-room. She even detected the jingle of the glass candelabrum on the sideboard.

Eudora was too frightened to raise her voice. She paused for a minute and then, picking up the light, opened her door. The rays threw the shadow of the banisters across the opposite wall. If Miss Kershaw had been terrified before, she was now absolutely paralyzed with horror, for she had plainly perceived a man's face looking through the railings. As soon as she had seen it, however, it had disappeared.

Under the influence of fear and excitement women have done many unexpected and wondrous things, so history has recorded. Miss Eudora stepped boldly out to the hall and held the light high above her head.

"Who are you?" she asked, quite calmly. Getting no response she leaned out and distinctly saw a man standing within a few feet of her. He began to move silently down the stairs, and as he did so the back of his knees struck the seat of the great oak chair and he sat down suddenly and hard.

Then the most surprising thing occurred. Instantly there was a snap, a sharp click, and two curved iron rods sprang from the arms of the chair. At the same time two other rods, bent in semicircular form, flew out from the back. The first came across the man's legs and the last firmly enclosed his shoulders.



"Well, I'll be damned," said the man, aloud.

Whether it was this remark, or the noise of the clicking, that broke down Eudora's calmness, cannot be told, but she dropped the candle with a shrill scream and ran for Eudosia's room. She plunged into her sister's arms at the door.

"Oh," she sobbed, "there's a man—a man in the house!"

They listened. Nothing could be heard and it was pitch dark.

Although there was certainly no object in whispering, under the circumstances, Eudosia whispered:

"Are you sure, my dear? Hush! Listen!"

At this minute the eldest came from

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her room also. "I heard something moving, too," she said. "Perhaps he has been frightened off. Let's shout."

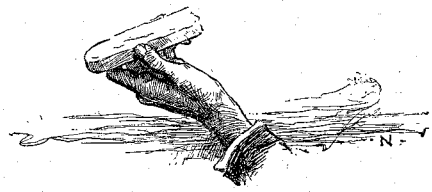
Then, before the others could agree, she leaned out and said, tremulously:

"Is anyone down there?"

There was no reply.

"He's gone away," she said.

"He can't get away," broke in Miss Eudora. "Oh, dear! he's caught in brother Robert's chair."



"Hush!" said the second sister, "I hear someone, surely!"

"What's got hold of me?" came a deep voice from below.

This time the sisters screamed and ran into the bedroom.

"Open the window and call for help."

"I can't. It's nailed down," said Eudosia.

"Then strike a match or I shall faint," said Eudora, reaching along the dressing-case.

In her excitement her fingers caught the edge of the match-box, and its contents were thrown on the floor. "Oh, darn it!" whispered the youngest Miss Kershaw, in her excitement. "I have upset the matches."

At this moment Miss Eudosia found one on the carpet.

With a trembling hand she lit the candle.

"Ladies, oh, ladies," came a masculine voice, "I'm not going to harm you."

"He says he won't harm us," whispered Miss Eudora.

"That's very kind of him," replied Miss Eudosia, cuttingly.

And now Miss Emmerett plucked up courage. She walked to the door.

"Man," she said, "get out the way you came."

There was no answer to this, but a smothered exclamation. "I can't get out," said the voice. "Come down and turn me loose."

"We must go for someone," one of the sisters said.

"We'll have to pass right by him," said Miss Eudora. "Hush! He's talking."

"Now, ladies," came from the darkness, pleadingly. "Jes' listen. You've

It was a strange sight, the Misses Kershaw accompanying the late burglar.—Page 717.

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got me for fair, and if you let me go I'll never do so any more."

This touched a chord in Miss Emmerett's heart.

"He said he wouldn't harm us," she faltered, picking up the light. The man had caught the words.

"No, I won't harm you," he replied; "upon my word of honor. I ain't a bad man. I am jes' unfortunate."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Miss Eudosia, half to herself.

But Emmerett had gone out into the hall. She looked down the stairs.

"He's not a bad-looking man," she said, speaking as if she were about purchasing something.

"Thank you, mum, I have got a good heart, but I have been drove to this."

By this time the two others had joined their sister.

"He can't get away," said the youngest.

Now, to their surprise, Miss Emmerett walked down the stairs until she had approached quite close to the captive in the chair.

He was a lean, hungry-looking man, whose clothes had once been quite respectable. As he observed the figure coming toward him, the prisoner smiled.

"Well, do you know," he said, "I think this is real funny."

"Did you come to rob us?" inquired Miss Emmerett, sternly.

The man paused.

"Now let me think," he said. "Yes, I guess I did, but I won't do it no more. I want to lead an honest life and they won't let me."

"Do you really wish to lead an honest life?" inquired Miss Emmerett, drawing her dressing-gown about her, conscious for the first time that she had on but one slipper.

"I do," said the man, "but I don't get no show."

"Where do you come from?" put in Miss Eudosia, who had hurried on her clothes and had come down the stairs.

"I come from jail three weeks ago," said the man, "and I 'spect I'll go back. There's no place else for a man who has once been there. Nobody will do anything to help 'im."

"Emmerett," said her sister, "go up stairs and put on some clothes. I will talk to him."

She took the candle.

"Why do you steal?" she asked.

"'Cause I'm hungry," said the man, sullenly.

"How did you get in?"

"Through the front door. It wasn't locked," replied the burglar. "What are you going to do with me?"

It was almost gray in the morning.

"We don't know," said Eudosia.

"Don't give me up," pleaded the man. "I have tried to get work everywheres. I will do anything if you won't give me up. No, it wasn't me who robbed them other houses, and I never drink."

Just then there came an unexpected interruption. There was a loud pounding and thumping; a tremendous noise, coming from the direction of the little stable.

"Oh, dear, what has happened now?" ejaculated the youngest sister, starting up. "What is that! what is it?"

"It sounds like a horse got down in his stall," said the man, who was listening.

"Do you know anything about horses?" inquired Miss Eudosia.

"Well, I should smile," said the man; "I was brought up in a stable. Honest, ladies, I haven't always been at this thing and if——"

"Let's let him go," said Miss Emmerett, suddenly returning.

"I haven't took a thing in this house," said the man, "except some bread and butter."

"We'd have given you something to eat," remarked Miss Eudora, kindly.

"Will you promise to reform?" asked Miss Emmerett.

"I'll promise to do my best," returned the man.

The eldest Miss Kershaw at this stepped boldly past him. She reached the back to the chair and pulled down a bolt like an old-fashioned drop-latch. The string that held it was broken. Instantly the springs were released and the iron catches flew back to their concealment. The man stood up and stretched himself.

"Well, I'll swon!" he said. "I never

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see nothing like it. Where did you get it?"

Perhaps Miss Emmerett would have related the history of the chair had it not been that the pounding was once more renewed in the stable.

"That horse may hurt himself," said the man. "If you will come along with me I will show you how to get him up."

It was a strange sight, the Misses Kershaw accompanying the late burglar to the stable. It was quite light enough to go without a lantern now.

The sisters could not help admiring the way in which the gaunt man twisted his fingers in the horse's tail, and, tugging and straining, assisted the old gray to his feet. He slapped him on the flanks, and the horse whinnied as if glad to see a masculine form again.

"There's a knack in doing that," said the burglar.

When the grocer drove up the next morning he heard the clatter of the mowing-machine. There was a figure striding down the lawn, the grass spurting over his feet.

The grocer stopped his horse.

"Are you the new hired man?" inquired he.

"Yep."

"Well, I bet you don't stay here very long."

"They will have hard work to get rid of me," said the man at the mowing-machine, starting off with a rush, "I think they're real Christians."

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LITTLE PHARISEES IN FICTION

By Agnes Repplier

IN that accurate and interesting study of Puritanism which Alice Morse Earle has rather laboriously entitled "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," there is a delightful chapter devoted to the little boys and girls who lived their chastened lives under the uncompromising discipline of the church. With many prayers, with scanty play, with frequent exhortations, and a depressing consciousness of their own sinful natures, these children walked sedately in the bleak atmosphere of continual correction. By way of pastime, they were taken to church, to baptisms, and to funerals, and for reading they had the "Early Piety Series," "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes," "The Conversion and Exemplary Lives of Several Young Children," and a "Particular Account of Some Extraordinary Pious Motions and Devout Exercises, observed of late in many Children in Siberia"—a safe and remote spot in which to locate something too "extraordinary" for belief. To this list Cotton Mather added "Good Lessons for Children, in Verse," by no means a sprightly volume, and "Some Examples of Children in whom the Fear of God was remarkably Budding before they died; in several parts of New England."

Small wonder that under this depressing burden of books, little boys and girls, too young to know the meaning of sin, were assailed with grievous doubts concerning their salvation. Small wonder that Betty Sewall, an innocent child of nine, "burst into an amazing cry" after reading a page or two of Cotton Mather, and said "she was afraid she should goe to Hell, her sins were not pardon'd." It is heart-rending to read Judge Sewall's entry in his diary. "Betty can hardly read her chapter for weeping. Tells me she is afraid she is gone back" (at nine). "Does not taste that sweetness in reading the Word which once she did. Fears that what was upon her is worn off. I said what I could to her, and in the evening, pray'd with her alone." It is scant comfort for us, recalling the misery of this poor wounded child, and of many others who suffered with her, to know that Phebe Bartlett was ostentatiously converted at four; that Jane Turell "asked many astonishing questions about divine mysteries" before she was five; and that an infant son of Cotton Mather's "made a most edifying end in praise and prayer," at the age of two years and seven months. We cannot forget the less happy children who, instead of developing into baby prodigies or baby prigs, fretted out their helpless hearts in nightly fears of Hell.

Nor is there in the whole of this painful precocity one redeeming touch of human childhood, such as that joyous setting forth of the little St. Theresa and her brother to convert the inhabitants of Morocco, and be martyred for their faith; an enterprise as natural to keenly imaginative children of the sixteenth century as was the expedition two hundred years later of the six little Blue Coat boys, who, without map, chart, or compass, without luggage, provisions, or money, started out one bright spring morning to find Philip Quarll's Island. Sunlight and shadow are not farther apart than the wholesome love of adventure which religion as well as history and fairylore can inspire in the childish heart and that morbid conscientiousness which impels the young to the bitter task of self-analysis. The most depressing thing about pious fiction for little people is that it so seldom takes human nature into account. I read a Sunday-school story not long ago in which a serious aunt severely reproves her twelve-year-old niece for saying she would like to go to India and have a Bible class of native children, by telling her it is vain and fool-

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ish to talk in that way, and that what she can do is to be a better child herself, and save up her money for the mission-box. Now the dream of going to a far-off land and doing good in a lavish, semi-miraculous fashion is as natural for a pious and imaginative little girl as is the dream of fighting savages for a less pious, but equally imaginative little boy. It is well, no doubt, that all generous impulses should have some practical outlet; but the aunt's dreary counsel was too suggestive of those ethical verses, familiar to my own infancy, which began:

"A penny I have," little Mary said,
As she thoughtfully raised her hand to her head,

and described the anxious musings of this weak child as to how the money might be most profitably employed, until at length she relieved herself of all moral obligation by putting it into the mission-box. It is not possible for a real little girl to sympathize with such a situation. She may give away her pennies impulsively, as Charles Lamb gave away his plum-cake — to his lasting regret and remorse — but she does not start out by worrying over her serious responsibility as a capitalist.

The joyless literature provided for the children of Puritanism in the New World was little less lugubrious than that which a century later, in many a well-tended English nursery, made the art of reading a thoroughly undesirable accomplishment. Happy the boy who could escape into the air and sunshine with Robinson Crusoe. Happy the girl who found a constant friend in Miss Edgeworth's little Rosamond. For always on the book-shelf sat, sombre and implacable, the unsmiling "Fairchild Family," ready to hurl texts at everybody's head, and to prove at a moment's notice the utter depravity of the youthful heart. It is inconceivable that such a book should have retained its place for many years, and that thousands of little readers should have plodded their weary way through its unwholesome pages. For combined wretchedness and self-righteousness, for grovelling fear and a total lack of charity, the "Fairchild Family" are without equals in literature, and, I hope, in life. Lucy Fairchild, at nine, comes to the conclusion "that there are very few real Christians in the world, and that a great part of the human race will be finally lost;" and modestly proposes to her brother and sister that they should recite some verses "about mankind having bad hearts." This is alacritously done, the other children being more than equal to the emergency; and each in turn quotes a text to prove that "the nature of man, after the fall of Adam, is utterly and entirely sinful." Lest this fundamental truth should be occasionally forgotten, a prayer is composed for Lucy, which she commits to memory, and a portion of which runs thus:

"My heart is so exceedingly wicked, so vile, so full of sin, that even when I appear to be tolerably good, even then I am sinning. When I am praying, or reading the Bible, or hearing other people read the Bible, even then I sin. When I speak, I sin; when I am silent, I sin."

In fact, an anxious alertness, a continual apprehension of ill-doing is the keynote of this extraordinary book; and that its author, Mrs. Sherwood, considered the innocence of childhood and even of infancy an insufficient barrier to evil is proven by an anecdote which she tells of herself in her memoirs. When she was in her fourth year, a gentleman, a guest of her father's, "who shall be nameless," took her on his knee, and said something to her which she could not understand, but which she felt at once was not fit for female ears, "especially not for the female ears of extreme youth." Indignant at this outrage to propriety, she exclaimed, "You are a naughty man!" whereupon he became embarrassed, and put her down upon the floor. That a baby of three should be so keen to comprehend, or rather not to comprehend, but to suspect an indecorum, seems well-nigh incredible, and I confess that ever since reading this incident I have been assailed with a hopeless, an undying curiosity to know what it was the "nameless" gentleman said.

The painful precocity of children

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anent matters profane and spiritual is insisted upon so perseveringly by writers of Sunday-school literature that Mrs. Sherwood's infancy appears to have been the recognized model for them all. In one of these stories, which claims to be the veracious history of a very young child, compared with whom, however, the "fairy babes of tombs and graves" are soberly natural and realistic, I found I was expected to believe that an infant a year old loved to hear her father read the Bible, and would lie in her cot with clasped hands listening to the precious words. Though she could say but little — at twelve months—yet when she saw her parents sitting down to breakfast without either prayers or reading, she would put out her hands, and cry "No! no!" and look wistfully at the Bible on the shelf. When two years old "she was never weary at church," nor at Sunday-school, where she sat gazing rapturously in her teacher's face. It is unnecessary for anyone familiar with such tales to be assured that as soon as she could speak plainly she went about correcting, not only all the children in the neighborhood, but all the adults as well. A friend of her father's was in the habit of petting and caressing her, though Heaven knows how he had the temerity, and she showed him every mark of affection until she heard of some serious wrong-doing — drunkenness, I think—on his part. The next time he came to the house she refused sadly to sit on his knee, "but told him earnestly her feelings about all that he had done." Finally she fell ill, and after taking bitter medicines with delight, and using her last breath to reproach her father for "not coming up to prayers," she died at the age of four and a half years, to the unexpressed, because inexpressible, relief of everybody. The standard of infant death-beds has reached a difficult point of perfection since Cotton Mather's baby set the example by making its "edifying end in praise and prayer" before it was three years old.

The enormous circulation of Sunday-school books, both in England and America, has resulted in a constant exchange of commodities. For many years we have given as freely as we have received; and if British reviewers from the first were disposed to look askance upon our contributions, British nurseries absorbed them unhesitatingly, and British children read them, if not with interest, at least with meekness and docility. When the "Fairchild Family" and the "Lady of the Manor" crossed the Atlantic to our hospitable shores, we sent back, returning evil for evil, the "Youth's Book of Natural Theology," in which small boys and girls argue their way, with some kind preceptor's help, from the existence of a chicken to the existence of God, thus learning at a tender age the first lessons of religious doubt. At the same time that the "Leila" books and "Mary and Florence" found their way to legions of young Americans, "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," and "Melbourne House"—with its intolerable little prig of a heroine—were, if possible, more immoderately read in England than at home. And in this case, the serious wrong-doing lies at our doors. If the "Leila" books be rather too full of sermons and pious conversations, long conversations of an uncompromisingly didactic order, they are nevertheless interesting and wholesome, brimming with adventures, and humanized by a very agreeable sense of fun. Moreover, these English children, although incredibly good, have the grace to be unconscious of their goodness. Even Selina, who, like young Wackford Squeers, is "next door but one to a cherubim," is apparently unaware of the fact. Leila does not instruct her father. She receives counsel quite humbly from his lips, though she is full eight years old when the first volume opens. Matilda has never any occasion to remonstrate gently with her mother; and little Alfred fails, in the whole course of his infant life, to once awaken in his parents' friends an acute sense of their own unworthiness.

This conservative attitude is due, perhaps, to the rigid prejudices of the Old World. In our freer air, children, released from thraldom develop swiftly into guides and teachers. We first introduced into the literature of the Sunday-school the offensively pious

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little Christian who makes her father and mother, her uncles and aunts, even her venerable grandparents, the subjects of her spiritual ministrations. We first taught her to confront, Bible in hand, the harmless adults who had given her birth, and to annihilate their feeble arguments with denunciatory texts. We first surrounded her with the persecutions of the worldly minded, that her virtues might shine more glaringly in the gloom, and disquisitions on duty be never out of place. Daisy, in "Melbourne House," is an example of a perniciously good child who has the conversion of her family on her hands, and is well aware of the dignity of her position. Her trials and triumphs, her tears and prayers, her sufferings and rewards fill two portly volumes, and have doubtless inspired many a young reader to set immediately about the correction of her parents' faults. The same lesson is taught with even greater emphasis by a more recent writer, whose works, I am told, are so exceedingly popular that she is not permitted to lay down her pen. Hundreds of letters reach her every year, begging for a new "Elsie" book; and the amiability with which she responds to the demand has resulted in a fair-sized library—twice as many volumes probably as Sir Walter Scott ever read in the whole course of his childish life.

Now if, as the *Ladies' Home Journal* informs us, "there has been no character in American juvenile fiction who has attained more wide-spread interest and affection than Elsie Dinsmore," then children have altered strangely since I was young, and "skipping the moral" was a recognized habit of the nursery. It would be impossible to skip the moral of the "Elsie" books, because the residuum would be nothingness. Lucy Fairchild and Daisy Randolph are hardened reprobates compared with Elsie Dinsmore. It is true we are told when the first book opens that she is "not yet perfect;" but when we find her taking her well-worn Bible out of her desk—she is eight years old—and consoling herself with texts for the injustice of grown-up people, we begin to doubt the assertion. When we hear her say to a visitor old enough to be her father: "Surely you know that there is no such thing as a little sin. Don't you remember about the man who picked up sticks on the Sabbath day?" the last lingering hope as to her possible fallibility dies in our dejected bosoms. We are not surprised after this to hear that she is unwilling to wear a new frock on Sunday, lest she should be tempted to think of it in church; and we are fully prepared for the assurance that she knows her father "is not a Christian," and that she "listens with pain" to his unprincipled conjecture that if a man leads an honest, upright, moral life, is regular in his attendance at church, and observes all the laws, he probably goes to heaven. This sanguine statement is as reprehensible to Elsie as it would have been to the Fairchild family; and when Mr. Dinsmore—a harmless, but very foolish and consequential person—is taken ill, his little daughter pours out her heart "in agonizing supplication that her dear, dear papa might be spared, *at least until he was fit to go to Heaven.*"

A few old-fashioned people will consider this mental attitude an unwholesome one for a child, and will perhaps be of the opinion that it is better for a little girl to do something moderately naughty herself than to judge her parents so severely. But Elsie is a young Rhadamanthus, from whose verdicts there is no appeal. She sees with dismay her father amusing himself with a novel on Sunday, and begs at once that she may recite to him some verses. Forgetful of her principles, he asks her, when convalescing from his tedious illness, to read aloud to him for an hour. Alas! "The book her father bade her read was simply a fictitious moral tale, without a particle of religious truth in it, and, Elsie's conscience told her, entirely unfit for the Sabbath." In vain Mr. Dinsmore reminds her that he is somewhat older than she is, and assures her he would not ask her to do anything he thought was wrong. "'But, Papa,' she replied timidly,"—she is now nine—"'you know the Bible says, "They measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not

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wise.'" This text failing to convince Mr. Dinsmore, he endeavors, through wearisome chapter after chapter, to break Elsie's heroic resolution, until, as a final resource, she becomes ill in her turn, makes her last will and testament, and is only induced to remain upon a sinful earth when her father, contrite and humbled, implores her forgiveness, and promises amendment. It never seems to occur to the author of these remarkable stories that a child's most precious privilege is to be exempt from serious moral responsibility; that a supreme confidence in the wisdom and goodness of his parents is his best safeguard, and that to shake this innocent belief, this natural and holy creed of infancy, is to destroy childhood itself, and to substitute the precocious melancholy of a prig.

For nothing can be more dreary than the recital of Elsie's sorrows and persecutions. Every page is drenched with tears. She goes about with "tear-swollen eyes," she rushes to her room "shaken with sobs," her grief is "deep and despairing," she "cries and sobs dreadfully," she "stifles her sobs"—but this is rare — she is "blinded with welling tears." In her more buoyant moments, a tear merely "trickles down her cheek," and on comparatively cheerful nights she is content to shed "a few quiet tears upon her pillow." On more serious occasions, "a low cry of utter despair broke from her lips," and when spoken to harshly by her father, "with a low cry of anguish, she fell forward in a deep swoon." And yet I am asked to believe that this dismal, tear-soaked, sobbing, hysterical little girl has been adopted by healthy children as one of the favorite heroines of "American juvenile fiction."

In all these books, the lesson of self-esteem and self-confidence is taught on every page. Childish faults and childish virtues are over-emphasized until they appear the only important things on earth. Captain Raymond, a son-in-law of the grown-up Elsie, hearing that his daughter Lulu has had trouble with her music-teacher, decides immediately that it is his duty to leave the navy, and devote himself to the training and discipline of his young family, a notion which, if generally accepted, would soon leave our country without defenders. On one occasion, Lulu, who is an unlucky girl, kicks—under sore provocation—what she thinks is the dog, but what turns out, awkwardly enough, to be the baby. The incident is considered sufficiently tragic to fill most of the volume, and this is the way it is discussed by the other children—children who belong to an order of beings as extinct, I believe and hope, as the dodo:

"'If Lu had only controlled her temper yesterday,' said Max, 'what a happy family we would be.'

"'Yes,' sighed Grace. 'Papa is punishing her very hard and very long; but of course he knows best, and he loves her.'

"'Yes, I am sure he does,' assented Max. 'So he won't give her any more punishment than he thinks she needs. It will be a fine thing for her, and all the rest of us, too, if this hard lesson teaches her never to get into a passion again.'"

Better surely to kick a wilderness of babies than to wallow in self-righteousness like this!

One more serious charge must be brought against these popular Sunday-school stories. They are controversial, and, like most controversial tales, they exhibit an abundance of ignorance and a lack of charity that are equally hurtful to a child. It is curious to see women handle theology as if it were knitting, and one no longer wonders at Ruskin's passionate protest against such temerity. "Strange and miserably strange," he cries, "that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers and pause at the threshold of sciences, where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong and without one thought of incompetency into that science at which the greatest men have trembled, and in which the wisest have erred." But then Ruskin, as we all know, was equally impatient of "converted children who teach their parents, and converted convicts who teach honest men," and these two classes form valuable ingredients in Sunday-school literature. The theological arguments of the Elsie books

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would be infinitely diverting if they were not so infinitely acrimonious. One of them, however, is such a masterpiece of feminine pleading that its absurdity must win forgiveness for its unkindness. A young girl, having entered the church of Rome, is told with confidence that her hierarchy is spoken of in the seventeenth chapter of Revelations as "Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." "But how do you know," she asks, not unnaturally, "that my church is meant by these lines?"

"Because," is the triumphant and unassailable reply, "*she and she alone answers to the description.*"

This I consider the finest piece of reasoning that even Sunday-school books have ever yielded me. It is simply perfect; but there are other passages equally objectionable and a little less amusing. In one of the stories, Captain Raymond undertakes to convert a Scotch female Mormon, which he does with astonishing facility, a single conversation being sufficient to bring her to a proper frame of mind. His most powerful argument is that Mormonism must be a false religion because it so closely resembles Popery, which, he tolerantly adds, "has been well called Satan's masterpiece." The Scotch woman who, unlike most of her race, is extremely vague in her ideas, hazards the assertion that Popery "forbids men to marry," while Mormonism commands it.

"'The difference in regard to that,' said Captain Raymond, 'is not so great as may appear at first sight. Both pander to men's lusts; both train children to forsake their parents; both teach lying and murder, when by such crimes they are expected to advance the cause of their Church.'"

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

I would the pious women who so wantonly and wickedly assail the creeds in which their fellow-creatures find help and hope would learn at least to express themselves — especially when their words are intended for little children to read—with some approach to decency and propriety.

"Gin I thocht Papistry a fause thing, *which I do,*" says the sturdy, gentle Ettrick Shepherd, "I wadna scruple to say sae, in sic terms as were consistent wi' gude manners, and wi' charity and humility of heart. But I wad ca' nae man a leear." A simple lesson in Christianity and forbearance which might be advantageously studied today.

There is no reason why the literature of the Sunday-school, since it represents an important element in modern bookmaking, should be uniformly and consistently bad. There is no reason why all the children who figure in its pages should be such impossible little prigs; or why all parents should be either incredibly foolish and worldly minded, or so inflexibly serious that they never open their lips without preaching. There is no reason why people, because they are virtuous or repentant, should converse in stilted and unnatural language. A contrite burglar in one of these edifying stories confesses, poetically, "My sins are more numerous than the hairs of my head or the sands of the sea-shore"—which was probably true, but not precisely the way in which the Bill Sykeses of real life are wont to acknowledge the fact. In another tale, an English one this time, a little girl named Helen rashly asks her father for some trifling information. He gives it with the usual grandiloquence, and then adds, by way of commendation: "Many children are so foolish as to be ashamed to let those they converse with discover that they do not comprehend everything that is said to them, by which means they often imbibe erroneous ideas, and perhaps remain in ignorance on many essential subjects, when by questioning their friends they might easily have obtained correct and useful knowledge." If Helen ever ventured on another query after that, she deserved her fate.

Above all, there is no reason why books intended for the pleasure as well as for the profit of young children should be so melancholy and dismal in their character. Nothing is more unwholesome than dejection, nothing

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more pernicious for any of us than to fix our consideration steadfastly upon the seamy side of life. Crippled lads, consumptive mothers, angelic little girls with spinal complaint, infidel fathers, lingering death-beds, famished families, innocent convicts, persecuted schoolboys, and friendless children wrongfully accused of theft have held their own mournfully for many years. It is time we admitted, even into religious fiction, some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world. I had recently in my service a pretty little housemaid barely nineteen years old, neat, capable, and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over our unreasonably cheerful household. I grew melancholy watching her at work. One day, going into the kitchen, I saw lying open on her chair a book she had just been reading. It purported to be the experience of a missionary in one of our large cities, and was divided into nine separate stories. These were their titles, copied verbatim on the spot:

The Infidel.
The Dying Banker.
The Drunkard's Death.
The Miser's Death.
The Hospital.
The Wanderer's Death.
The Dying Shirt-Maker.
The Broken Heart.
The Destitute Poor.

What wonder that my little maid was sad and solemn when she recreated herself with such chronicles as these? What wonder that, like the Scotchman's famous dog, "life was full o' sairiousness" for her, when religion and literature, the two things which should make up the sum of our happiness, had conspired, under the guise of Sunday-school fiction, to destroy her gayety of heart?

THERE IS SUCH LOVE

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

THERE is such love, my soul knows well,
Hot as revenge in a heart of hell;
Colder than justice's frozen brain—
Sacred as honor and real as pain.
Whose days are deep-toned bells that chime
Up to the stars of a night sublime,
That is the love I know shall be,
Quick with the throb of a shoreless sea!

There is such love—by man's own hope—
Desire measures our nature's scope,
Since that we want is our true whole,
A shadow cast by our naked soul.
There is such love—'tis passion's flame—
'Tis heaven to heart, strong wine to brain—
So kill me hunger, burn me thirst,
Royal the birth-right you prove me first!

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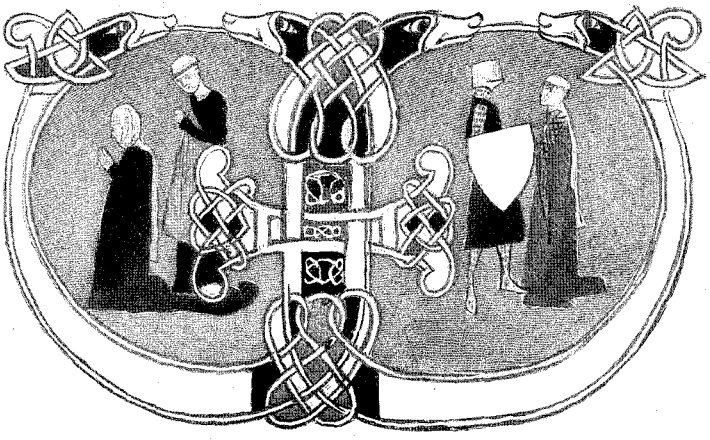
A Law-Latin Love Story

by F. I. Stimson



The Case of Maud of Berneville

WE expect to know of the loves of a Cleopatra or a Catharine; but that a simple tale of English middle life should come down to us, in a formal court record, from the year 1220, so embalmed in quaint and homely phrase as to have an interest like theirs, and more historical, is surely a tribute to the peace and permanence of our Norman-Saxon state. What other realm of history has so preserved its records that the very tissue of its daily life may be unravelled, after eight hundred years, from a minor county-roll? For the old membrane-rolls of Henry the Second, where we find our story, now first printed by the Selden Society, are but the record of the King's wandering about the counties, "carrying his bench with him," to hear and judge petty neighbors' quarrels. And Maud of Berneville is human in this old story; her romance is as fresh as the scent of the hawthorn of St. Albans Hedge Farm on that May morning by Hertford town in 1220; herself as uncertain for any man to judge as any woman of to-day; while John of Marston—Poor John! Was it Maud's fault or his?

. . . . . .

The Story of Saher, Earl of Winchester

HER case was tried promptly, in the summer of the year, Trinity Term, 1220, when Henry Third was King, and a crusade lay in the Holy Land. But the affair took place *die Martis*, the Tuesday before Ascension-day in that same year; a May morning, as we said. Now there was in those days and parts a mighty nobleman, Saher, Earl of Winchester, no less, and he had gone upon a crusade,

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the Fifth, led by Andrew, King of Hungary; yet he had an eye upon things at home; for Saher, *Comes Wiltoniæ*, makes complaint, even from the Holy Land, to the King in his court (and note that this was but five years after Magna Charta), of John of Marston's behavior. Through his bailiff, one William of Knapwell, the Earl brings suit, and tells us how, as his men, to wit a certain Stephen and a certain Philip, were leading *quandam domicellam*, a certain young lady by the name of Maud, *nomine Matillidem*, who was his ward—"and of said Maud he was seised the day he took his way to the land of Jerusalem, as of her whose land he had by reason of the land her father Godfrey held of him"—came John of Marston, with William his brother, and others, by the Hedge Farm, hard by St. Albans, in the King's highway [this Hedge Farm lies still on the map of England to-day] "and against his peace and in felony assaulted them, and with force and arms took from them the aforesaid damosel"—Ah, Maud, did they take you or did you go?

This were perhaps a trifle; but worse remains behind. "Wickedly and in felony they robbed said William Knapwell of his own cattle, to wit, one cape of bluet" (blue cloth), "one counterpane, two linen sheets, and a scapulary"—William of Knapwell, what curious cattle thou hadst with Maud!—"price half a mark and more; and this he shall prove by his body." That is, he offers to fight to prove it; a method of trial much in vogue in those days, as being more intelligible than the verdict of a jury and more satisfactory to the bystanders.

So endeth William Knapwell's ingenuous tale; and little yet of Maud herself. But now for John; John of Marston—good name—and an honest Englishman, one suspects, at any time before this Norman girl, let alone the South-of-England summer and the roses of Ascension-tide! John steps forward and defends.

The Story of John of Marston

"He defends"—denies—"the King's peace and the felony, *et totum illud*, and all that; *sed verum vult dicere*, but he wishes to tell the truth." Honest John! "And he also saith that Godfrey of Berneville had two daughters, the elder one Alice, and the younger, Maud."

Get up, my man, and saddle quick, to Saher's castle ride,
And there of Godfrey's daughters ask which one he makes a bride;
And if he says, the elder, then ride back without a word;
But if he says, the fair-haired one, bring thou me back my sword.

John could quote no Heine in those days; but he spoke almost as simply. "Godfrey held of the Earl; and the Earl granted the wardship of Maud and Alice to one John of Littlebury, whose wife was aunt to the Abbot of St. Albans"—John, the jury's with thee, now that the monks are in thy case—"that he might marry his son and heir to Alice, and his younger son Saher to Maud. And so he had placed Maud in the nunnery of Sopwell."

The History of the Nuns of Sopwell

The monks were in it, indeed; and let us now digress to say a word or two of who and what manner of monks these were. For this Abbot of St. Albans was William of Trumpington, kinsman to the very bailiff who complains. And here we find another old Latin record, of quite independent source, to piece out poor Maud's story; nothing less than the veritable and veracious Latin records of the abbey of St. Albans itself, written and illuminated for no profane eye, no nineteenth-century layman, unduly lettered, but to be read by monks, for

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The King's wandering about the counties, "carrying his bench with him," to hear and judge petty neighbors' quarrels.—Page 725.

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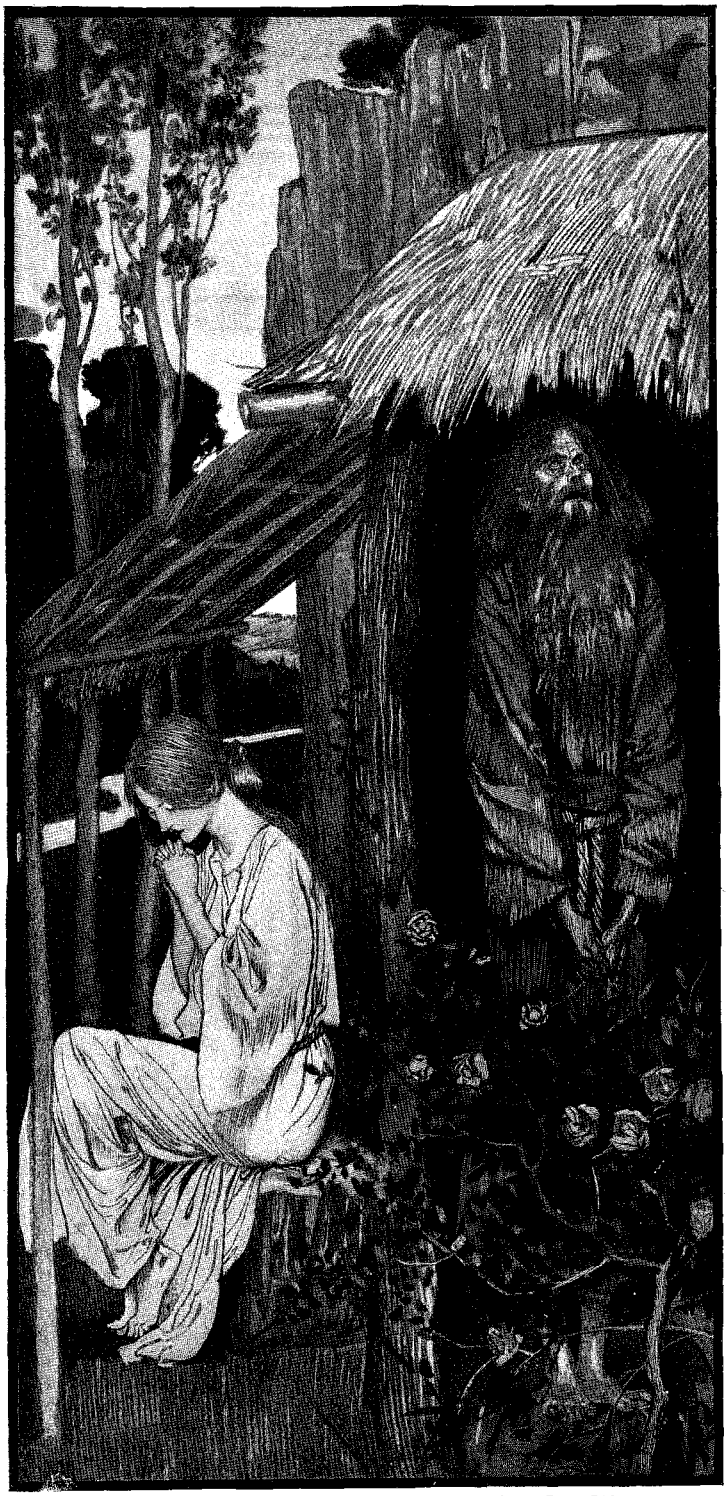

And to him "adhæsit" a certain *beata Christina*.—Page 729.

monks, of monks alone. And it seems that this William of Trumpington was one who scandalized even the monks of the year of grace 1220 "by his secular behavior."

A hundred years before, in 1120, as these same records tell us, the abbey was indeed a holy place and a safe refuge from the world. Good Abbot Geoffrey of that time had constructed but one bed in the whole abbey for a lady guest, "honestissimum," most honest, and called the Queen's bed, "because beyond the Queen it was allowed no woman to rest within the abbey;" but in 1140 there had come two sisters, holy women indeed, "who had made themselves a most poor mansion out of boughs of trees, near the wood that is called Eywoode, but of irreprehensible chastity," * so that the then Abbot Geoffrey, "seeing them macerate their bodies and eat but bread and water, had built for them at last a cell, which became the nunnery of Sopwell, where thirty virgins, only

* Gesta Abbatum, vol. i., p. 79.

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thirty, might find always refuge" and eke a cemetery for their sainted bones; and had decreed that in that cemetery, as in Sopwell nunnery, no one should be buried "*neque vir, neque femina, neque clericus, neque laicus, præter virgines tantum.*" But then, shortly after, there came one Roger the Hermit, "worthy to be compared to the ancient fathers for saintliness;" and to him "*adhæsit*" (there stuck) "a certain *beata Christina,* a maiden from Huntyngdon, who had left ample possessions and the hall of a rich father for sanctity; only Roger the Hermit never had consented to look upon her face, though she had been recluse with him now for passing four years. And she kept herself in a hut there in the forest that was a lean-to attached to his cell, so covered with branches that none outside could see within, sitting on a hard, cold stone winter and summer, . . . nor could she go out by daylight for any cause, lest she should show herself to him" (Roger the Hermit).

So the old monk's chronicle tells us, at greater length and more detail than I may dare to quote; but you will find it all in the Gesta Abbatum. And only a few days before he died Roger relented, and saw Christina, and recommended her as his successor in sanctity to the Abbot Geoffrey; "who would hear nought of her at first, until she appeared to him in a dream, and thereafter she became of great credit with him." But now see the evil of any acquaintanceship with women, even the two first nuns of Sopwell or such a saint as was Christina the Blessed! For it was this nunnery of Sopwell where our Maud was immured, and the men of this William of Trumpington Abbot that took her thither; and by this time already, scarce a century since that holy Abbot Geoffrey, the woman-hater, at the period of this our tale, the monkish chronicler speaks thus of him:

"*Hic Gulielmus cito post creationem suam,* this William a short time after his election Abbot, *claustralium collateralem spernans societatem,* spurning his associates in the cloisters, *sæcularibus sæculariter vivens, adhæsit, comedendo et multipliciter conversando,* with secular people secularly living consorted, banqueting, and multiplicitously conversing, *quod non crediderunt ejus electores,* which wouldn't have thought those who had voted for him; *qui eum sperabant perfectè cognovisse,* they hadn't thought he was that kind of monk." *

Such were they with whom was dealing our poor John of Marston, William then the Abbot of St. Albans, and the thirty nuns of Sopwell "by the fountain that flowed near by." Does one wonder at his discomfiture? Simple John! But we have interrupted him too long. His plea goes on; let us hear the quality of his Latin.

John Restores his Plea

Sturdily went on John of Marston to tell the King and his justices (Geoffrey Fitz Peter and Hubert Walter, perhaps, who seem much to have bored the King, for we have it on his own royal authority, in a quaint footnote to this same court-roll, how glad his majesty was "when Geoffrey Fitz Peter followed Hubert Walter to hell") how said John of Littlebury had married the aforesaid Alice, and *de ea habuit jam iiij pueros,* had already four sons by her! Also how said Saher chose to be promoted in the church rather than marry a wife; whereupon his elder brother, wishing to retain the whole inheritance, placed Maud, the younger sister, with the nuns in the Abbey—in the nunnery of Sopwell, we mean—"intending to make her a nun of that house." So far speaketh John of Marston of himself and of other men, his enemies; and now first he comes to tell of Maud. And she would appear to have been the contemporary New Woman, the woman of a type we now call Old. For (as John goes on to tell us) "when Maud perceived that this was to her disherison, *mandavit ipsa prædictum Johannem de Merstona ut d eam veniret,* she wrote to the

* Gesta Abbatum, vol. i., pp. 250-254.

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John of Marston that he should come to her; and when he had come to her in the nunnery, she showed him how the said John of Littlebury and his friends would make a nun of her" (why, John Marston, don't spoil the whole romance—we know you loved her all along?), "*et in tantum locuta fuit cum eo et ita adamavit eum*, and so much talked to him and so made love to him" (John, this was not gallant of you—but the *AD-amavit* is delicious) "that he married her in said abbey," then and there.

After this "Littlebury came thither, and when he heard that Maud was thus espoused, he, with the men of the Abbot of St. Albans, came and took her off toward that abbey. And as they were conducting her, he, John of Marston, met them, and when she saw him she cried aloud" (poor Maud!) "and said to him that his enemies were carrying her off by force that they might slay her or make a nun of her"—Maud seemed of opinion that it mattered little which. "And he saw that numbers were against him"—oh, John—"and answered that he would not fight for her." Ah, John of Marston, let us hope it was the pleader made you say this: we know you better, John!

"When she heard this, of her own free will she slipt from her horse and went after him, John Marston, her husband"—brave Maud!—"and this was the way he recovered his wife. And afterward came said John of Littlebury, with other of the Abbot's men" (remember, he had married the Abbot's aunt, this Littlebury), "to the nunnery at Sopwell, and took there one counterpane and two sheets"—now why drag in the counterpane and sheets?—"and carried them off toward St. Albans. And one Geoffrey Hopeshot, a man of Maud's, met them; and they asked him whose man he was; and he answered that he was the man of Maud" (good for Hopeshot), "and that he had to go to Sopwell nunnery for a counterpane and two sheets; whereupon John of Littlebury said that these bedclothes were his, and he, Hopeshot, was a thief; and they captured him, and did bind the bedclothes upon him and lead him off toward St. Albans"—a pretty story for Geoffrey Hopeshot, and excellently told. And so John Marston, with his one witness, having defended himself as best he can against monkish wiles for Norman maids, sits down.

What impression he left upon the King and on his hopeful Justices we know not. But we feel sure they were convinced (as are we) that the gray mare was the better horse. For Norman Maud was blonde, with troublesome gray eyes—of that we'll take our oath—let any modern Marston dare say nay (and likely they be many: her sister had already "jam iiij" sons)! Though Maud is dead, and we have not her portrait (she died a matter of some seven hundred years ago), such, we feel sure she was; and fair to look upon; ugly maids don't get into black letter—and John went so readily to her in the nunnery. By the way, John, John, if this was all how came it that she knew so well for whom to send? You do yourself injustice, honest John.

However, so he concludes, and proffers battle, saying that they make this appeal out of hate and spite. Only in his favor he would claim that "they fight but by hired champion, one Stephen to wit," who the day before had fought a judicial combat at Huntyngdon, and is the Earl's "stipendiaried"—a term applied to men and women occupying a relation which then carried with it some opprobrium — while *he* fights off his own fist.

THE STORY OF MAUD OF BERNEVILLE, NOW MAUD MARSTON

. . . . . MAUD says nothing.

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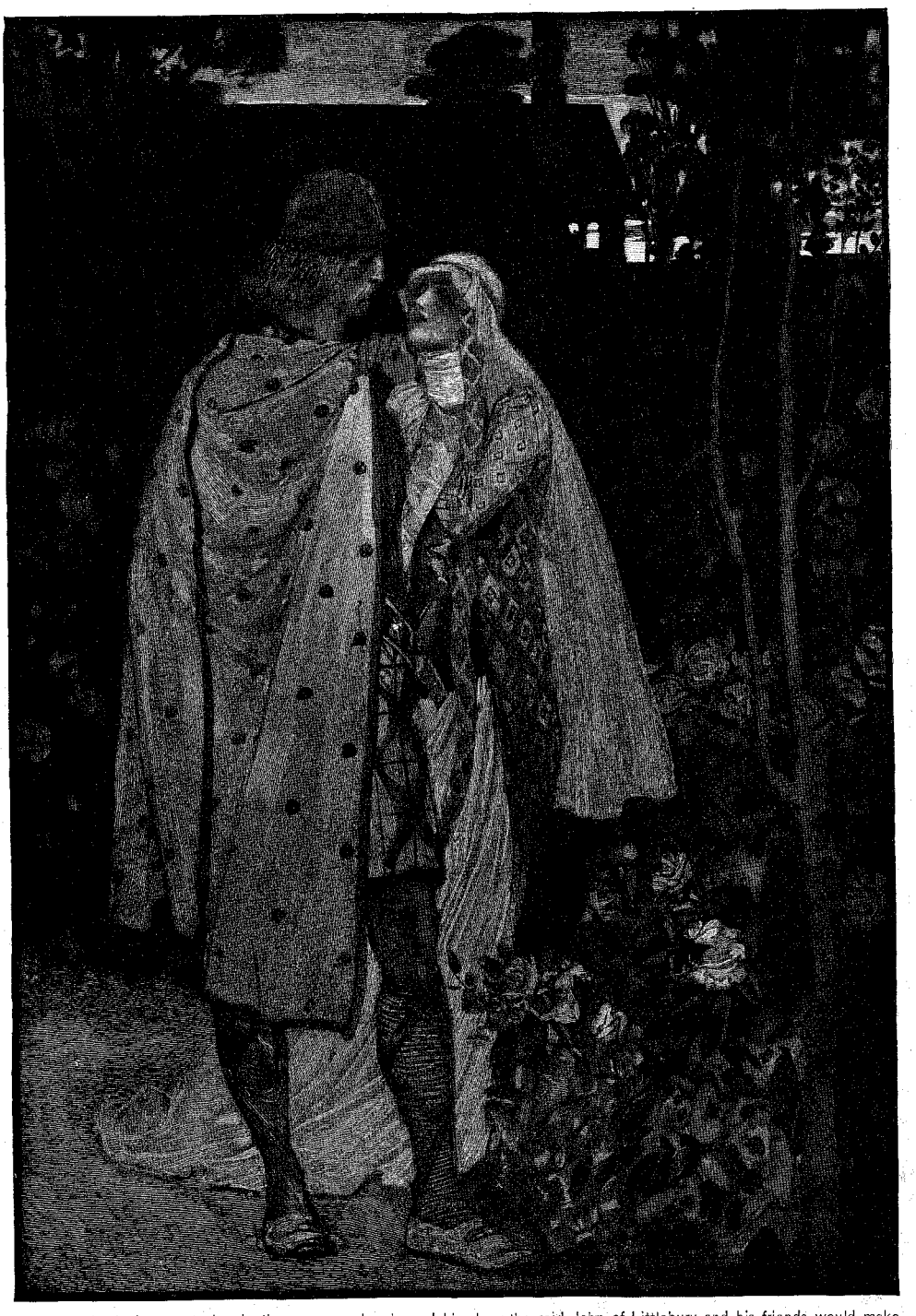

And when he had come to her in the nunnery, she showed him how the said John of Littlebury and his friends would make a nun of her.—Page 730.

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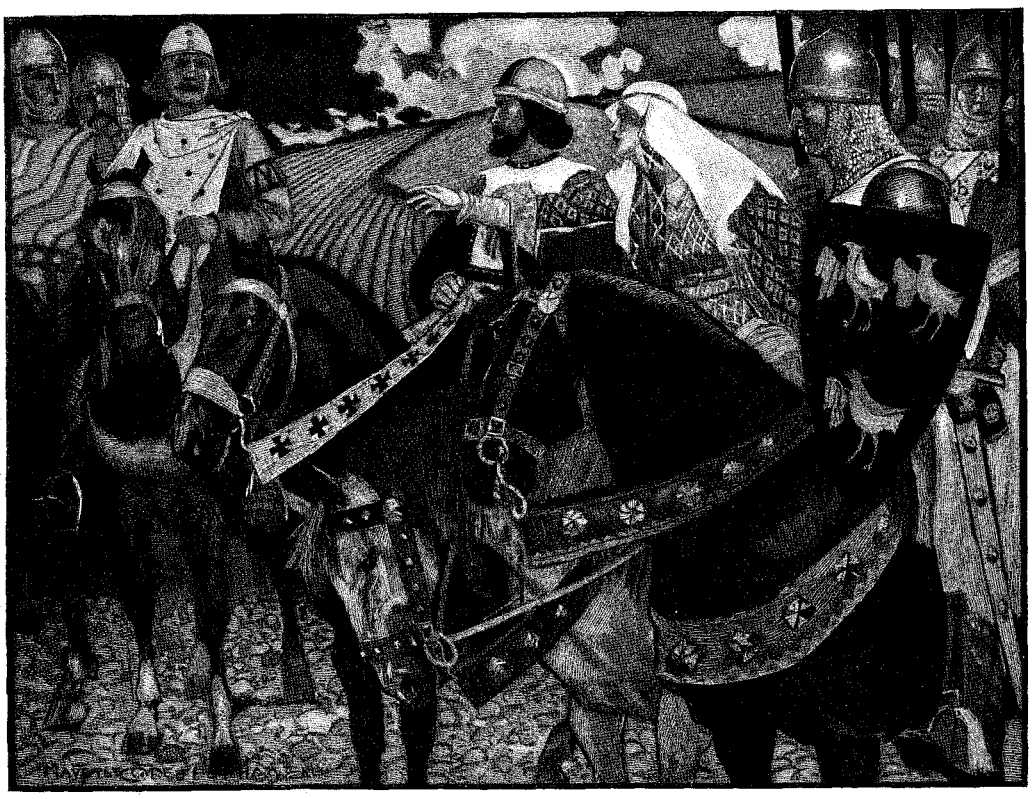
The Earl's Bailiff Replies

What now replies William Knapwell, bailiff to the great Earl? He denies that the Earl of Winchester ever granted Maud in wardship and to marry by John of Littlebury, her brother-in-law; but says that he retained her in his own guardianship, and was still seised of her in the day in which he started for the Holy Land [something too much, we think, of the Holy Land; he should have stayed by Maud, while she was seventeen] and he then caused his bailiffs to commit her to the nunnery of Sopwell; "and there she stayed by the said Earl's appointment"—until she made her own appointment with John o' Marston—"until she was stolen thence by the defendant in the manner aforesaid. And he craves that it be allowed in his favor that John of Marston confesses that he has married her. And he denies that she was ever espoused to John before he carried her off by force." Heavens! what would the man have? long engagements in those crusading days were not in favor—"*et illa adamavit eum.*" What says the poet? "*Cum puellæ adament, nuptialæ jam debent,*" or something of that sort. At this point the King lost his patience; and Knapwell denying further but the hired champion and the matter of the bedclothes, must fain sit down. Witnesses were few, as the nature of the case required.

Only Philip, "on being asked whether it be as William the Steward hath counted on his behalf, saith that so it is. And Stephen saith the same. And William further saith that Maud de Berneville, now Maud de Merstona"—



And when she saw him she cried aloud.—Page 730.

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ay, there's the rub—"was truly in the custody of his lord the Earl on that day he started for the Crusade——"

"D—n the Crusade," quoth here, as we may fancy, Henry, King of England and of France. "John of Marston" (and this is in the text), "by what warrant married you Maud?"

"*By Maud's free will*," saith John—our honest Saxon John—at last our John!

. . . . . .

And how did it end; that love-tale of 1220? Alas, the record sayeth not. We could wish John had brought Maud into court: we have a conviction she would have cleared things up. But it was a wise common rule that a wife could not testify against her husband; they were not emancipated in those days. This is all we may learn from the crabbed Latin:

"Because John of Littlebury the elder is not present, it is considered that he be summoned to be here on the octave of St. John Baptist, to declare what right he claims in the wardship of Maud"—John of Littlebury, in our opinion, was a fox—"and if she was in his custody, how she went out of his custody;" but John of Littlebury, as it seems, lay low. "And for that John of Marston confesses that he married Maud without warrant, let him find pledges that he will stand to right, namely, Richard of Marston and Reginald Taillebois. The bailiff of St. Albans craves cognizance of the case."

And that is all we know. What happened "on the octave of St. John Baptist?" Was the Earl come home then from Jerusalem? And what had then become of gray-eyed Maud? We know not. We can but conjecture. The entry of the preceding case is grimly suggestive: "*Et Johannes non potuit hoc dedicere, et ideo suspendatur*—and John could not deny this. Therefore let him be hanged."

But we bespeak a better hope for Saxon John and Norman Maud. Otherwise, what becomes of all the modern Marstons? It was a good strain, the Marstons; such people make posterity. But in any event—*sie haben gelebt und geliebet*—they have lived and loved. We read coldly, in envy. For what humanity they had in those old days—and what fun it was to live!

STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY

By Katherine Miller

"How I should like a birthday!" said the child,
"I have so few, and they so far apart."
She spoke to Stevenson—the Master smiled—
"Mine is to-day, I would with all my heart
That it were yours; too many years have I!
Too swift they come, and all too swiftly fly."

So by a formal deed he there conveyed,
All right and title in his natal day,
To have and hold, to sell or give away,
Then signed, and gave it to the little maid.

Joyful yet fearing to believe too much,
She took the deed, but scarcely dared unfold.
Ah, liberal Genius! at whose potent touch
All common things shine with transmuted gold!
A day of Stevenson's will prove to be
Not part of Time, but Immortality.

[November 13.]

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A Magic Gift

By H. C. Bunner

I ALWAYS believed the fairy tales,
For with every year I grew
I found that more and more of them
Were the truest kind of true.

And of all the tales I knew and loved
In the days when I was small,
You have chosen, to prove its truth to me,
The prettiest one of all.

The tale of the maid whose lips dropped pearls,
And roses and all things sweet,
Because she was simply civil and kind
To a fairy she chanced to meet.

Why shouldn't it happen to girls—and boys—
In the days when fairies *flew*—
Since a few poor latter-day words of mine
Have been turned into flowers by you?

* These verses were an acknowledgment of some flowers, sent to Mr. Bunner in gratitude for a reading he had given in aid of a charity.

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The fire at the stern was rising to a tower.—Page 745.

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FLOWER O' THE WORLD

By Nathaniel Stephenson

I

Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is Amo, I love.
—Robert Browning.

WESTON opened the morning paper with a quick, decisive motion that was characteristic. He was a young man, who did things rapidly, and the intervals between his impulses and his actions were hardly to be perceived. His eye had leaped to the "River News" almost before the paper was fairly open. His attention skimmed like a swallow on the wing the following:

"The Ohio is stationary, but the flood has not begun to abate, and there is no likelihood that it will do so for at least twenty-four hours. All the tributaries of the Ohio above Cincinnati are swollen by heavy rains, and as far east as Marietta they are still rising. Below this city the tributaries are not rising, but all of them are high and they contribute their volume to impede the flow of water through the channel. The flood, however, is running out as rapidly as could be expected, and the worst is undoubtedly over. The steamers are all making their usual connections. The West Virginia packet Eureka, yesterday, when passing under the upper bridge, with her smoke-stacks lowered, had just six inches clear overhead, and if the river had continued rising last night, would have had to land to-day above the bridges."

Weston tossed the paper aside, leaned back in his chair, and began whistling, gayly, "If a body meet a body coming through the rye!" He had clasped his hands behind his head and was letting his gaze drift at will in the blue depth of air outside his office-windows. He was sitting at his desk in the Custom-house, where he held a fine position, and this morning he had come to his work unusually early. His great, high room on the south front of the Government building was a cheerful solitude, which Weston peopled with his fancies.

They were all of one sort. The face of a girl and the manner of her arrival in Cincinnati possessed his thoughts. She was coming that night on the Eureka, and Weston would meet her at the wharf. For that reason he was filled with an elation, because the river was no longer rising, and the Eureka could still slip under the bridges, even if there were but a few inches to spare. A landing above the bridges, among the nasty little streets at the east end of the city, would have been detestable.

The warm spring sunshine struck in through the tall south windows and fell brightly upon Weston's desk. The air without was clearer than any bell; the sky as blue as whatever thing on earth is bluest; from somewhere overhead drifted down to him the merry twitter of sparrows; the cheerful noises of the street rose up to him from far below in a rollicking hum. The mood of the whole world was gay. But it was all as dust and ashes compared with the joy that was in Weston's heart.

For he and that girl on the Eureka were old-time sweethearts. As soon as she returned to Cincinnati he intended to ask her to marry him, and his heart told him jubilantly that she would answer, "Yes."

II

Flower o' the broom,
Take away Love and this life is a tomb.

The hours of work went by for Weston as if they were upon the wings of the wind. The sun swung westward through the great blue of the sky, and the noises of the streets were never more alluringly cheerful. But toward night

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a cloud descended on the city. It sprang out of a sad and fearful story that was published by the afternoon papers. Weston heard of it first when the little piping voices of newsboys floated up to him, in a thin, high spray of sound like the top of a jet of water:

"Here y' are! All about the terrible accident! Two people killed! Cincinnati *Post*, one cent! Two people killed, only one cent!"

"Another sensation!" said Weston, carelessly, to himself, and went on with his work. A few moments later he was humming again, as he closed his desk, the air with which the day had opened:

If a body meet a body coming through the rye,
If a body kiss a body need a body cry?

He worked longer than did most of the men in the Custom-house, and at this moment the room was almost empty. The only occupant except himself was a Mrs. Moore, typewriter, a severe, sour woman, with nothing feminine remaining in her nature except its sharpness. She had put aside her work while she looked over the *Post*. Now she glanced up and sniffed the air as she said:

"You seem to be in a good humor, Mr. Weston!"

"I am," he replied. "Why not? It's the prettiest day for a month."

Mrs. Moore sniffed the air again and her pinched features became even sharper than before. She had a grudge against happiness in whatever form it might appear. Ordinarily she irritated Weston beyond endurance, but to-day his mood was a golden one, and he was ready to bear with anything. He continued cheerfully, and asked her what there was in the paper.

Her lip curled as she replied. She informed him that not every one had been able to find as much satisfaction in the day as he had. A poor man at Cumminsville, a busy place four miles out of town, had been waiting for his wife at a railway station. The woman was approaching him across the tracks when she lost her head, and her foot slipped right in front of a moving freight-train. People called to her to run; but she was dazed completely and stood looking helplessly about her. Then her husband gave a cry, sprang across the tracks, and threw his arms about her one instant before the freight struck them both, killing them instantly. That was the terrible sensation of the newsboy.

Mrs. Moore had told the story as curtly as possibly. Now she filled it out with a sneering comment of her own.

"He was a fool to do it," she said, "a man die for a woman—indeed! He might as well die for a cat or a pigeon. Women don't count in this world. Now if it had been the woman for the man, it would have been something different."

"Perhaps he loved her," said Weston, softly.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Moore; "but I tell you what, Mr. Weston, a woman in herself gets mighty little reverence. Men approve of their wives as their own understudies, and that's about all. When a man dies, the merciful thing to do for his widow is to burn her on a funeral pyre, the way the Hindoos do, or used to do. I never sympathize with a dead woman. She is where she ought to be. When a man loves her enough to die for her—well, she'd better die herself, in a hurry, before she finds out that he has changed his mind."

But Weston did not get angry at this diatribe against his sex. On another day he might have been moved to scorn, though Mrs. Moore was a widow whose husband had left her a little fortune which his lawyers had appropriated. To-day, however, Weston's mood was too deep for scorn. The pitiful story of the dead lovers saddened and stilled him; it did not, as yet, depress him. It was a dark shadow, but there was the sunshine at its back, for the dead man had loved his wife and for that love he had died. Even the sour egoist, the poor shrew, who had told the story, did not offend him. Her vindictive sneers awakened no antagonism in the large serenity of mind that was, for the moment, his own. It was as if a needle had been dropped into a jar of honey and had lost itself uncertainly toward the bottom. Weston found it possible to return Mrs. Moore a soft answer, and

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the sour woman's face relaxed a little as she replied:

"Well, I don't feel sorry for dead women, that's all there is about it. A woman had better be dead than a widow, any day in the world. I guess I know. When my husband was alive to protect me it was one thing, and now that he isn't it's a mighty different thing. I'm sometimes ashamed I'm living."

The sharp, hardened features of that oldish woman relaxed a little, and Weston guessed for the first time that she had once been pretty. He made another soft answer, seeking to allay her wrath, and then said that he had to be going. The presence of the loveless, hopeless soul, dwelling bitterly on the past ere yet that love was dead, oppressed him, once he had caught that hint of a former joy, as if he had seen a ghost. There was a sudden stifling in his heart with a realization of what life became for them that ceased to love.

Weston left the office, and, when he reached the pavement, stood a moment irresolute. Mrs. Moore's bad humor had affected him after all. Into the honey of his imagination her venomous needle had carried a particle of corrosion. There was a nervousness in his mood that had not been there in the morning. It was with a frown impending above his brows that he turned, at last, with a jerk of his head, and walked down Main Street toward the river. Accidents did happen, sometimes; a river was a brutal thing when it was in flood, and at least he would take a look at it. Why he cared to do so, since no amount of looking would make things safer for that girl on the Eureka, he could not see; but, nevertheless, look he must. The river was his enemy and he would face it. The talk with the sour old woman had not exactly unstrung his nerves, but it had done something toward that result. It had been almost coarse in its shrewish denial of love, and he was in love.

The point at which he paused, in a crowd of people, to watch the river, was the foot of Main Street, the northwest corner of the public landing, the place where Front Street leads out of it toward the west. The yellow water licked the cobble-stones along the south side of the landing, far above its ordinary position. About the middle of the landing lay the wharfboat at which the Eureka ought to land. Away beyond it, a quarter or a third of a mile to Weston's left, rose the massive stone piers of an old railway-bridge, which was then the single one above the landing. Every pier was the centre of a tangled lashing of whip-like, foaming water. The river hurtled among them like a deluge of yellow snakes that were forever coiling themselves about the piers, but only to slip their grasp, as they were crowded swiftly forward, gliding around and around and around, while they writhed and smote against the stone, casting up great jets of spray in their madness to be dragging the piers from their foundations.

Weston turned his head for a look in the opposite direction. The new nervousness of his mood was not benefited by that glimpse of the furious river, for it was between those piers that the Eureka would have to pass. He bit his lips as he thought of it. The sunshine grew suddenly dark, there was a vision of a frightful station and two dead people hurled aside by the locomotive of a freight-train. For a minute he turned sick with the dread of accident. He had never realized before that it was not only upon the far waters that exists the deadly peril for them that go down to the sea in ships.

To arouse himself he began to walk fast away from the landing toward the west. In the time of flood half Cincinnati drifts down to the river once a day, to see how things are going. As Weston hurried along Front Street, which a few feet more would have flooded, he passed several people whom he knew. But he merely nodded and walked the faster. He did not care to be interrupted. In such a mood he crossed one street, and, midway between it and the next, came opposite the approach to the suspension bridge. This bridge had been hidden from him by a block of buildings when he was watching the upper bridge from the landing. The distance between the two cannot be over half a mile at most. Weston had not been walking three minutes since leaving his first position.

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But in that trifling space of time something had happened. Whistles and bells were sounding at his back. On the landing voices were cheering, and from the suspension bridge arose a babble of excited talk. Many people were running up the ascent to the bridge, and those in advance were waving to the others to make haste.

"She's going to strike!" shouted one voice.

"No, she won't, she'll just clear," cried another.

"Now she's under!"

"No, she isn't!"

"O-o-o-o-h!"—a prolonged groan.

Weston had fallen into the stream of people, and ran with the rest for the bridge. The effort steadied his nerves and he ran like a deer in the joy of being strong again. He was one of the first among the new-comers who passed the north tower of the bridge and came out upon the vast aërial archway springing clear to the opposite shore. As with all the other spectators of the flood, who were crowded upon the bridge, his eyes were turned up stream and toward the east. In a trice he understood the startled fear in that long-drawn, many-throated "O-o-o-o-h!"

Between two piers of the upper bridge was a steamer. The water boiled about her as she ploughed her way forward, striving to hold her own against the current, which was driving her, with all its furious might, upon the starboard pier.

"Maybe, I think," said the voice of a waterman, close to Weston, "there wouldn't anything happen, now, if something bust on that boat."

"What do you mean?" gasped Weston.

"What do I mean?" echoed the other; "well, you know lots—golly! she's done it! Hurrah! bully! good work! hurrah!"

The whole bridge rang with the shouting. The people on the landing shouted also. The few boats that had steam up blew their whistles and a thousand negro roustabouts bellowed acclamations. The pilot of the imperilled steamer, by some ingenuity of his craft, had made a sort of compromise with the current, catching it in such a way that it was forced to help his engines, swinging the boat around in a quarter circle so that it just cleared one angle of the pier and stood off obliquely toward the shore.

But Weston was beginning to be on edge about the dangers of the river, and he was bent on knowing what the waterman had begun to say.

"Is that a dangerous bridge?" he asked.

"Well, nuthin's dangerous if the river ain't too high," replied the waterman, "and there ain't no fog, and your machinery's all right, and nobody's drunk, and you've got your eyes wide open. But with a river like this everything's dangerous. And it don't take this sort of a river to make trouble neither. Why, there wasn't half this current when we smashed up the Fleetwood against the Southern Railway Bridge down below here. You know all about that, I suppose?"

Weston admitted that he did not, and the waterman put out his lip, disdainful of anyone so benighted as not to know about the sinking of the Fleetwood.

"You see, I was second mate on her," he continued, "and nobody ever did know just how it happened. The captain and the engineer and the pilot were all drowned, and every man that got out alive had a different story from every other. But, anyhow, we lost control of the boat just above the bridge, and the current took us by both ends at once and jammed us against a pier and stove in the whole port side just as easy as if we'd been a bandbox. And there were one in seven of us living the next day. That's all I've got to say."

The waterman shouldered his way through the crowd and disappeared, while Weston cursed himself for having come to the river at all. It seemed to be rising beneath his feet and shaking its fierce locks in a turgid, yellow menace.

He turned to the north, and once more walked fast, to be relieved. His mind was filled with a sense of haunting fearfulness. If the Eureka did not come safe to dock that night, then life would not be worth the living. As he plunged along through the slant sunshine of that bright spring afternoon,

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there was the possibility of a great darkness continually above him, and in his ears there were the words of the prayer-book: "Thou, O Lord, who stillest the raging of the sea, hear, hear us, and save us, that we perish not."

III

Flower o' the quince,
I let Lisa go, and what good's in life since.

BARCLAY WESTON had no immediate kinsmen. He had some cousins and uncles who were distantly interested in him, but that was all. He lived by himself and dined where it suited him. On this night he went to a *café* that was a favorite with everyone. In the doorway he paused, and ran his eye along the tables seeking for a friend. Ordinarily he liked to dine alone, thinking about his sweetheart. He had her photograph in his pocket, with the name, Katherine Martins, in a bold, angular hand, on the back; sometimes he would get a glimpse of it during dinner, while pretending to be searching his pocket-book for something else. But to-night he was restless and wanted company. The story of the accident and the horror of the foaming river weighed heavily on his mind.

Presently he became aware that someone was snapping fingers and calling his name. He turned and beheld two men at a side-table. One of them was a young fellow, a friend of his, a very clever man, more clever than anything else. The other was a grave, stiff man, past sixty, with a face and an air that made one straighten one's self unconsciously whenever one met him. The first was a newspaper man, the second was his uncle; the elder man had once been a soldier; he still wore a dozen medals of honor beneath his closely buttoned coat, and he limped heavily on his stick in walking. Weston was glad enough to fall into such company. He strode across the room, shook hands with both men, and sat down at their table.

But his fate had not been eluded. The newspaper man was full of the accident of the morning and opened upon Weston at once.

"You ought to have seen it," he exclaimed. "I've just been telling the General all about it. I saw three people who saw the whole thing. Gad! Barclay, it was stunning. It was Homeric. Don't ever say there aren't fine situations in modern life. Will you believe it, that fellow saw he was going to be killed just as plain as I see that soup-plate. He knew he couldn't save her any more than he could fly, and he just cared enough for her to want to die along with her."

Weston bit his lips. Much as he wanted company he had heard enough of accidents. The reality of death and the terribleness of heroism needed no more reinforcement in his own mind. He was provoked, too, in finding the same idea at another turning of his footsteps. Barclay Weston was not a man who had thought very much about life. Like other careless men, he felt that there was something uncanny in the way an idea, once linked with one's self, dogs one at every turn. He had never realized how, under all the thinking of all the world, most of the premises are about us every day, and that the seeing them is mainly a matter of the mood. He replied, petulantly:

"Oh, for heaven's sake, let that drop. It's bad enough as it is, without any reiteration."

The moment he said it he was ashamed of himself. The newspaper man smiled awkwardly, betraying his annoyance, and began at once to talk about something else. The old General fixed his eyes for a moment upon Weston. Then he looked away with something like a sigh. Weston had dropped his eyes upon his plate, and now came near to losing his temper against himself.

That moment of embarrassment was succeeded by talk about things in general. It was not until all three rose to go that Weston attempted to retrieve himself.

"I was awfully rude when I came in," he said, clumsily, "but don't lay it up against me, old man. I've been worried this afternoon, and that story hit me in exactly the wrong place."

His friend would let him get no farther. The General also interposed.

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"It was most natural," he said, "most natural. The accident was appalling."

The three had paused a moment on the sidewalk before the *café*. The General was looking into vacancy with the air of one preoccupied. Suddenly he said:

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, it was all for the best."

He caught himself up with a start and smiled as he faced his companions.

"Old men are foolish," he said. "I was thinking aloud about that poor chap who was killed. I am not sure but he did the most sensible thing as well as the most romantic. However, both of you are too young to follow me. When your hair is like mine you may talk it over and come to a decision. But I must get on. Good-night, Mr. Weston."

He took his nephew's arm and nodded to Weston as he limped away. The latter uncovered and stood silent for several minutes. He remembered a romantic story about the General's devotion to his dead wife, and how he had been her constant mourner for thirty years. Weston was not often inclined to tears, but to-night was an exception, and his eyes filled, for half an instant, as he looked after the figure of the old man, limping away upon his nephew's arm. He noticed a droop in his shoulders and a bowing of his head, which was turned sidewise to be out of his nephew's gaze. The old man's white hair showed beneath his hat, and its suggestion of sadness was accentuated by his limping gait. Weston shook the spray out of his eyes, turned upon his heel, and walked away.

He had not been walking five minutes when he heard the boom of a drum. Above it, loud and clear, shot the high notes of a bugle. Tambourines made a shrill staccato of maddening sound. Through the whole confused din rang the voices of singing women. It was the nightly march of the Salvation Army.

Weston paused on a street-corner, one of the busiest in the city. Black crowds of people ebbed and flowed about him. The asphalt pavement, in a white glare of electric lamps, shone like a giant billiard-table. Yellow bands of lustre, that were nothing but shop-windows, lined the streets as with belts of translucent gold. Overhead, in the warm, spring sky, swam the full moon, her light pale and ineffectual above the light of the street. In a night that was almost as clear as day, in a scene more busy than any the city sees by sunshine, Weston waited for the Salvationists.

Soon they were before him. Their dark procession, beneath their shadowy standards, marched steadily through the white glare of the arc lamps. They were singing their hymns of triumph. The white-faced women, the rapt, fanatical men, all clad in blue, but shot, here and there, with scarlet or gold, with patches of scarlet guernsey, with gold points that were letters upon their hat-bands, these were all thrown out into high relief by the glare of the lamps. They cut a sharp line through the other sights of the street, just as their voices and their instruments, with the burden, "We will win, we will win," cut clean through all the other sounds. The hubbub of the street parted upon either hand of them, like the waves of the Red Sea. It did not cease, it was merely cut asunder. Electric cars whizzed around Weston's corner, their gongs clanging furiously; carriages bowled rapidly along the asphalt; cab-drivers shouted at the tops of their voices, and policemen bellowed to them to make way; there was the clatter of countless feet; the vast imperceptible stir, felt but not heard, which is the breathing of restless crowds; there was the low, delirious hum, the inner pulse of the city, like the purring of some stupendous beast; there was all the suppressed fever of the nerves, the cramped riot of the senses, that is the troubled spirit of a warm night in the city toward the South. And through all this, clean as the stroke of a sabre, smote the singing of the Salvationists, "We will win, we will win."

It passed athwart the brightness, beneath the arc lamps, and went on down a side-street, into the dark. Weston followed it. The infection of the street had rekindled, more strenuously than ever, the excitement that was rising in his

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blood. The repetition of the wild story at the dinner-table, his own momentary loss of temper, an unsteady touch of pathos in his fancy about the General, the suppressed furor of the street itself, all these were fused into one strong, though undefined, emotion, by the fierce music of the Salvationists, the clangor of the horns, the boom of the drums, the rattle of the tambourines, the piercing sweetness and sadness of the voices of the singing women, by that whole delirium of an heroic fanaticism which rose crashingly through the sounding hollow of the night.

But, spellbound as he was, Weston had little time to give to the Salvationists. He followed them to their Temple and remained there a brief space; then he left them. Never before had he been in such a meeting. He even paused a moment, despite his excitement, before deciding to enter. But the exhilaration in his blood made him long for anything rather than aimless waiting; therefore he went into the tumble-down old theatre that was now the Salvation Temple. He refused an invitation to sit down, and remained standing, near the door. The seething emotionality of the scene before him beat upon his nerves in the same undefined intensity with which the heat of midsummer beats upon the world. Men sprang to their feet, waved their arms, and shouted "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" The music was as furious as it had been when he first heard it, but now it seemed to have absorbed into itself all the other noises of the street-corner, and to be sending them forth again, clothed with its own vehemence, to rage and thunder through the building. What threw into the music, for the mind of its excited listener, that strange suggestiveness, was the marvellous complexity of the turbulent crowd which swelled the burden of its choruses. That crowd was the whole city focused on one point. There were in it common ruffians with faces evil as a plague. To Weston's amazement there were also people of refinement, women whom he knew. Between the extremes there was every sort of humanity. Over all this chaos of the soul, pregnant with its own grim heroism, its own unformulated self-devotion, rose the figure of one strong man. The Captain of the Salvationists towered erect in the full glare of a single arc-lamp, the one light of the Temple. Behind him, in a dark mass, some kneeling, some standing, were his soldiers. A fine-featured woman who sat near him Weston guessed correctly to be his wife. The leader had just given out the hymn, "He brought me out of darkness into glory."

Weston glanced at his watch. This was the second hymn since he entered the theatre, but he had still a few moments to spare. His eyes roved again across the congregation, picking out the points in which it harmonized with his mood. It confronted him, as life confronts most men everywhere, as an enormous gem, irregularly cut, wherein, from any point of view, there will be some facet which reflects approximately the beholder's self. Weston found one such facet almost instantly. His eyes had come back across the congregation to the tall figure of the Captain. The hymn had not ceased, but Weston had resolved that he must go. He paused for a moment for a last look at the man who ruled that stern religion, and in that moment he saw the Captain bend over to speak to his wife while the hymn still pealed above their heads. There could be no doubt now, in the mind of anyone, who that fine-featured woman was. As she leaned toward the Captain, and spoke to him without lifting her eyes from the congregation, there was something about her which could not be misunderstood. The Captain hesitated in his manner, and seemed to be asking her advice. Suddenly she looked up at him, a quick smile flashing over her face. The Captain's face also changed swiftly, immeasurably. In another moment he had straightened himself and was once more leading in the hymn.

By the time Weston reached the sidewalk he was almost singing himself. But on his lips the hymn repeated itself with an audacious variation. The face of Katherine Martins had rushed upon him out of the night, and he was singing, "She brought me out of dark-

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ness into glory." He walked as if on air; a vision of the gladness of the Captain's face and the proud reliance of the woman's smile nestling in his heart.

IV

Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all and his own life for each.

At the wharf Weston was still some time in advance of the boat. There were others besides himself who were waiting for Katherine, but such people did not interest him. In his own mind the world held but two people, himself and her. He spoke to her brothers and then wandered back across the landing to the corner where he had stood that afternoon. He was thinking about her face, the pride and the dainty power in it, the coiled hair and the eyes as bright as falcons'. Did she love him? He cast the question from him—of course she did!

And that was the whistle of the boat! The hour had come. He strained his eyes along the broadly shining moon-gilt path of water to catch the first glimpse of the steamer. Faintly, far away, shone the red and green lights which blended with the moonshine into a vast and opalescent bubble, gliding down the bosom of that white, scintillating stream. Presently the bubble opened, revealing the shadowy lines of the steamer. It came swiftly toward him, growing rapidly more imposing. Weston felt that this was the way Kate ought to come to him, her barge growing up into stately proportions, out of a varicolored haze of moving lights.

The steamer was just above the upper bridge. It towered out of the water in all the airy gracefulness that belongs to Western river-craft by moonlight. As it came onward, with the sound of its panting engines, even the beating of the great side-wheels and the swish of the water, faintly audible through the still night, nothing could have given less suggestion of harm, of accident. But Weston knew the perils of the bridge and his heart was in his mouth. The boat was close upon a pier where the current was like a fury, and to waver at that point was to be lost; it was to be driven straight upon the pier and crushed like an egg-shell. Barclay Weston felt his eyes swim with blackness and his footing become unsteady. But when, with a cry, he had recovered himself, he saw that he was not mistaken. There, in plain sight, at the fourth pier from the Ohio side, the Eureka wavered.

In another moment the river caught her, neck and heels, piled up a low wave along her whole length and swept her toward the pier. The strain had been too great; the steering-chains had broken, the pilot had lost control; and the boat was helpless. In another instant there was a loud, shattering crash, a sound of ripping timbers, of splintering bulkheads, of crackling glass. The boat had struck.

For one long moment the Eureka hung to the pier. Then it swung loose and drifted down the river. The port side was deep in the water. The cabins were threatening to heel over with their own weight. The boat was settling visibly.

Nevertheless Weston could see the officers hurrying to and fro quietly, promptly. Some of them had sprung upstairs into the cabin where they were throwing the coal-oil lamps out of the windows. Though their boat would go down, in all likelihood, before help could reach them, they would do what they could to prevent the fire which generally follows collision in those light-built steamers of the Ohio.

But, prompt as they were, they were not prompt enough. A tongue of flame leaped up through the cabin and against it the whole steamer stood out distinct. There were silhouettes of men running hither and thither; a black mass huddled forward and screaming to the shore were the passengers; high over all stood the pilot at his useless wheel. He did not deign to turn his head. He simply stood there, like a lost soul, looking forward into space toward the ruin he had been powerless to avoid.

All these details of the catastrophe flashed upon Weston with a convincingness swift as lightning. With them flashed past him his own life. He real-

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ized all the past and the future in one interminable moment—life with Kate and life without Kate, what he had been, what he was, and what he might become, the terrible loneliness of the world with her out of it, the intimations of hopelessness which he had had that day, the venomous talk of Mrs. Moore, the bowed figure of the old General, and then, in a magnificent changing of the note, the war-horns of the Salvationists and the pride in the Captain's face and the happiness in his wife's. They whirled about him and battered into his heart, but it was the last of all that did the work. As he thought of the Captain and his wife, the figure of Katherine Martins, the proud, alert little figure, rose so vividly in his memory that there leaped upon his lips the cry which he had brushed aside so carelessly but a little space before—the cry, "Does she love me?" It was followed, like an echo, by the stern determination, "I will know before I die."

Weston caught his nerves in a grip of iron and looked about him, taking stock of the situation. He saw that escape was impossible. The steamer was drifting fast down stream and Weston knew that he was going to his death. None the less he turned and ran out Front Street light-footed as the wind. He reached the suspension bridge. Along it he sped like fire to a point above the centre of the channel. His one chance was to drop upon the upper deck of the Eureka as it passed beneath him. It was a daring thing to do. The leap downward would not be many feet, but the boat was already staggering like a drunken man, lurching and stumbling and threatening every moment to spin round and plunge away in a new direction.

Nearer and nearer swept the burning wreck. A ferry-boat, which had steam up, had left its wharf far away near the Kentucky end of the railway bridge and was doing its poor best to make speed toward the wreck. Weston laughed as he saw it. He laughed, too, to see the officers of the Eureka laboring in vain to lower those perfunctory life-boats which are carried amidship by steamers of this class. He laughed to feel himself in the clutch of fate amid the powerlessness of the world. Even as he laughed he shivered. The night wind that has its home upon the river came ripping through the air, taking the cables of the bridge between its teeth and champing them like a horse upon the bit.

It swept into Weston's blood and his nerves sang back to the whir of the cables. But now the Eureka was almost on him. The fire at the stern was rising to a tower, toppling over into a plume, and streaming far away along the wind. The next instant the boat was beneath the bridge, and all of Weston's nerve was demanded for the leap. But it did not fail him. As the prow drove out of shadow a thrill of triumph throbbed into Barclay Weston's heart. He could have shouted for sheer gladness when he let go the bridge-rail, and leaped down upon the staggering hurricane-deck of the Eureka. He was face to face with death.

But where was Kate? One instant Weston hesitated. Then he dashed down the stairs toward the cabin-guards and turned to the right. He knew, now, intuitively, that Kate would be there, at the point which had been nearest to the wharf, watching for him. He was not mistaken. Clear forward, entirely alone, far out of the hubbub around the useless boats, stood his Lady of Life, her face turned back toward the wharf. She did not heed the fire at the farther end of the boat. She did not notice the stinging chill of the wind. Her eyes were still riveted upon the landing when Weston's footstep struck upon the deck, and he cried out,

"Kate!"

Her face flamed and her breath stopped short. For an instant she wavered where she stood. Then the girl wheeled and sprang toward him with her arms outstretched:

"Barclay!"

The tone was enough. He knew that he had prevailed. Death was swallowed up in victory. Yet his first words were not of love.

"Aren't you cold, dear?" he whispered as he folded her close into his arms. For answer she laughed lightly, her eyes like stars, and lifted her face that he might kiss her, and, even as she

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did it, the deck rose under them for the last plunge. That first love-kiss was given in the instant when the sinking steamer heaved its starboard side far up into the air, rolled vehemently upon itself, and with one gigantic, gurgling hiss, the scream of its own drowning boilers, went roaring down in fifty feet of water.

SLEEP

By Arthur Willis Colton

When to the welcome of unthoughtful sleep
We give our hands, and like a tired guest
Enter the whispering galleries of rest,
Through whose unmeditative vistas sweep
The faint spice currents of imagined dreams,
The sound of palm-trees waving in the wind
About the gardens of Damascus, streams
Of cavy ocean, and old voices thinned
To a mere fancy; when sweet slumber fills
The corridors where cold thought moves by day
With filmy faces that the night distils;
Deep in the temples of our hearts we pray,
Oh, might some vision, o'er the barriers borne,
Smile on our waking hours, of dreams forlorn.

THE LONELY MAN

By J. West Roosevelt, M.D.

I HAVE always thought it probable that the name which he gave us when he entered the hospital was not his real name. It is by no means uncommon for hospital patients to wish to conceal their identity, for various reasons, and such patients naturally register themselves under some alias in the hospital books. Since it is the function of a hospital to provide for the care of the sick poor so far as its resources permit, and not to verify the genealogical statements of applicants for admission, it is pretty safe to do this, for, unless a person has done something which has attracted the attention of the police, there is small chance that the deception will be discovered. We are apt to look upon anyone who has changed his name, without complying with the legal formalities made and provided, with suspicion; we think it fair to assume that the reasons for the change are dishonorable. While in the great majority of cases our suspicions are well founded, in certain instances they are not. Indeed, the reasons which induce some people to attempt to hide their identity are rather to their credit than otherwise.

In the case of the man who is the subject of this sketch, there is no positive evidence that he had given us a false name. The facts that his manners were singularly polished and refined, and that he was familiar with many of

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the byways of English and German literature, are not incompatible with his statement that he was a mechanic of very humble origin; politeness and familiarity with books characterize many men whose business it is to run steam-engines or to do any work requiring skill of hand and brain. There was, however, something about this man which rarely, if ever, is acquired save from the training of earliest childhood —something indescribable yet very real —which we partially express in the term "good breeding." Very gentle, modest, and unassuming, he had a dignity which was felt by all who knew him; many respected and loved him, but no one attempted to treat him with familiarity. It was not that his manner repelled familiarity—it made even the thought of it impossible.

In short, he was a person of whom one would not be surprised to hear "that he had seen better days"—and possibly very much better days than those which were destined to be his last on earth, and which he passed as a charity patient in a hospital, thousands of miles away from his native land. It is possible that, as he lay slowly dying in the big ward—gazing during the daytime at the cheerless light, gray walls, with the wretched, cheap engravings and lithographs hanging here and there upon them between the high windows, and at night watching the flickering light and shade cast by the dim gas-burner—as he lay surrounded by all the hospital sights and hospital sounds, his memory may have gone back to very different scenes in his far-off home and among his own people!

He was a native of one of the German-speaking countries. He was rather under-sized, but carried himself so well that he seemed taller than he really was. Even when very feeble, he never lost altogether the soldierly erectness which was one of his most marked characteristics when I first saw him. He was past middle age—over fifty-five, I believe—and his straight, rather scanty hair and long, bushy beard, which seemed originally to have been of a color not uncommon among blonds, resembling in hue old hemp-rope, were plentifully streaked with gray. His mouth was hidden by a large gray mustache, and the lines about it indicated more sweetness than strength. The forehead was deeply lined by the horizontal furrows which time and sadness make, and by the deeper vertical lines between the eyebrows which are carved by sharp pain, mental or physical. Heavy gray brows overhung the purest and gentlest blue eyes which I have ever seen in man or woman. The nose was somewhat large, but delicately moulded. His face was in no sense handsome, yet there was something singularly winning and attractive about his expression.

He was in the hospital for a long time, and was always, while in it, an influence for good upon all who came in contact with him. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of inspiring others with sincere love for himself. I have never been able to understand what there was in him which caused this affection. He was unselfish, it is true, but so were many others in the hospital. He was gentle and sympathetic, considerate and patient, courteous and straightforward. The same qualities were possessed by several other patients to an equal degree. The others inspired respect, he — love. I do not mean that he was a *popular* man. Popular men are not *loved*, they are only *liked;* and they usually inspire an active conscious liking. Probably many of those whom this man influenced most strongly were hardly conscious of the love they bore him. Yet the most incongruous visitors were to be found round his bed when he grew so sick as to be unable to leave it, and all of them had made his acquaintance in the hospital. I do not remember accurately who they were, but I know that among them were a confectioner and a convict or two, a negro, several Irishmen, a number of Germans and Americans, and representatives of several other nations. And all these people really *loved* the man. If any near relative came to see him, I do not remember the fact; neither do I remember that he ever asked to see any clergyman.

He was cheerful even under the terrible strain which comes to those who know that they are suffering from a dis-

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ease which they themselves can perceive is slowly but surely progressing toward a fatal termination, and yet which it is beyond the skill of medical men even to recognize. We did not know what was the matter with him until after his death. Then we had, at least, the satisfaction of learning that his malady was not only unrecognizable during life, but also incurable.

Although we could not tell what was killing him, it became only too evident that he would soon die. He grew steadily thinner and weaker, and spent more and more time in his bed, and then the day came when he no longer could sit up. He suffered no pain in the ordinary sense of the word; but he had quite frequent attacks of intense shortness of breath—what the Germans call "air-hunger"—which must have been far harder to bear than severe acute pain. Yet when asked how he felt he usually replied, with absolute cheerfulness, "No better, I think, Doctor; I am still weak—and this hard breathing which I sometimes have tires me; but I am glad that I have no pain!"

He never asked if he could hope to get better, except during the first few weeks of hospital treatment. He was never told that he could not live long; he realized that it was so, and waited calmly for the end. He did not fear death; few people do when it is near—at least when it results from disease or old age. When in good health most people fear—or at least dread—death; but when the end of pain and weariness which we call death is at hand most human beings show no trace of dread—unless they have been frightened by the attempts of well-meaning friends to "prepare" them for it!

It was during the last months of his life that the singular lovableness of the man became most plainly evident, and it was then that my attention was attracted by the incongruous assemblages of visitors which congregated about his bed whenever the hospital rules permitted the presence of the friends of patients in the wards. Not only were patients attracted by him, the nurses and various attendants and servants who came in contact with him, as well as we who were on the medical staff, all shared more or less in the feeling of affection. So it came about that his latter days were spent in closer companionship with his fellow-beings than is the case with most men.

He lingered long in the most extreme state of weakness, and we expected that each day would be his last for some time before the end came. I was, at that time, quite frequently in the ward, both by day and night; and on such occasions, I usually stopped by his bed before returning to my room, to see how he was. If he happened to be awake I sometimes talked with him for awhile. So we became quite intimate in a way. In these talks he rarely spoke of himself except in reply to some direct question, and never alluded to his early life or to his native land; he spoke quite freely of his experiences in this country, however.

One night I happened to be in the ward and, as usual, went to his bedside before retiring. I thought him asleep, and stooped over the bed to see how he looked, and in so doing let my hand fall close to his side. As I was about to leave, he moved a little and his hand touched mine. I remained motionless, fearing lest I should wake him. Then he opened his eyes and feebly grasped my hand. I did not speak, but leaned a little closer to him, waiting to hear what he might want to say.

"Doctor, am I going to die soon?"

"I think so," I said, "but I do not know how soon."

No other answer was possible. He was silent for a short time, and then the grasp on my hand tightened a little:

"Doctor, I don't want to die! It is lonely to die!"

I did not speak. What could be said in the presence of death? Far from his home, and with no old-time friend to speak to or old-time face to look upon, this loving and much loved man was about to close his eyes upon all faces, and have done with human life and human love as he had known it in this world forever!

So I stood silent, and soon he withdrew his hand, and closing his eyes, said, wearily:

"But I am tired! Good-night."

A few days later he was at rest where there is no more loneliness.

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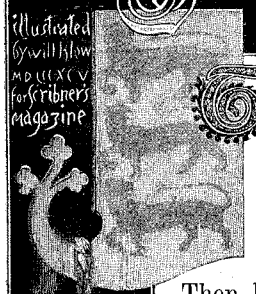
The Sanctuary Lamp

by Julia C. R. Dorr



THUS spake the Lady Abbess, as the nuns
Passed, two by two, through the wide cloister gate
Whereon were carven figures of dead saints,
And kneeling women bearing in their hands
Ascension lilies: "Go ye one and all
To the confessional and shrive yourselves;
Then kneel at the high altar, and pray ye
For one who lieth very near to death."
Then the pale nuns, with sudden, swift accord,
Made each the mystic token of the cross
And passed on silently, save one, the last,
Who walked alone, the eldest of the house.
"Is it the novice?" said she, speaking low.
"Let others pray! I will keep watch with thee."
"Nay, it is not the novice. She does well,"
The abbess made hushed answer. "Come with me."
Down the long corridor she swept in haste,
Her robe a trailing shadow, her dark veil
Floating behind her, and her snowy band
A white flame on her forehead, till she paused
At a low door set in the eastern wall;
Then turned and whispered, "She hath come at last,
Our great queen Berengaria, to die
In the fair abbey she hath builded well.
Enter, but speak not, for mayhap she sleeps."

The white, hushed room was like a temple dim
With floating incense, for the lamp burned low,
And through the latticed casement softly stole
The night wind heavy with the fragrant breath
Of rose and violet. On a low couch
Lay the fair woman Cœur de Lion loved,
And all the golden splendor of her hair,
Unbound, unbraided, rippled to the floor,

PRIEZ POUR RICHARD ROI DE VAILLANS ET LIMOUSIN 1199

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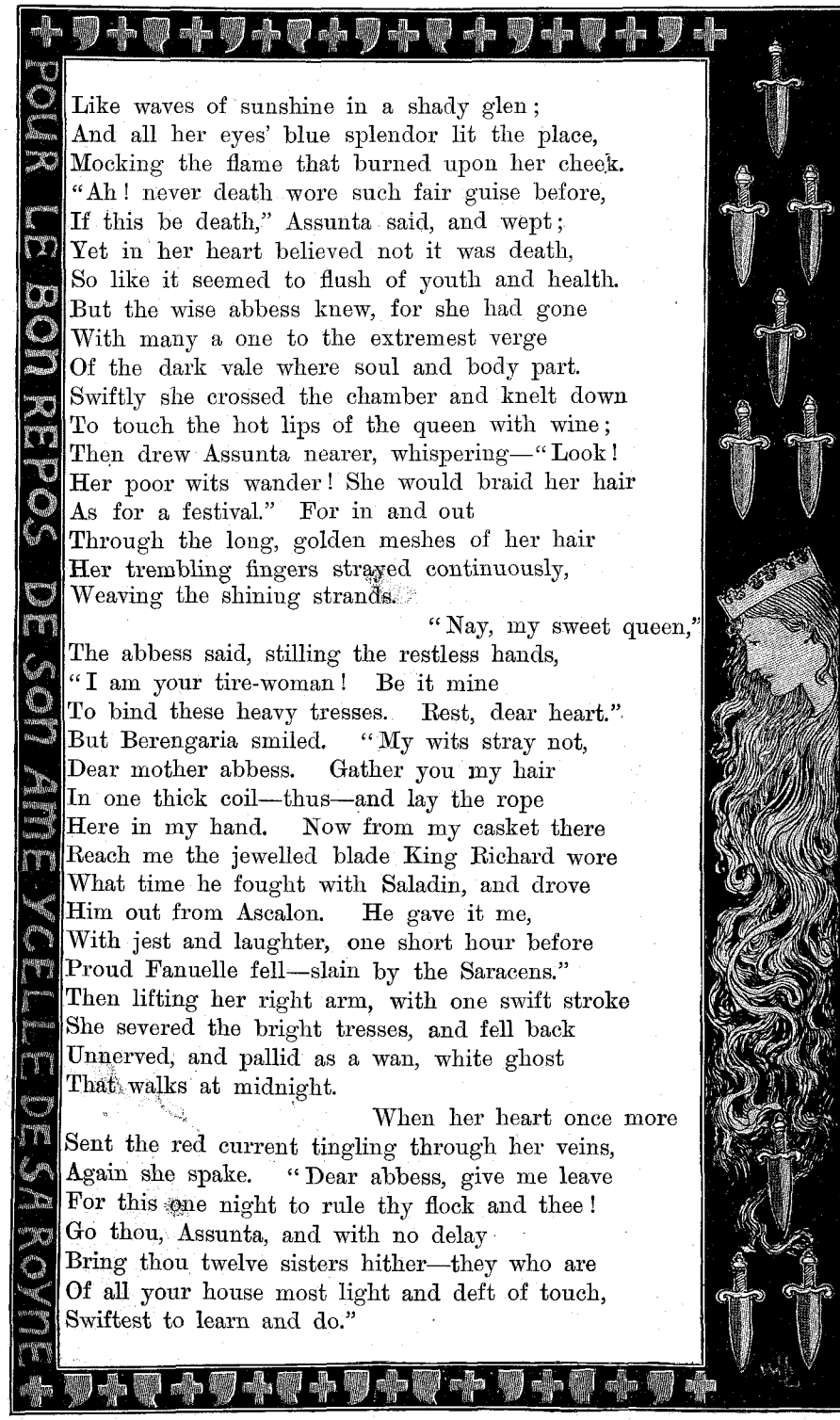

Like waves of sunshine in a shady glen;
And all her eyes' blue splendor lit the place,
Mocking the flame that burned upon her cheek.
"Ah! never death wore such fair guise before,
If this be death," Assunta said, and wept;
Yet in her heart believed not it was death,
So like it seemed to flush of youth and health.
But the wise abbess knew, for she had gone
With many a one to the extremest verge
Of the dark vale where soul and body part.
Swiftly she crossed the chamber and knelt down
To touch the hot lips of the queen with wine;
Then drew Assunta nearer, whispering—"Look!
Her poor wits wander! She would braid her hair
As for a festival." For in and out
Through the long, golden meshes of her hair
Her trembling fingers strayed continuously,
Weaving the shining strands.

"Nay, my sweet queen,"
The abbess said, stilling the restless hands,
"I am your tire-woman! Be it mine
To bind these heavy tresses. Rest, dear heart."
But Berengaria smiled. "My wits stray not,
Dear mother abbess. Gather you my hair
In one thick coil—thus—and lay the rope
Here in my hand. Now from my casket there
Reach me the jewelled blade King Richard wore
What time he fought with Saladin, and drove
Him out from Ascalon. He gave it me,
With jest and laughter, one short hour before
Proud Fanuelle fell—slain by the Saracens."
Then lifting her right arm, with one swift stroke
She severed the bright tresses, and fell back
Unnerved, and pallid as a wan, white ghost
That walks at midnight.

When her heart once more
Sent the red current tingling through her veins,
Again she spake. "Dear abbess, give me leave
For this one night to rule thy flock and thee!
Go thou, Assunta, and with no delay
Bring thou twelve sisters hither—they who are
Of all your house most light and deft of touch,
Swiftest to learn and do."

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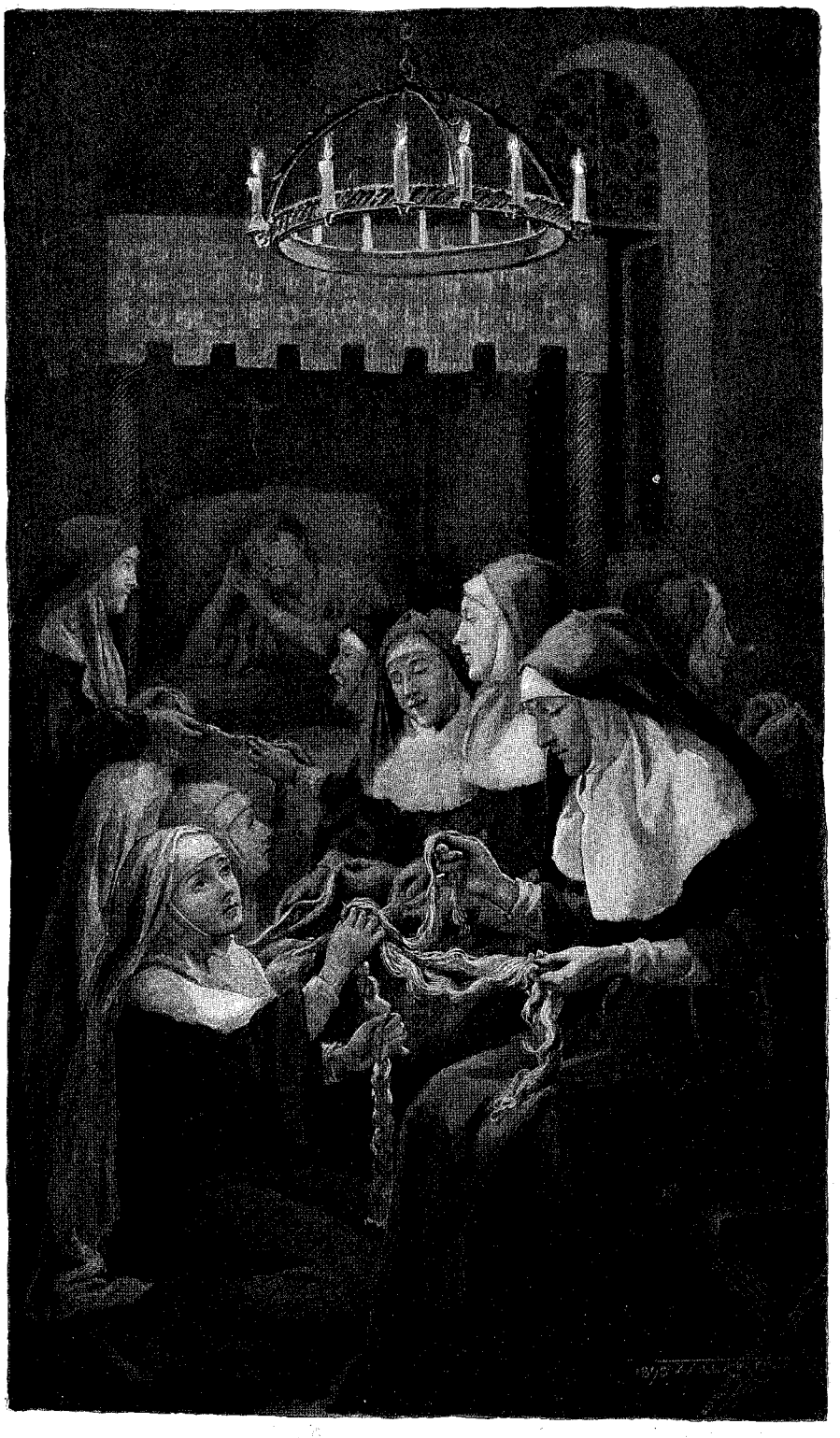

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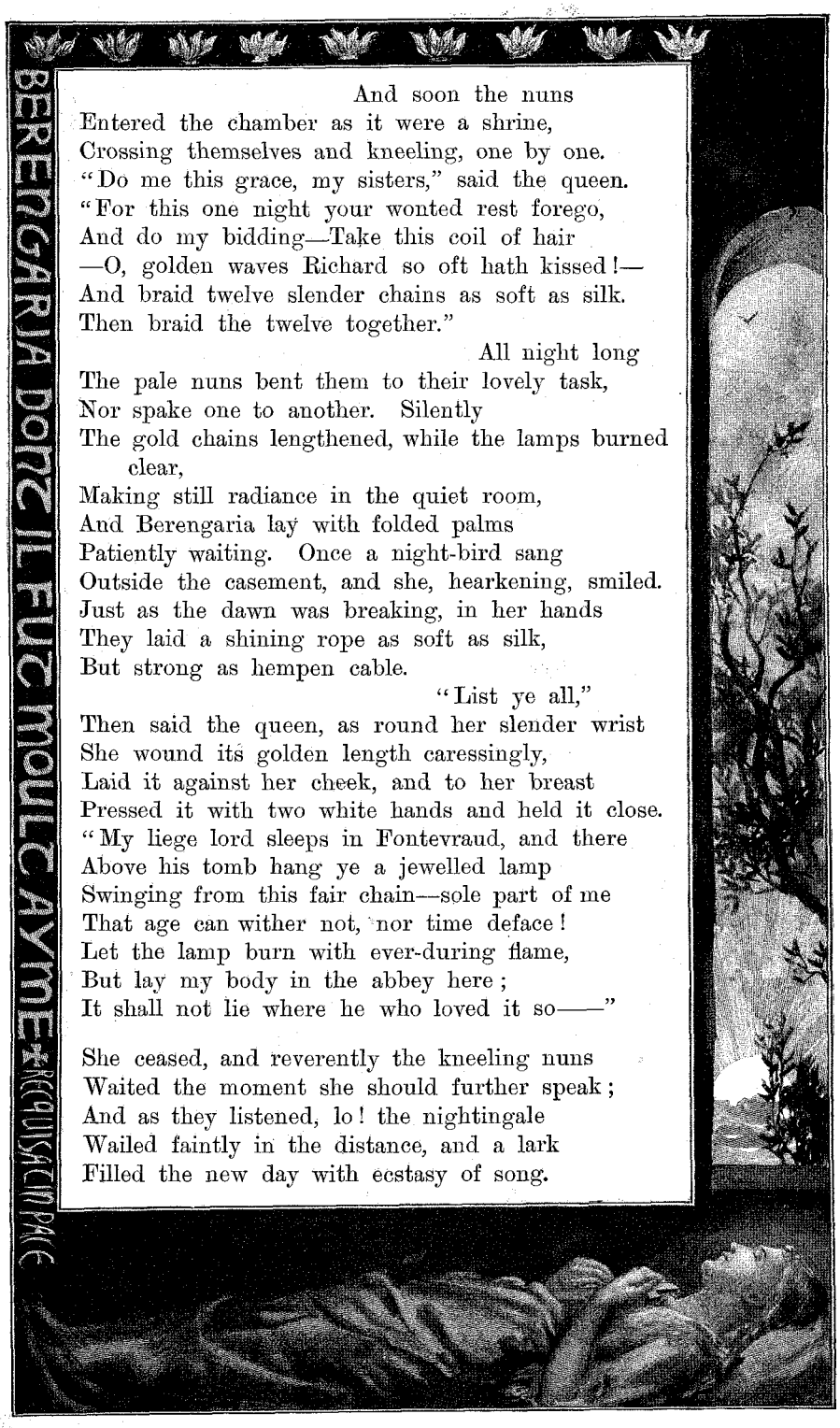

And soon the nuns
Entered the chamber as it were a shrine,
Crossing themselves and kneeling, one by one.
"Do me this grace, my sisters," said the queen.
"For this one night your wonted rest forego,
And do my bidding—Take this coil of hair
—O, golden waves Richard so oft hath kissed!—
And braid twelve slender chains as soft as silk.
Then braid the twelve together."
All night long
The pale nuns bent them to their lovely task,
Nor spake one to another. Silently
The gold chains lengthened, while the lamps burned clear,
Making still radiance in the quiet room,
And Berengaria lay with folded palms
Patiently waiting. Once a night-bird sang
Outside the casement, and she, hearkening, smiled.
Just as the dawn was breaking, in her hands
They laid a shining rope as soft as silk,
But strong as hempen cable.
"List ye all,"
Then said the queen, as round her slender wrist
She wound its golden length caressingly,
Laid it against her cheek, and to her breast
Pressed it with two white hands and held it close.
"My liege lord sleeps in Fontevraud, and there
Above his tomb hang ye a jewelled lamp
Swinging from this fair chain—sole part of me
That age can wither not, nor time deface!
Let the lamp burn with ever-during flame,
But lay my body in the abbey here;
It shall not lie where he who loved it so——"

She ceased, and reverently the kneeling nuns
Waited the moment she should further speak;
And as they listened, lo! the nightingale
Wailed faintly in the distance, and a lark
Filled the new day with ecstasy of song.

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THE SQUARE DIAMOND

By Clinton Ross

THE Britannia pitched in the Biscayan swell, and the crowd in the smoking-room had lessened until five men were left, exchanging yarns, as men will who go to and fro in ships. Captain Willoughby had been silent through most, and only the subject of Indian trickery seemed to arouse him. Now and then the screw gave its dismal whir, the men drew closer, and the steward hurried with the Scotch, almost tumbling in a quick lurch.

"You know that old trick, when the fakir takes a boy, cuts him into pieces, and then puts him together again?" said the short, fat, dark man.

"Yes, but I never knew a man who could swear positively he had seen it."

"I have seen it," said the short, fat, dark man, swigging his Scotch.

"And I," said Captain Willoughby, beating a tattoo with his boot.

"But while we stood at first in horror, in amazement, a boy climbed down a tree, saying he had seen the fakir cut up a squash—that was all," said the short, fat, dark man.

"You mean that the boy was outside the mesmeric circle? Do you believe that bosh?" said one.

"I do," said the short, fat, dark man.

"I do," said Captain Willoughby, decidedly.

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, for I know," said the bronzed captain, who bore his fifty years as lightly as a coquette her second affair. He paused, looking about. Still the screw whirred its chorus to the now beating storm. Willoughby suddenly reached into his waistcoat, taking from a little leathern case a ring, in a curious setting—a single, square diamond. Holding it up, he asked, "Do you notice that ring?"

"It's beautiful," said the short, fat, dark man; "and the setting an antique, too. But it's hard to sell a square stone, the dealers say."

"Yes," said Willoughby. "But the setting is new—an imitation; I had it made for the stone."

"Yes, but what has this to do with occultism and our fakir? Is it the old tale of the Rajah's diamond?" said the sceptic.

"Yes, the old tale," said Willoughby, soberly. He put the ring back into its case and looked about. He was not given to story-telling, and yet to-night the whirring screw, the beating storm—some strange impulse—led him on.

"I will tell you how it was," he said, stretching his long legs. "That stone cost me the best servant, and, indeed, the best friend a man ever had—an

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Irish boy who was brought up with me. You may say what you will about theosophy, or occultism, or fakirism. I only know what I have experienced, and there are twenty men in the Sixtieth Bengal who will bear me out. I am too old a man, gentlemen, to sneer at the unknown. I have not lived in India, and spent my youth and some health, without having reached the knowledge that the unknown sits in the lap of the known, and that there is some curious relation between matter and mind which doubtless will be made known some day. Only the day before our sailing you heard of the Roentgen discovery of the cathodic rays. Why may there not be some light that one mind may shed on another, creating an illusion? That is mesmerism, you may say. Why may there not be a material object, like my square diamond, which may be able, in connection with some particular personality, to produce certain illusions?"

"Can you do it with your diamond?" asked the sceptic.

"Listen," Willoughby continued, almost sternly, "and I will tell you why I always carry that stone with me, a circumstance which may appear strange. I don't know why I tell the story now. But I have begun, and something seems to make me.

"Two years ago I had been down in the old place in Devon, and there developed a sentimentality — you know how it may be with a very old bachelor —requiring a ring. Passing a shop in Regent Street, I saw in a tiara—a new one, made in an old fashion — this stone. I have a fancy for unusual things, you know. The man agreed to take the stone from the tiara."

"'Your taste is excellent, sir,' he was pleased to comment, in their way. 'The stone is very old; five thousand years, maybe; an Indian stone from an old tiara.'

"'The present setting is modern.'

"'Yes, I tried to imitate the idea of the old piece—that is all. I came by the stone very curiously.'

"'How curiously?'

"He moved uneasily.

"'I can't tell you, sir.'

"I looked at him narrowly; yet it was one of the best shops in London, and why should I ask questions. We bargained a bit, and securing the stone at a remarkably low price—it seemed to me, considering its intrinsic value and Regent Street—I drew myself a design for a fitting setting to carry an unique gem. But when my ring was ready, my sentimental affair was over, like many another in my life; and I simply had the ring, instead of its once probable wearer. On my return to India, and in my duties, which came over me with all the force of habit to a man long in the service, I almost forgot it.

"Well, a year ago, if you may remember, came the little trouble with the little Rajah of Renaub. You may not even remember it, or know that Renaub is on the northern border among the Himalayas. The affair did not amount to much, and I, with some twenty men of the Sixtieth Bengal, had reason to curse it—and particularly my servant, Teddy Burns, had his reason, poor devil!

"In the first place, we were stationed in a narrow, barren, gray valley, a pass perhaps a quarter of a mile broad, with a sheer rise of the gray mountains five thousand feet each side. The valley is about fifteen miles wide, opening at the north on the plateau of Renaub. We were at a wretched village, some five miles from the northern opening, a station with an official. The official had a wife, a pale little London woman, worn out by Indian life. I pitied the pair from the bottom of my heart in that God-forsaken spot—not the only dismal spot in India, as I know. We played cards, and talked, and drank, until we were tired of ourselves; and the man's sad-eyed pale little wife would chatter of London, and tell how she longed to see just Trafalgar Square.

"One afternoon, going back to my quarters, I had occasion to look for something in a box, when out tumbled a case with some pins and trinkets which Teddy had put in, probably thinking that Renaub was a gay spot and that I might wish to dress up. I opened it, throwing out among other things the ring, which I had forgotten. What I wanted was a little painting on porcelain—very decently done—of our place

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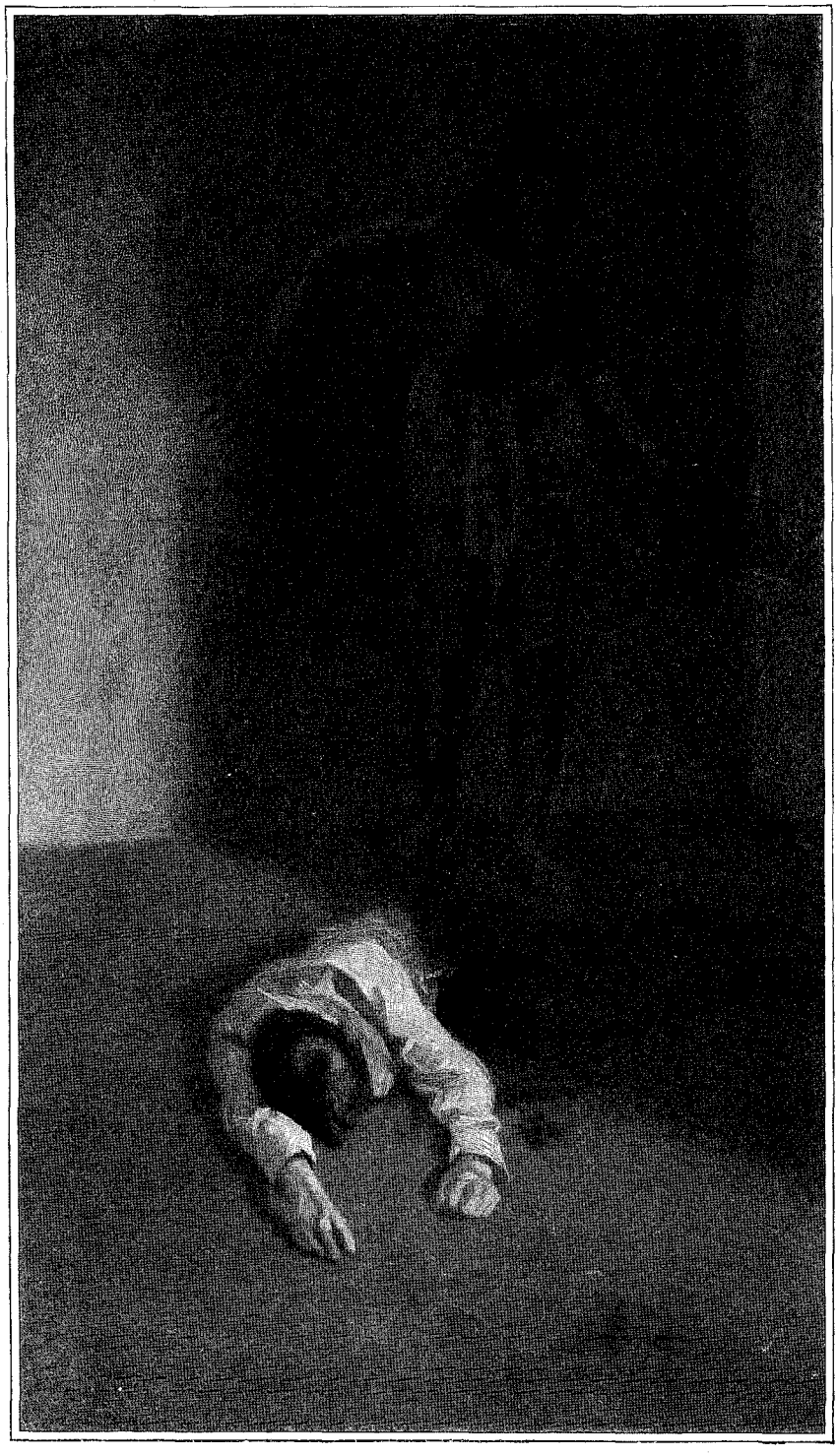

"Teddy was stretched speechless in a pool of blood."—Page 756.

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in Devon, which I wished to show to the homesick woman. As I looked at it, leaving the other things on the table, I heard a rustling behind, and saw a tall, thin native peering over my shoulder. His ascetic face was illuminated by great eyes, with a reddish glow as of rubies—greedy, covetous.

"'What the devil?' I began.

"'Did the Sahib call?' he said, bending. I thought he might be a servant I had not seen.

"'Get out!' I said, simply; for such a place leaves you irritable; when he turned, and, with all the dignity of a personage, stalked through the door.

"'Teddy,' I called, thinking Teddy could not be far away. And sure enough Teddy appeared.

"'What are you coming to in your old age, that you need an assistant to help you now?' I asked.

"'What d'yez mean, sor?' said Teddy, most respectfully, although the words may not so sound.

"'Who was the man in here just now?'

"'I saw no one, sor.'

"'Didn't you pass him, coming in?'

"'Who, sor?'

"The matter seemed strange. I knew Teddy wouldn't lie; and I concluded it had been some familiar servant who had the run of the house, whom, in a short stay, neither Teddy nor I had noticed.

"'Put those things up then,' I said, knowing Teddy was incorruptible, and starting to take the porcelain to our official's wife. I hardly was at the outer door when I heard a scuffle and a muffled cry. With a sudden fear I rushed back, and at the threshold, for a moment, stood horrified. Teddy was stretched speechless in a pool of blood, a knife with a strangely carved handle sticking in his side; and a stealthy figure—the same that had faced me so shortly before—stood over him. For a moment we looked at each other; for a moment I could not move; and then, with a snarl, the creature sprang toward me. I was ready for him, but he slipped through my hands, and passed me—through the door.

"Raising a dreadful cry, I was after. At the outside door I saw him; a lithe figure, that had dropped the loin-cloth from his naked legs, running up the valley, past three of my men, who were on ponies.

"'Stop him!' I cried. But he slipped past; and before they had recovered from their astonishment I was by them.

"'Go in! Look to Teddy,' I called, dragging one from his pony and taking his seat.

"'After him!' I said, kicking my brute. 'Shoot him, if you can bring him down.' I hadn't my pistols.

"And we chased up that brown valley under the glaring North Indian sun. He seemed to run as fast as our ponies; but at last we gained a little. He looked about, showing white, grinning teeth. Two of the men answered with pistol-shots. I bent well onto the pony's neck.

"'Where is he?' asked one of the men.

"'Where—?' began the other.

"For before our eyes the runner had vanished, faded; what you will; and where he should have been was a lean wolf, turning now and then hungry eyes, and snarling lips, and grinning teeth.

"The thing was so uncanny that I pulled up my pony; and then was charging up to the spot where the man had disappeared and the wolf appeared—believing he had found a hole in the earth. But there the short, yellow furze was unbroken. There was another click and report—a long, horrid, brutish howl—and the wolf was over a low slope, too, out of view, and the men after. After a moment I followed, to find them dismounted by the man we had been chasing—without a wolf in sight; the man on his back.

"'Damn it, sir, where's the wolf?" one of my bewildered fellows asked.

"The great eyes stared brutishly up to mine. One fist was clinched. With sudden expectation I leaned over, and opened the sinewy fist, when from it fell the ring. I put it into my pocket, leaving the men with the dead thing, and rode back to Teddy, only to be met by my friend the official. Teddy was dead, like his murderer, who proved to be unknown at the station, and probably some wandering thief.

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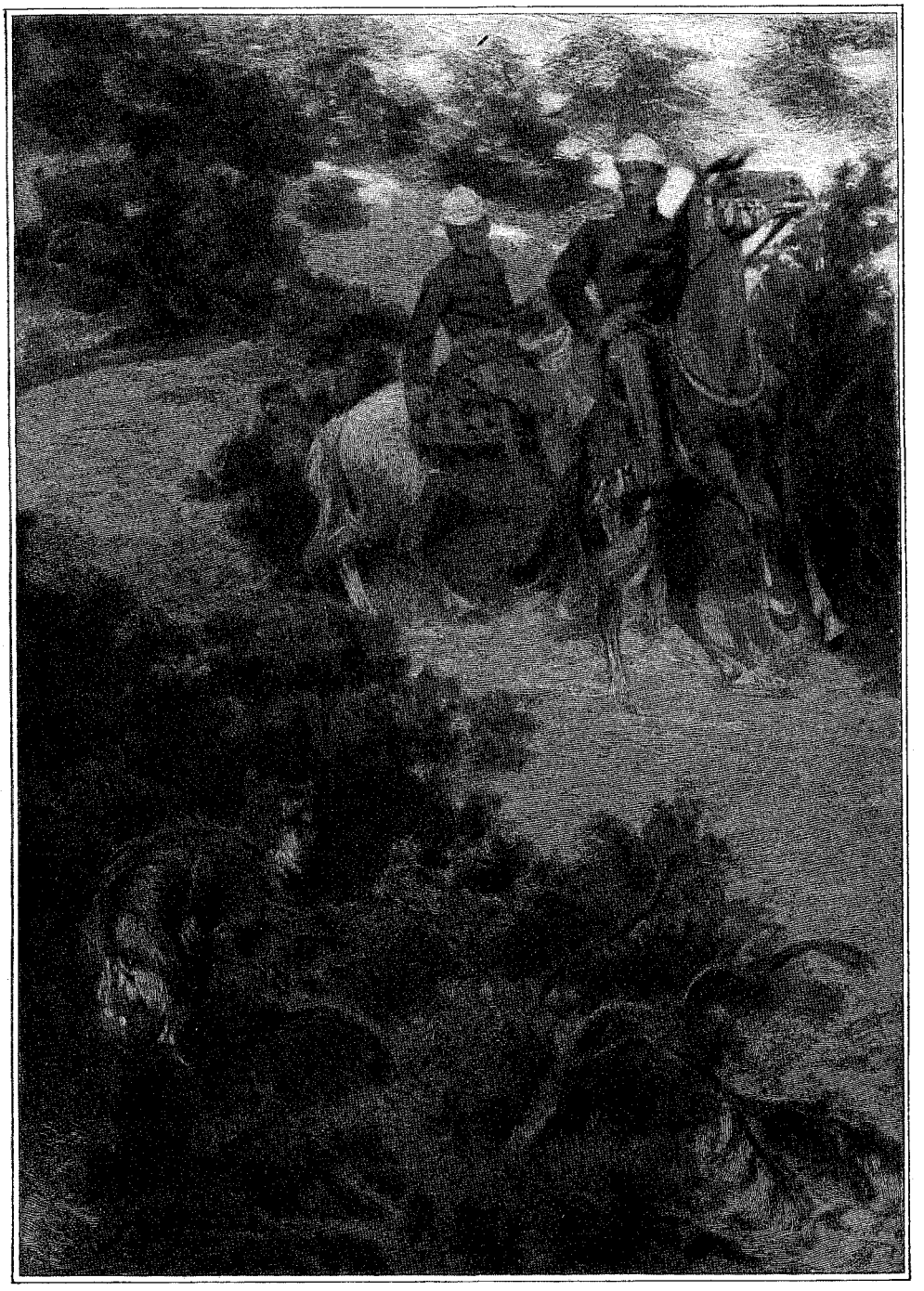

And where he should have been was a lean wolf.—Page 756.

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"I told the eager listener of our hallucination."

"'The men will swear to it, and I.'

"He looked at me a moment, curiously.

"'I have lived too long in India to doubt it,' said he, slowly. 'Tell me how did you come by the stone?' When I had finished he asked, strangely:

"'Have you not heard that a certain mind associated with a certain talisman can produce such an illusion?'

"'I have seen it,' said I.

"As I said at the beginning of this story, 'I have seen it.' That square diamond at any rate cost me the best servant a man ever had—more than servant, a friend. Whether it were ordinary cupidity, or some desire for that particular stone, I cannot say. But I saw the wolf where the man was, and the dead man where the dead wolf should have been. Some persons would have given the diamond away, or have sold it, but I have kept it."

"There was no boy up a tree outside the mesmeric influence," said the sceptic. "May I see that stone again?"

"Yes, certainly," said Captain Willoughby, taking the diamond from the case. "That thing happened a year ago to-day."

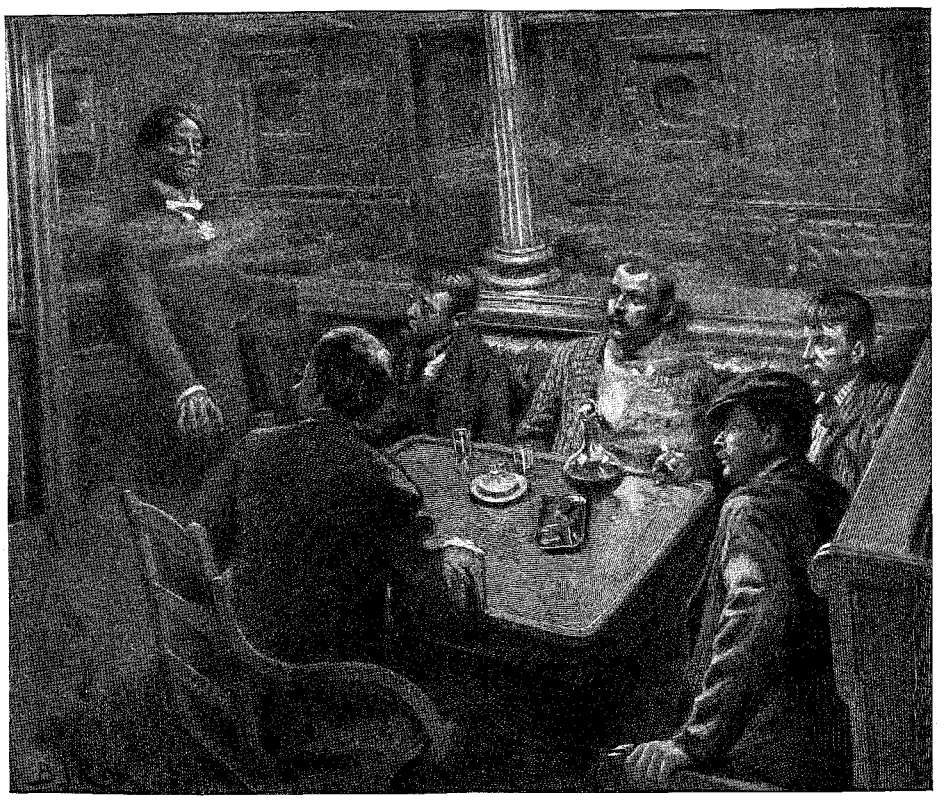
They passed it from hand to hand; and above the storm roared.

"Will you mind if I look at it, sir?" asked a low, distant voice. They looked up startled, for no one had seen this last enter; they saw a tall, dark person, modishly dressed—with all the western affectations of some East Indians.

"You were listening," said Willoughby. "I didn't hear or see you. I must have been so absorbed in my story. Certainly, sir. I should like to have one of your race look at that stone."

A lean, sinewy hand stretched out, grasping the stone. Willoughby shivered and looked up.

"Where the devil?" he began; for



"Will you mind if I look at it, sir?"

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hand, and ring, and man, were not there. They rubbed their eyes, ran into the passage.

The steward was called. He knew no one on the ship answering the description; nor did the thorough search the next morning show the thief; perhaps he had been some strange stowaway—perhaps he had been washed from the deck.

The Britannia then was tossing and groaning in the arms of the roaring storm, and, as far as that ship's company was concerned, the dark-visaged unknown seemed to have gone back into the tempest whence he had come.

SONGS FOR TWO

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

Love me not, Dearest, for the smile,
The tender greeting, or the wile
By which, unconscious of its road,
My soul seeks thine in its abode,
Nor say "I love thee for thine eyes"—
For when Death shuts them, where thy skies?
But love me for my love,
Then am I safe from all surprise,
And thou above
The loss of all that dies.

Thy names are like sweet flowers that grow
Within a garden where I go,
Sometimes at dawn, to see each one
Lift its head proudly in the sun;
Sometimes at night,
When only by the fragrant air
I know them there.
And none are grieved or think I slight
Their worth, if closest to my breast
This one I take which holds within its own
Each single fragrance of the rest—
My friend, my friend!
And as I loved it first alone,
So shall I love it to the end,
For none were half so dear were it not best.

To give is more than to receive, men say—
But thou hast made them one! What if, some day
Men bade me render back the gifts I cannot pay—
Since all are undeserved!—should I obey?
Lo, all these years of giving, when we try
To own our thanks we hear the giver cry:
"Nay, it was thou who gavest, Dear, not I!"
If Wisdom smile, let Wisdom go!
All things above
This is the truest: that we know because we love,
Not love because we know.

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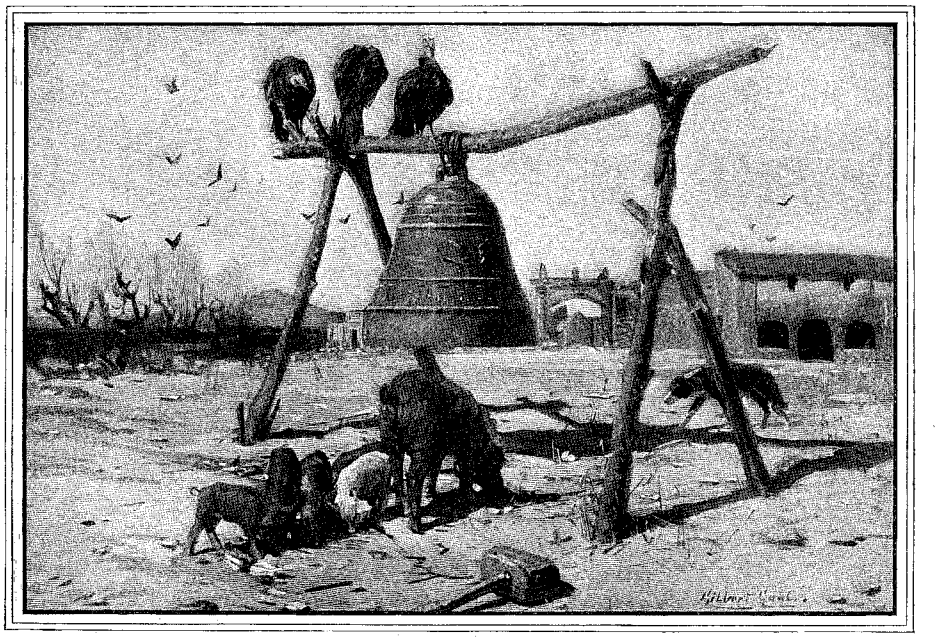

THE DROUTH AT SAN ANTON

By William Henry Shelton

UP and down the cañon of the Apishapa not a drop of rain had fallen for three months, and all the masses of the little Padre had not so much as persuaded one white cloud to come from behind the great mountains or rise out of the eastern plain into the clear blue sky which arched over San Anton. In all that time the good God had not suffered this one longed-for banner of hope to cheer the upturned eyes of the pious villagers. Despite their prayers and flagellations, and the good offices of the Padre, and the intercessions of all the saints, the hot sun blazed across the spotless blue sky by day, and the dry moon hung among the countless stars by night. The river, which in better times was the glory of San Anton, bringing the tumbling waters from the cool mountains past the very doors of the people, was now just a thread of creeping water, flanked by stagnant pools among the dry stones, and the parched street that overhung the bank from the store of Red Mike (the one spot in San Anton that was never dry) down to the last adobe house in the village, that of Don Miguel, just opposite to the foot-bridge, was thick with dust and wallowing dogs. If there were any men in San Anton between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, they were drinking up their credit for good fleeces and pulled goat's hair at the bar of Red Mike, or sleeping off the effect of earlier potations in the privacy of their own adobe walls. And well they might abide in-doors, for the sky was still blue and the sun was fierce, and a furnace heat palpitated about the black cross on the little chapel of mud, and threatened to roast alive the red pigs wallowing in the dust under the sacred bell, which swung between two wooden horses in the dirty plaza of San Anton.

Every object in sight was gray with dust; the houses, the rocks, the withered grass, the stunted cotton-woods and ragged alders that fringed the sorry river, the curled leaves of the thirsty corn, the sickly bean-stalks clinging to lurching poles. Dust clung to the sage-brush and prickly pears along the rocky, treeless road down the mountain. It slid in small drifts over the gravelly

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banks and the jutting ledges of soft granite crumbling to powder. Dust and drouth and heat were everywhere from San Anton above, to the ranch of the Two Soldiers in the narrow plain below.

And this was the condition in the Apishapa country when the solitary outfit of John Dorchester drew near to the ranch. The outfit consisted of one small horse and one tall man. When the horse was not burdened with the man, he carried sundry six-ounce fishing-rods, double-barrelled guns, dried sheep, buffalo-robes, and clothing and camping utensils disposed about the saddle. As for the man, he trudged mostly alongside his horse, his soft hat gay with red and yellow and green flies, a revolver and cartridges in his belt, and a gun across his broad shoulders.

For three days man and horse had been journeying from water to water, guided by the rose-colored Spanish Peaks by day, and by the same silvered domes by night, which, somehow, seemed to retreat before them into the mist as they advanced. And yet these twin sentinels stood fast over San Anton and the ranch, invisible to the dwellers at either point, and few of the Mexicans in the shabby village had ever been far enough from home to see their own rose-colored peaks. As the man and horse came on, they, too, lost sight of the strange Beacons which had guided them, and, finally, drawing near to the ranch, they saw instead Uncle Foster seated in the doorway, tossing bits of raw meat to a half-dozen collies, and Uncle McIntyre's broad back and gray locks, as he counted his flock of goats filing past at the heels of the old bell-ewe.

The man and horse stopped behind a clump of screw-pines that they might enjoy for a moment, unobserved, this tranquil haven to which they had been journeying so painfully. Even the dogs, in their eagerness to secure the meat, were not aware of any intruders, and the boy who stood behind Uncle Foster in the doorway was gazing open-mouthed into the branches of an apple-tree hard by. Dorchester noted the great shining knife in the hand of Uncle Foster, cutting off the bits of meat, the eagerness of the dogs, and the unconscious grimaces on the beardless face of the boy, and wondered what it all meant. He had not long to wait for the solution of this domestic riddle, for, as Uncle Foster threw the next piece of meat, a magpie swooped down from the very apple-tree at which the boy was making faces, and caught the prize in mid-air, away from the snapping jaws of the foremost collie, and bore it skyward. Then the boy's face changed to laughter, and Uncle Foster flourished the shining knife and uttered some language that is not commonly printed in books, and Dorchester added to the commotion at the ranch of the Two Soldiers by appearing on the scene.

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That night the two old men, of whom Uncle McIntyre was the older by a decade, sat side by side outside the lighted door and questioned the welcome stranger, after the manner of the new country, and at each piece of personal information, and with every scrap of news from the great outside world, they chuckled and slapped each other's legs with an unmistakable affection which was a pleasure to behold. And, while the guest talked, the boy stood by, an attentive listener. It was cool now outside, after the heat of the day, and, when the two old men had fired their last question, a silence fell on the group for a moment, during which Dorchester listened to the clatter of the supper-dishes which Uncle Foster's good woman was washing inside, and to the occasional jangle of a sheep-bell in the darkness. The two old men were smoking their pipes and pondering in beautiful contentment on what they had heard.

"You seem very fond of each other," said Dorchester, at length. He was almost startled at the sound of his own voice.

"That's right," said Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster in a breath.

"I suppose you came out here from somewhere in the East," continued Dorchester.

"From Gettysburg," said the two old voices, with a chuckle.

"That's right," said Uncle McIntyre. "Uncle Foster, here, was fighten' on the Ribil side, and when he see how the battle was goin', he just bruk and run,

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and never stopped till he landed on the Apishapa."

"Look here, stranger," said Uncle Foster, "I'll give ye a scrap o' Uncle McIntyre's record. When he was a matter of nineteen, he landed in New Orleans off'en a Scotch brig. The fust thing he seen was a United States soldier in white gloves and shinin' uniform a standin' on the levy, an' he goes straight away an' 'lists. He never fired a gun in the Florida war, nor yit in Mexico. He only jest carried the regimental guide-on. I reckon, stranger, that he never shot an Injun in all the years that followed, an' that's how Uncle McIntyre drifted into Gettysburg on the North side."

"That's right," said Uncle McIntyre, laying his big hand fondly on Uncle Foster's knee. "We're both from Gettysburg, an' we haint got no hard feelin's agin each other noways."

The second silence was broken by the far-away barking of dogs.

"Got some neighbors up above?" suggested Dorchester.

Uncle Foster shrugged his shoulders and muttered something very like an oath.

"Jest a village o' Greasers up yander," said Uncle McIntyre, "settin' up cross-poles and prayin' to the saints for rain—when they're sober."

"We ain't built that way," said Uncle Foster, "but all the same, stranger, we'd be mighty glad of a little fallin' weather."

It occurred to Dorchester that the drouth in the Apishapa country would suit his purpose to a nicety, as the trout would all be collected in the pools, and he said as much, to which Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster assented.

"It's that dry," said the boy, Jule, "that it's mighty hard to git worms."

"I'll show you a better way in the morning," said Dorchester, smiling at the boy's ignorance, and feeling tenderly over his hat as he spoke.

"We'll go t'other way from San Anton," said Jule, "for the Greasers has fished the streams out up yander."

After that Dorchester and Jule went out regularly in the early morning, and the success they had was wonderful. Jule led the way to the cool, dark pools, and Dorchester cast the fly with unerring accuracy into the very mouths of the fish. The boy, who had never seen fly-fishing before, marvelled at the skill of this strange man, and at the toughness of his whip of a rod, and at the ease with which he flipped the trout out of the water, and at the length of the string he was privileged to carry home. He regarded Dorchester as a sort of magician at first, until he learned to cast the fly himself and trail it across the eddies, and the two, man and boy, were inseparable during the first half of each day. And so it happened that, for the first week, Dorchester got no nearer to San Anton than the buildings at the ranch, where he rested every afternoon, in the company of Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster.

As for Jule, it was his duty every evening to fetch the cows from off the mountain, and by mid-afternoon he was afield in search of his saddle-mule. Sometimes it was sundown by the time he brought in that refractory animal, and then he dashed away with an extra whoop, and in an incredibly short time he was back with the drove.

"Why in the name of common-sense," said Dorchester, one morning, turning the boy around by the shoulders until they stood face to face, "don't you go up after the cows on foot and leave that long-eared mule in the pasture? You would accomplish the business in about a quarter of the time. I never take two steps——"

Dorchester was not interrupted, but stopped of his own accord, when he saw the face of the boy, which had suddenly assumed the old open-mouthed stare, with the addition of a half-scared expression that could never have been called there by magpie or trout.

"Lord, Mr. Dorchester, you haint been up to San Anton yit," said Jule, as soon as he could get control of his mouth. "There's a black dog up thar as big as a calf, and he hates a white worse'n pison. Why, he jest jumps up and snaps at my heels, Mr. Dorchester, when I'm ridin' that mule. Look o' thar," and Jule showed his boot, which was certainly marked with fresh scratches.

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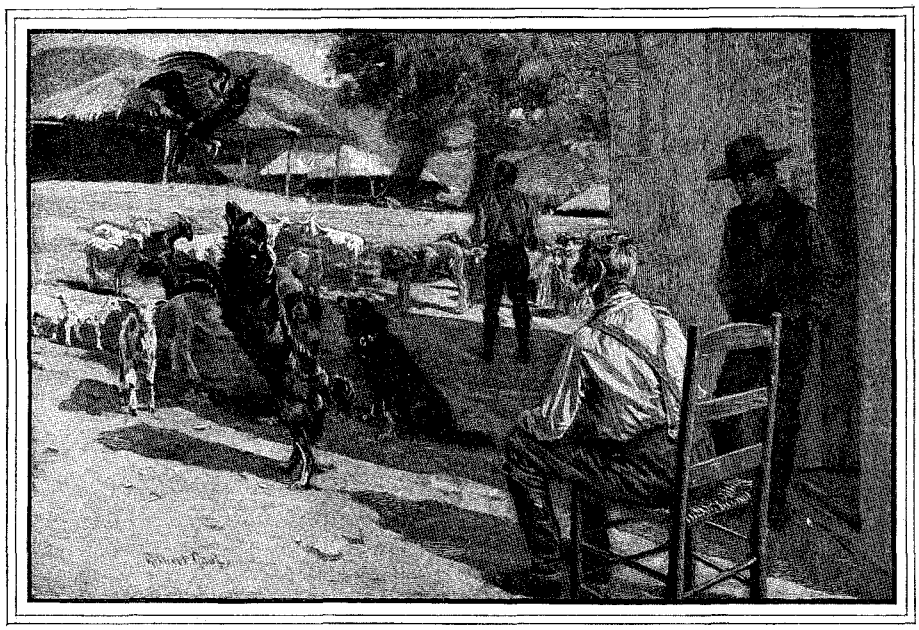

Tossing bits of raw meat to a half-dozen collies.—Page 761.

"Why don't you shoot the brute?"

"Sacre," said Jule, with a touch of the old expression on his face. "You don't understand the ways of San Anton. I have to go to school to the Padre in the winter, an' if I shot that dog them Greasers 'ud knife me sure. But I sha'n't go near the Padre's school next winter," continued Jule, "if I never larn to cipher. That dog's sartain gittin' worse, Mr. Dorchester."

"Don't Uncle Foster go up there sometimes?"

"Him?" cried Jule, with a fine gesture of scorn. "I guess not. Neither of 'em haint set foot in San Anton for a year. Uncle McIntyre says Gettysburg was hell, but San Anton is heller."

"But the store up there," observed Dorchester, "is the only one this side of Trinidad."

"I know that," said Jule. "Don't I have to go up thar on the mule to git things? Uncle Foster did cart the goats' fleece up thar in the spring, but he never got out of the wagon."

"Whew!" exclaimed Dorchester, straightening himself, and half forgetting the presence of the boy. "I must take a look at this San Anton."

"There's nothin' easier, Mr. Dorchester," said Jule. "We're all goin' past thar to the hay-ranch to-morrer. Wagon's asoakin' in the river right now. Uncle McIntyre says if it gits much drier we'll have to soak the oxen."

Next morning the sun was but an hour above the plain when the wagon started up the mountain, drawn by three yoke of lumbering cattle, who managed to stir up such a stifling cloud of dust that Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster were just two gray silhouettes on the front bar of the hay-rack, and John Dorchester and Jule were glad to bury their faces and cough in the straw.

When they had gone a matter of two miles, the wheels of the wagon ground over the bare rock for a space, and then rolled out of the dust-cloud into view of the barren, treeless mountain-side. Close on the left, across the narrow gorge of the Apishapa, lay San Anton, baking and cracking in the sun. Not a Mexican or even a dog was stirring on the dirty street. To Dorchester it looked like a village of the dead, buried under the one black cross beside the silent bell, but for the sole survivor in the person of Red Mike, who sat in his shirt-sleeves on the steps of his store. The adobe huts looked like

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tombs in contrast with the glaring, white clap-boarded walls and shingled roof of that flourishing emporium.

"Gee! Haw! Come up!" cried Uncle Foster, with a crack of the whip, and the wagon rolled on into another cloud of dust. It was a time to keep mouths tightly closed, but nevertheless Dorchester heard a voice which sounded like the voice of Uncle McIntyre.

"He's got 'em drunk airly."

The words were preceded by a contemptuous grunt and ended in a cough, which was half lost in the grinding of the wheels and the rattle of the ox-chains. For another half mile, they kept on in wise silence, and then, when Dorchester ventured to look up, he was surprised to see something like telegraph-poles pricking out of the cloud on the right. They stood at surprisingly irregular intervals, as if some had been blown down in the enviable time when there was wind on the mountain. Then he heard the barking of dogs and strange voices ahead, and when, presently, the wagon rolled out of the dust, they were close upon a seething, scrambling crowd, in which it was difficult to distinguish the men from the women, or the children from the dogs, for the sky was blue and the air was hot, and the frantic people were gray in the scintillating dust particles. One of the black telegraph-poles trailed on the ground, and its cross-barred top swayed and plunged above the bobbing heads, like a thing exhausted, but alive. There was something indistinguishable under the pole, but, as the wagon came nearer, the something resolved itself into a man stripped to the waist. The little Padre of San Anton was trotting alongside, and whips of many lashes writhed in the palpitating heat and fell on the back of the cross-bearer, which was grimy with dirt and red with blood. The women uttered shrill cries and dismal moans, and the dogs barked, and the black pole heaved and disappeared in the crowd, and the people cheered, for the interval was long between this pole and the last. Surely the good God would hear!

Then the men threw down their whips and dug a hole and set up the brave pole, and the little Padre blessed the cross, and the women fell on their knees and counted their beads in blessed hope of a little rain on San Anton. Already another wiry Mexican had cast off his poncho, and was baring his back for the pious sacrifice, and doubtless swearing to the saints that he would bear the cross some yards farther than his fainting predecessor.

Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster only grunted their disgust, or perhaps their satisfaction, and, as the wagon drove on toward the fringe of piñon-trees which skirted the woods beyond, Jule pointed back at the black dog, his enemy, who was scratching the ground and barking at the white men, whom he hated "worse'n pison."

At night, when they returned on the top of the hay, the line of cotton-wood crosses had climbed nearly up to the first piñon-trees, but there was no sign of rain over San Anton.

As the days passed, the earth grew drier, and cracked open in little seams. The leaves on the few trees took on a sickly green, and the blazing sun laughed in the ever-blue sky as it fried and blistered the black paint on the crosses stained with blood.

It was Sunday morning at the ranch, and John Dorchester stood outside, belted with his revolver and leaning on his double-barrelled fowling-piece. Uncle McIntyre was salting the goats down by the river, where his white shirt-sleeves gleamed in first-day freshness against the dusty alders, and Uncle Foster sat in his favorite place in the doorway.

"Goin' up the mountain a piece, be ye?" said Uncle Foster, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Ye better keep clear o' San Anton."

Dorchester said nothing in reply, and it rather pleased the old frontiersman that this particular "tenderfoot" was a man of few words. From his view-point a close mouth meant business, whether the game were men or varmints. He wondered if the young man was well provided with ammunition. He thought of the day when, out of an innocent-looking patch of brown leaves, a mountain-lion rose up to dispute his way, and how, for the want of one cartridge, he had been obliged to

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They were close upon a seething, scrambling crowd.—Page 764.

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stare that lion out of countenance until the beast backed away and loped down the rocks. To all outward appearance the old man had been gazing absently at Dorchester's handsome gun. There were still lions to be met with on the mountain, and the prudent old hunter reached inside the door, and then he stepped down and poured the half of a flask of buck-shot into Dorchester's coat pocket.

"Ye might want it, my boy, an' mind ye, keep clear o' San Anton."

All this talk about the Mexican village only piqued Jack Dorchester's curiosity. It was his habit to investigate things, and he rarely allowed any difficulty or danger to balk his curiosity.

"I must look into this San Anton," he said to himself, "and there is no better time than the present."

This resolution formed, he quickened his pace, and a little farther up the road he met the red-headed storekeeper, who, next to the Padre, was the great man of the village. They sat together on a rock by the wayside and exchanged some friendly ideas about Greasers in general, and about the peculiar effect of whiskey at certain altitudes.

"I jist kem out fur a short shtroll," said Mike, "whoile they're inside the church prayin' fur rain, an' ut's bad enough they made ut. Sure the banes are dryin' on the poles. An fwat's a Graser widout fejole?" The storekeeper sighed and looked up at the sun. "Arrah! Ut's mesilf they'll be wantin' divilish soon afther prayers."

When they crossed the foot-bridge and turned up the street, San Anton was deserted but for the wallowing dogs and the pigs which had gone to sleep in the soft dust under the bell, as soon as the boy had ceased to beat it with the wooden clapper before mass. There was a droning sound of voices in the chapel, and the shaggy hind-quarters of an old milch goat stuck out of the open doorway. The head and shoulders of the animal were lost to view by reason of the earthen floor having been swept like the houses, until it was a good step below the level of the street.

"They're comin'," said Mike, when he saw the goat begin to scramble backward out of the doorway.

Like so many children released from school, the chattering people flocked out into the sunlight. The women turned to the left, fluttering their sober-colored serapes, and the men trooped in the opposite direction, and, lo! out from under every yellow-and-brown poncho came a black-and-red game-cock. Each man held his bird aloft and danced about, flourishing as many extended fingers in his neighbor's face as he wished to stake nickels on his champion. In a trice they had traced a cockpit in the dust and each man was down on his haunches behind his bird. The last to come out of church was the little Padre, and the sparkling eyes of his bird peered eagerly out from under his cape.

"He couldn't have said mass with that thing under his arm," remarked Dorchester.

"Whist, no," said Mike. "His acholyte hild ut behind the althar."

The Padre flourished his broad hat in acknowledgment of the shouts of his flock, which greeted him from the pit, and then he extended all the fat fingers of one hand as he trotted forward to the fray.

It was Don Miguel himself who matched the priest, and Pedro, the lame cobbler, held the ten nickels. And how the birds eyed each other and sidled about, and trailed their wings in the dust, and then fell to and slashed each other with their sharp spurs, and backed off and circled around for a favorable opening, and got wet and red as if they, too, were shedding their blood for rain—and, in the end, Don Miguel's bird turned tail, and the Padre secured his pet and the ten nickels, and all the men cheered.

While this was going on at the pit, the women of San Anton sat in another circle and combed each other's heads and the heads of the children, and never so much as looked at the men. Surely, after the people had said their prayers and counted their beads for rain, they had a right to be merry on this weekly holiday; and so the women combed and combed, and the fighting went on at the cockpit, until every red-and-black bird had won or lost a battle. Then the good Padre trotted off with his victorious rooster,

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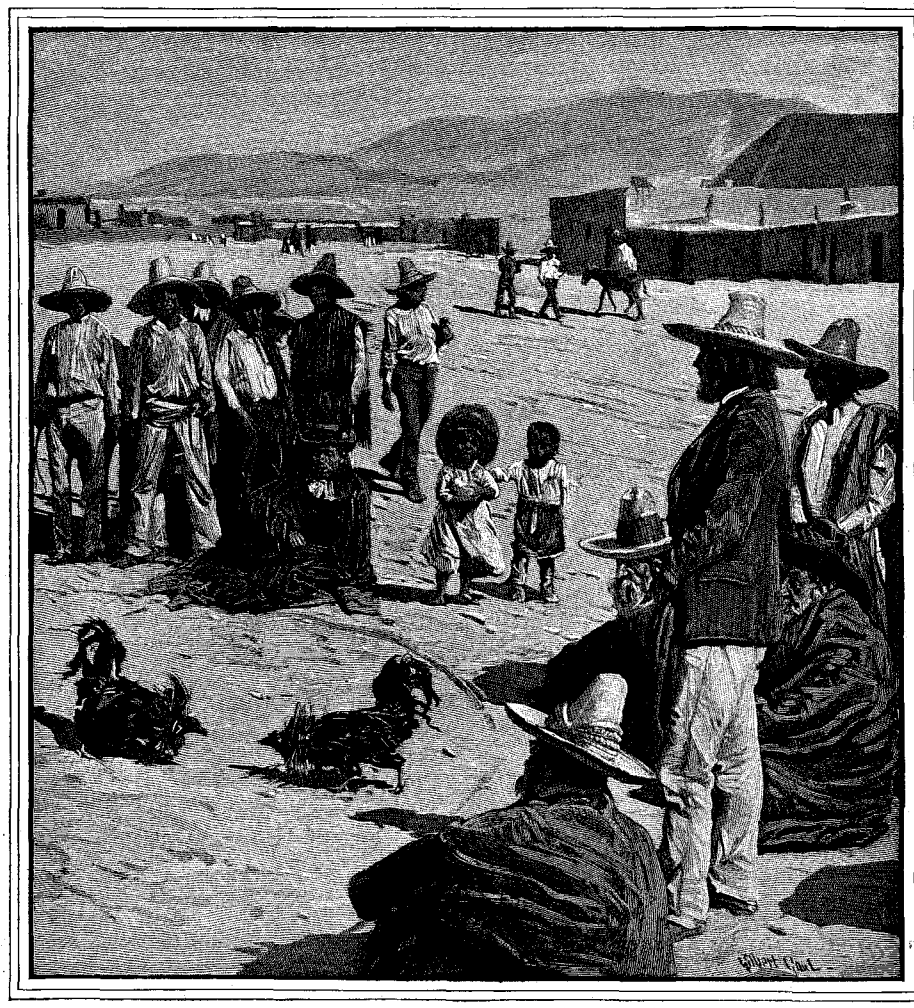

How the birds eyed each other and sidled about.—Page 766.

and disappeared into the doorway of his house, for the sky was blue and the sun was hot, and there were some things about to happen in San Anton not fit for priestly eyes to see.

Red Mike led the way to the great white store, and Dorchester followed, with twoscore pairs of beady eyes glowering on the red, yellow, and green flies that decorated his hat.

"Mayhap this stranger is the evil spirit," the people cried, "that thwarts the good Padre's prayers and blasts the holy crosses and keeps the rain from falling on San Anton."

The women were even more voluble than the men, but their threatening words fell on the stranger's ears in an unknown tongue and disturbed him not as he walked jauntily forward, with his shining gun. When he faced about, however, on the steps of the store, he was not a little puzzled to understand the meaning of what seemed to be an altercation between the women and the men. The former were fumbling under the brown-and-yellow ponchos, unclasping belts and drawing out glittering knives.

"Ut's jist the orthinary program," said Mike, with a wink of the eye on Dorchester's side, and speaking out of the corner of his mouth. "They're disarmin' the haythen."

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And so it was that, when the last man had surrendered his weapons to wife or sweetheart, the women went away muttering, and the men filed in through the open door, and lined up before the high counter. There were threatening eyes still flashing on the stranger's hat, to the interruption of the business in hand, and Don Miguel took a step forward toward the evil spirit, who smiled blandly from the embrasure of the window and understood nothing. The Mexican began to speak in a loud tone with angry gestures, and the crowd muttered behind him. It was then that the brawny storekeeper pushed Don Miguel rudely back, and, with a wave of his hand toward the stranger, said something in the unknown tongue which had a wonderfully soothing effect on the men. All opened their eyes. Some nodded and some shook their heads. Don Miguel was the first to climb onto the high counter, and the others scrambled after him, except Pedro, the shoemaker, who limped over and shook his fist up at Dorchester, crying loudly, in very good English: "Impostor! impostor! Only the good God can send rain!"

As quick as a flash, Red Mike smote the offender with the flat of his hand, and, picking him up from the floor, he seated him on the counter, at the foot of the class, with a jounce that made the glasses ring in the bar behind.

"He'll be the last to be served," said the philosophical Irishman, "an' ut's what he deserves. Right driss!"

And with this military command he marched back to Don Miguel, who headed the row on the counter, and faced down the line like an orderly sergeant about to call the roll. His right hand rested gracefully on his hip, and his left palm was extended, into which Don Miguel dropped his nickel. As the storekeeper advanced the coins chinked merrily, and he twisted his ugly mouth and winked his outside eye as he passed Dorchester, leaning against the window, and, having gathered the last nickel, he gave the cobbler another warning slap. As the storekeeper turned away toward the barrel of pulque, with a quart can in his hand, the line of men sat like graven images on the high counter, their mouths watering and their toes twisting in anticipation, and all stoically indifferent to the flies, which were thick in the air, as Dorchester had never seen flies before.

When the can was filled the Irishman advanced to the head of the line with a small whiskey-glass in his left hand, which he filled carefully to the brim. Don Miguel was the first to turn off his portion, and after him every man in succession was served with a full measure, even to Pedro, the shoemaker, whose business could hardly have been thriving just then, for not a shoe or a boot hung over the counter.

The line had scarcely been served with the fiery liquor before certain individuals began to clamor for more; but Red Mike was not the man to countenance any irregularity at this early stage of the drinking. He preferred to take up an unbroken collection, and so the can followed the nickels, until, before the dusty clock had marked fifteen minutes, every Mexican had turned off his third dram. By this time the voices of the women were heard outside the door, and the men on the counter began to draw up their feet, and make strange faces and half-hearted passes at the flies which buzzed about their heads like swarming bees. There was one big fellow near the middle of the line who had indulged in an extra drink, and he was the first to fall backward and slide off the counter.

"Señora Annetta!" cried the Irishman, and straightway that woman appeared, holding her serape in her teeth, and dragged out her man.

And then the others, by ones and by twos, began to drop off the counter like windfalls in a summer orchard shaken by the wind, and they were removed as deftly as ever the farmer's wife gathered the over-ripe fruit into the folds of her apron.

The line had begun to collapse in the centre, like some other lines, at the weakest strand, or, perhaps, where the strain was greatest, and so it happened that, in the end, Don Miguel remained at one extremity of the counter and Pedro, the shoemaker, held his post at the other. The little cobbler made a feeble effort to extend his hands, as if

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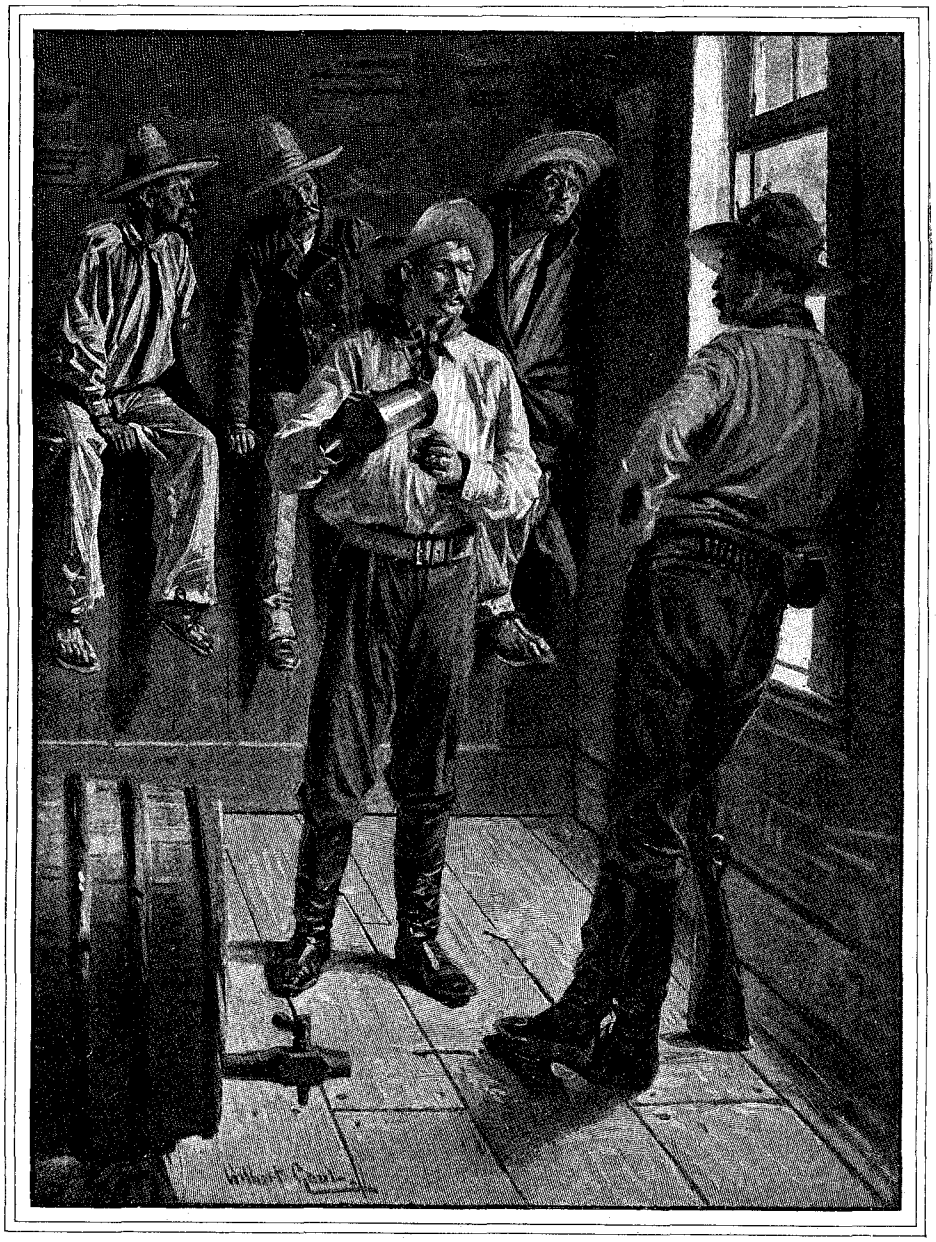
he were drawing a waxed thread, and when he lurched forward, Mike eased him to the floor, out of respect to his lameness, and handed him over to his wife. And then Don Miguel screwed his face into a horrible contortion, on account of a green fly which was stinging his nose, and, having laid all his companions by the heels, he presently settled backward onto the counter with a dignity that would have swelled his heart with pride to behold, if it were possible for him to be conscious and unconscious at the same time. He was removed like the others, and Dorchester and Red Mike remained alone in the big store.

The spirit of investigation was strong



Winked his outside eye as he passed Dorchester.—Page 768.

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in the man from the East, and he asked some pertinent questions about the composition of the whiskey called pulque, and then, warming to his subject, he expressed a desire, for purely scientific reasons, to try the personal effect of a drink.

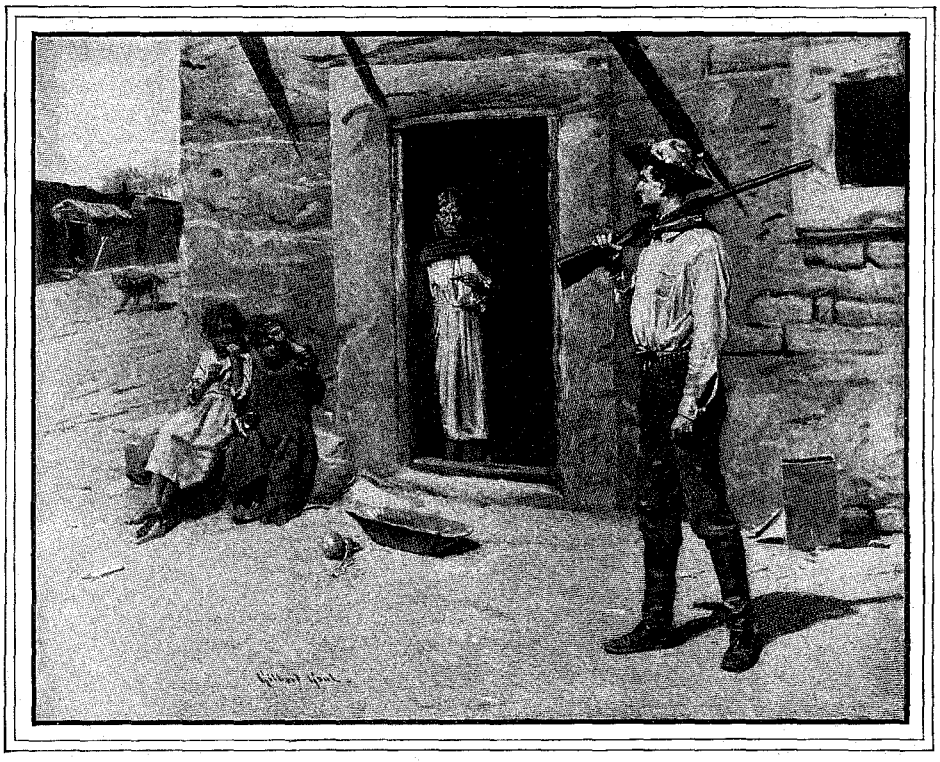
"All right," said the Irishman. "Ye betther go into yon room an' take a comfortable seat on thim flaces, an' I'll bring ut to ye. How much of a dhrink would ye loike now, Mr. Dorchester?"

"Oh, just the ordinary dram," replied that prudent person. "No more and no less," and he retired to the room and seated himself on the wool, as directed.

In about the space of two minutes thereafter, the liquor having been swallowed with sundry grimaces and a glass of water, certain brooms and buckets hanging on the wall took on a fantastic and wavy motion, and then the fleeces began to heave like angry billows, and then the smoky ceiling above and the white wool below began to whirl in opposite directions, and then a great calm followed, in which the scientific gentleman slept soundly. There was a stillness in the great white store for the space of half an hour, save for the buzzing of the flies and the ticking of the wooden clock. The Irishman looked in, from time to time, at his patient, and, on the stroke of four, Jack Dorchester arose and shook himself. He was none the worse for his experiment, except that certain tufts of wool adhered to his clothing, which, in addition to the party-colored flies in his hat, made him look more than ever like an evil spirit.

"By the way," he said to the Irishman, as he came forth from his seclusion and resumed his gun, "you said something to the Mexicans about me that had a wonderful effect to pacify them, except in the case of the lame chap. What was the trouble?"

"Sure, that's where the joke comes in, sir," said Mike, in soft accents of confidence, and prodding Dorchester in the side with his stubby thumb. "On account of thim dragon-flies in yer hat, they mistook yez for the divil himself,



A dark scowl came over her face.—Page 771.

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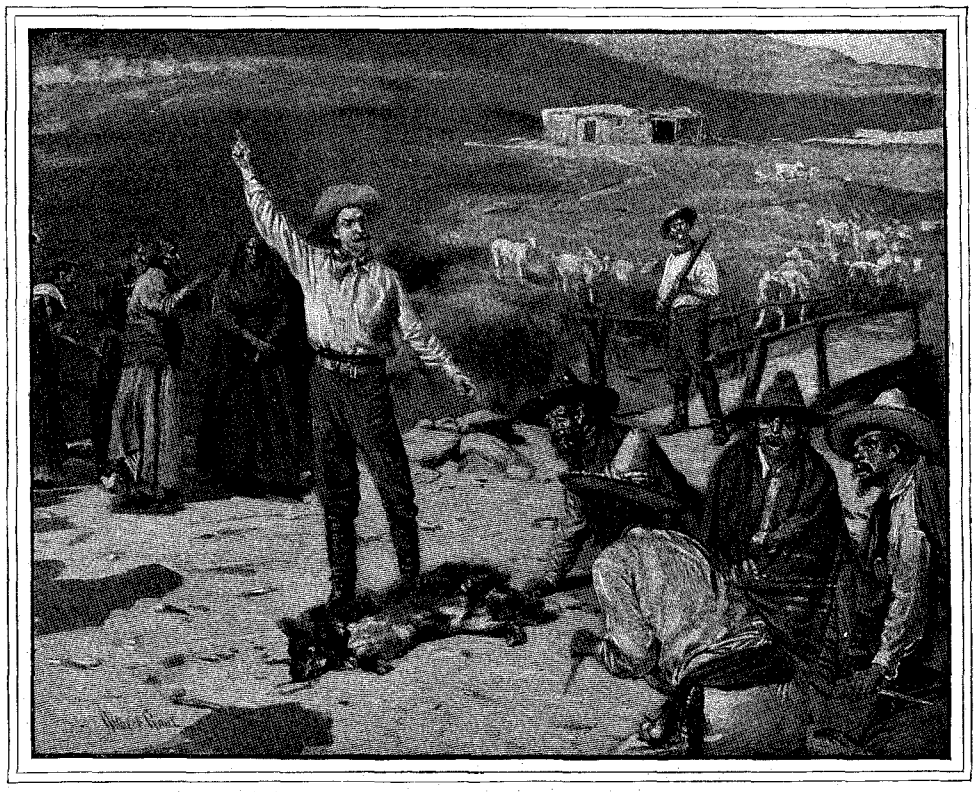

Every Mexican fell on his knees and crossed himself.—Page 772.

perventin' the rain, so I ups and tells thim that they was niver more mishtaken in ther lives—that, on the conthrary, ye was a great white rain-docther."

Dorchester laughed at this newly attributed accomplishment, and passed a moment of amused reflection on the commotion he had unconsciously caused among the Mexicans in his double character of devil and rain-doctor, and then the two men passed out of the open doorway onto the store steps.

"Holy Mother!" cried Red Mike, seizing Dorchester's arm in a vice-like grip, and pointing his finger at the western sky; "there's many a true word said in a joke."

And, strange to relate, there was a bank of white clouds pushing up from behind the wooded shoulder of the mountain which shut off the view of the famous peaks.

"Ut's comin' up behind the houses," whispered Mike, "an' not one Greaser in the village has seen it yit. I don't know how they'll be takin' ut. Sure there'll be great excitement presently, an' ut's aven chances for divil or docther. They'll be hot afther the avil sphirit that's been kapin' San Anton dhry, an' I'm thinkin', Mr. Dorchester, that ye'd betther go quietly off while the coast is clear."

As he walked down the dusty street with the adobe houses on the left, facing the solitary chapel under the black cross, Dorchester was reminded of his first view from the hay-rack of the village of the dead. Not a soul was visible.

As he came, presently, to the last house in the village, over opposite to the foot-bridge crossing the gorge of the Apishapa, the wife of Don Miguel stood in the doorway, rolling a cigarette. She had not yet seen the clouds bearing the welcome rain, but when her eyes fell on the stranger with the shining gun and the multicolored dragonflies on his head, and the tufts of wool on his clothing, a dark scowl came

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over her face, and her busy fingers paused to make the sign of the cross. If the Señora had been more amiable Dorchester might have halted long enough to point out to her the rain-clouds; but it was not altogether encouraging to be mistaken for an evil spirit, and so he proceeded silently on his way—for three strides—not more—for these brought him past the corner of the house, and into view of the black dog that hated a white man "worse'n pison"—the ugly Cerberus that guarded the approach to San Anton.

The evil-visaged dog was not slow to begin his advance on the stranger.

The woman still stood in the doorway, glowering.

"Call off your dog," said Dorchester, accompanying his words with such gestures as she could understand.

The black eyes of the Señora snapped in reply, and, for further answer, she coolly turned her back and continued to roll her cigarette.

And all the time the black dog came steadily on. There could be no doubt of his hostile purpose. His eyes were bloodshot; the bristly hair was rising on his shoulders; his white teeth gleamed in his red, open jaws.

"Ah, well, if the Señora so wills it," and Jack Dorchester dropped the butt of his fowling-piece in the dust. He thrust his right hand behind him and drew his revolver from the holster. With his thumb he raised the hammer.

The shrunken stream of the Apishapa tinkled over the stones at the bottom of the gorge. A new wind from the west rustled the dry leaves of the cotton-woods, and then a sharp report rang through the empty street of San Anton.

A wreath of smoke hung above the multicolored dragon-flies on Dorchester's hat, and the black dog was threshing the dust at his feet.

The woman turned, and, with a look of hatred at the stranger, ran screaming up the street. Out from every doorway poured the angry Mexicans, and long knives flashed in the sunlight.

With brandishing weapons and fluttering ponchos, the Mexicans swept down toward Dorchester, who backed across the foot-bridge, gun in hand, and took his post behind a rock which commanded the passage. For a moment he held the angry crowd at bay, and when they began again to press toward the bridge, he stepped boldly out into the open, and, grounding his gun, he poured into each barrel a handful of the buck-shot with which Uncle Foster had provided him.

It was no time then for any trifling misunderstanding. "The first man that sets his foot on that bridge, dies," said Dorchester, as he brought his shining gun to his shoulder. His clear voice rang out with that distinctness peculiar to all sounds before a storm, for it was already growing dark, and a fresh breeze shook the dusty alders at his feet.

These signs the Mexicans failed to see, in their anger, or, perhaps, they attributed them to the influence of the white devil. For a moment they hesitated, and in that moment Red Mike appeared in their midst, striking right and left, and with each blow from his brawny arm a Mexican rolled in the dust.

"Fools," cried the Irishman, "didn't I tell yez that the man was a great rain-docther?"

Jack Dorchester held his ground at the head of the foot-bridge, and the men, disconcerted by this double attack, pointed in remonstrance to the dog which lay quivering on the dusty street. The shouts of the women, who surged up behind the men, were hushed by a sort of magnetic influence, and all the people watched spell-bound for the last death-agony of the brute.

Even as they looked a tremor ran through the frame of the black dog—his muscles gave a last spasmodic twitch—he was dead.

For a moment the angry crowd swayed backward, gripping their gleaming knives and coiling like a snake to strike. It was not the threatening gun that held them back, but a voice from heaven; for a dull rumble of thunder rolled over the mountain, and lo! the welcome rain began to fall on San Anton.

Every Mexican sank on his knees and crossed himself.

"Surely," the people said, "this strange man of courage must be a great rain-doctor, and the dead dog of Don Miguel was the evil spirit that kept the rain from San Anton."

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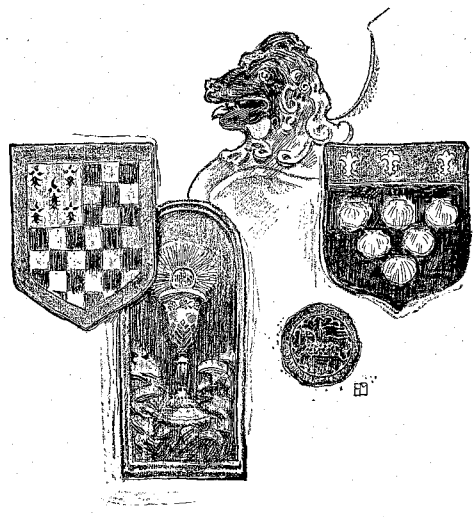
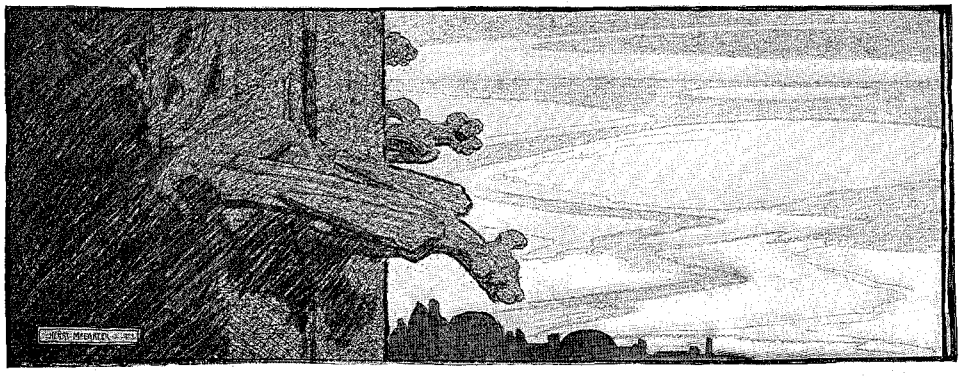


MONT SAINT MICHEL

BY JULIA LARNED

O vision wonderful, out of the sea,
The dim, gray sea, beneath the twilight sky,
Mystic, majestical, uplifting high
Thy carven pinnacles that seem to be
The rude rock's living flower of stone—in thee
Is imaged forth to the entrancéd gaze
The haunting spirit of those olden days
That gave thee birth—the days of chivalry
And pomp and power, of war and ruthless crime,
Exulting triumph and unpitied woe,
Of aspiration shrined in fane sublime,
And cruel hate in dungeon glooms below.
Oh, marvel, reared by Titan hands, stand fast
Bodying forevermore the shadowy past!



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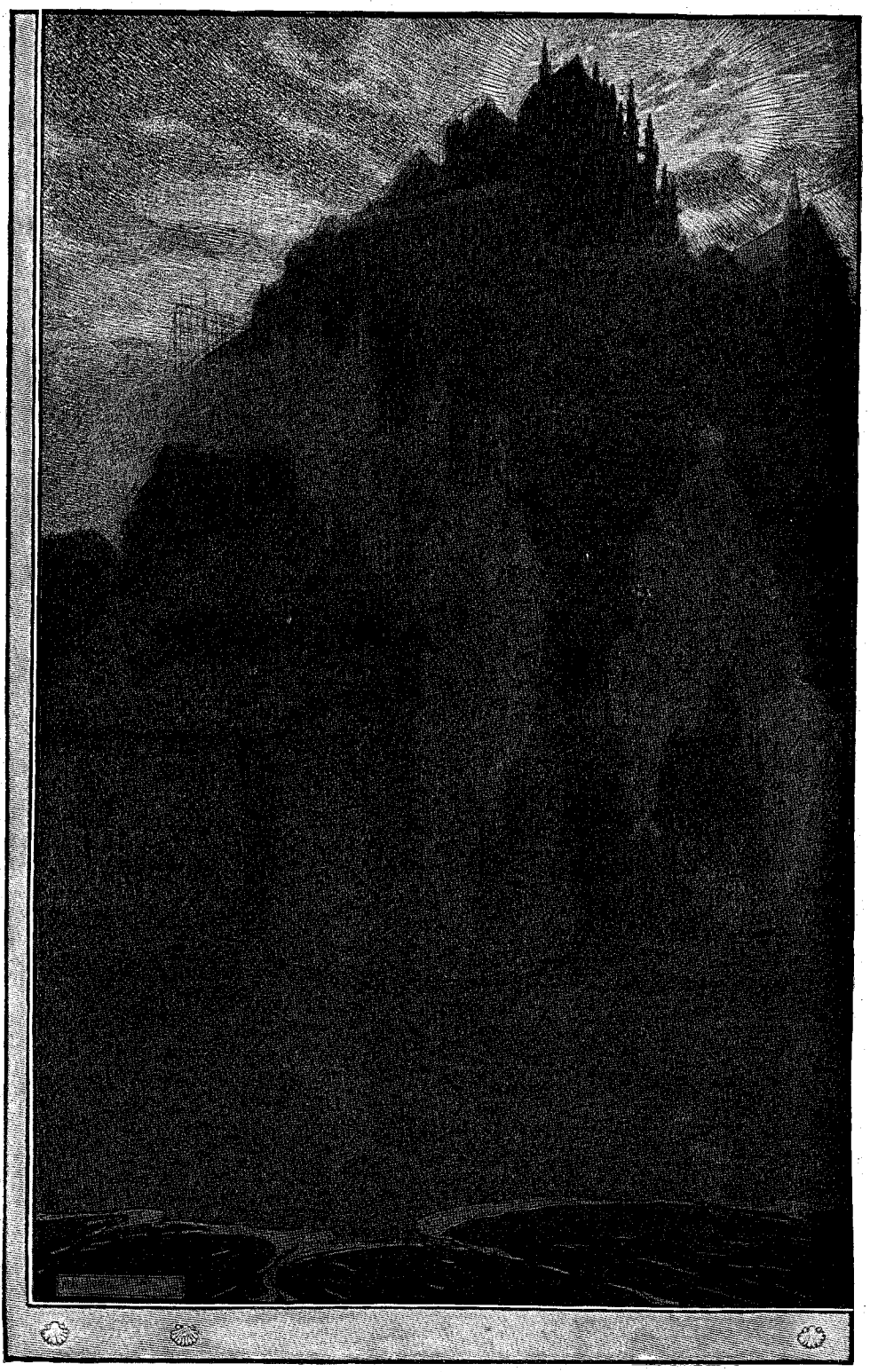

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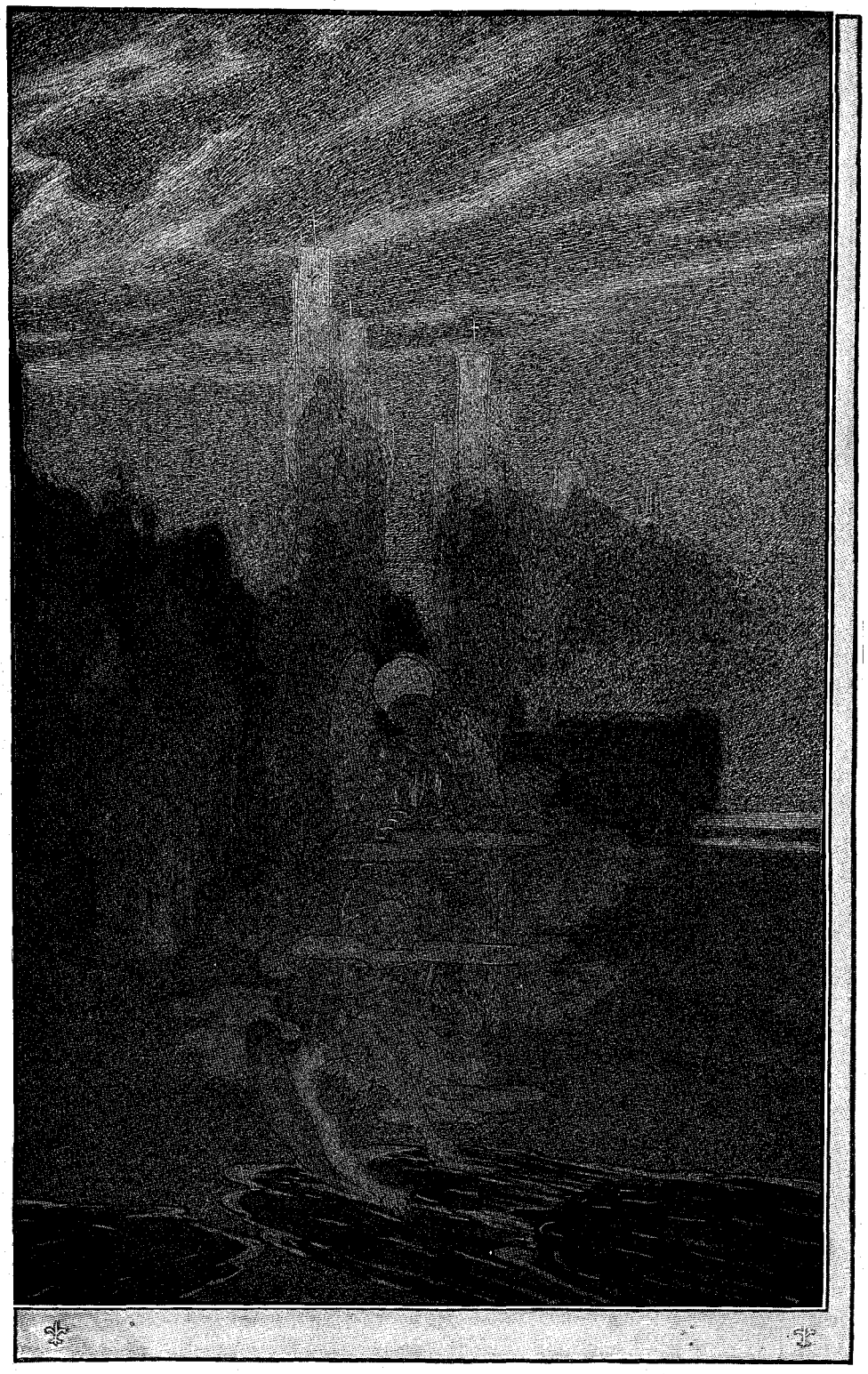

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"MARY"

By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

WHEN she returned from her daily drive and sat in the corner of the big brocaded sofa by the fire, awaiting the possible visitors who were far from probable, Mrs. Mortimer did not seem at home in her own house. She was beautifully dressed, with a delicate adjustment of the fashion of the hour to her age and her tiny proportions. But her house was not like her clothes; it did not look as though it had been made especially for her, especially to suit her.

She was so quiet and so small that one might almost have walked twice around the great drawing-room without perceiving her. And when she arose from time to time, pulled back the lace curtains, and looked abroad for a bit of entertainment, she had the air of a waif—tossed aside into a pompous house of refuge by the streaming life which filled the avenue beneath her windows and spread through the roads and walks of the wide park beyond.

In truth, since the death of her husband, Mrs. Mortimer, with old Jane and the other servants, and the gray parrot, hardly sufficed to give the new house by the park an inhabited aspect. Often the cries of the parrot sounded like those of a bird who felt himself abandoned by mankind. And just now there was more silence and emptiness than ever, for old Jane had followed her master. Mrs. Mortimer and the parrot were alone upstairs.

She had thought of getting a companion. A paid companion—she was so gentle that she did not tell herself it was a hateful idea; but she felt that it was hopelessly self-contradicting. How could one buy companionship? How could one expect to get a piece of another's self by purchase? It was an insult to old Jane to think of replacing her through a bargain. No one attempts to replace a husband through a bargain, a child at so much a month. Is companionship in its other forms more marketable? Of course old Jane had been paid. But she had nursed the two children, dead so long ago. Love and confidence, sympathy and friendship, had grown up between her and their mother as year followed year. Money mattered nothing in such a relation as this. The monthly sum which had once been wages was afterward merely a token, a symbol of kindred feelings, common needs, inseparable interests. It was money and yet not money, like the half of a broken sixpence.

And so it had been with the pretty little hospital nurse who had carried Mrs. Mortimer through three or four attacks of lingering bronchitis. Was it for her pay that she had kissed Mrs. Mortimer good-night so often, and had let the parrot sleep on her own bed when his leg was torn in a fight with a cat? Was it for the sake of a fortnight's wage that she had postponed her wedding-day to care for old Jane until she died, and to hold Mrs. Mortimer's hand as they stood beside the grave? Mrs. Mortimer knew better, and the bird seemed to think that she had slandered the girl by bringing up the question, for, as she looked at him, he ruffled up his feathers and grumbled crossly.

No; this girl's profession was to be a careful sick-nurse. Even while she was no more than this, her part of the bargain had been fulfilled; and when she became more than this, the bargain was forgotten. But another girl, whose actual profession would be companionship? A girl whose affection Mrs. Mortimer could not take time to win but whom she must at once install as a friend? She still gazed at the parrot. Had he any idea how a girl of this sort would regard her bargain? How could she know what she ought to do to fulfil it—what she ought to give? So many smiles each hour, and so much conversation? So much interest and

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sympathy each day? Mrs. Mortimer almost told herself that it was indeed a hateful as well as an impossible idea.

Yet she did not always feel as though her hours were full, with only the parrot to talk to. She had never been fond of reading; her sewing did not interest her now that nothing really needed to be sewed; and, besides, her eyes had grown old. Her dressmakers and milliners did most of her shopping for her; and the household part, which old Jane had supervised, could be done through the mail or by the parlor-maid, who was intelligent, and seemed almost to like the crowds in the stores. The crowds and the heat in lecture-rooms and concert-rooms would have distressed Mrs. Mortimer now even if she had had the habit of frequenting such places; but her husband had never cared for them. Nor did the things in the picture galleries and museums interest her. There had been few of these in New World towns when Mrs. Mortimer was young. She did not understand about them, and so they were like the people whom she saw from her window—they gave her the air of a waif and a stranger in the city of her birth. Her daily drives she enjoyed; yet she would have rejoiced if they could more often have had an object. There was scarcely anyone whom she felt that she had a right to visit, and she seldom found courage now for the drive across the great bridge, out to the great cemetery. She liked to stand by the graves where her husband slept, and her boy and girl, and old Jane; but she feared that her coachman, who had not been with her long, might misunderstand if she shed no tears.

One afternoon her door-bell rang, and a visitor sat beside her on the brocaded sofa. She was an elderly woman, with gray hair, and her clothes were more old-ladyish than Mrs. Mortimer's. But she was not an old friend—only the daughters of the old friends were left. These daughters had their children and grandchildren on their minds, and many schemes for self-improvement, and for the improvement of others, which had not been known in Mrs. Mortimer's time. They seldom remembered their mothers' friend, and when they did, there were reasons which usually made it seem best not to go to see her. She could not be in the habit of having visitors, and might be disturbed by them. It was hard to talk to her; if others felt this, she must feel it also, and their attempts at conversation could give her little pleasure. Old ladies usually lie down late in the afternoon when busy women must make their calls. Old ladies, when they are used to being alone, must be happiest if left comfortably to their daily habits and occupations.

This daughter of a friend, who, for once, had ventured to come, was not familiar with the house by the park, and looked about her with favor.

"Yes, it is a beautiful house," said Mrs. Mortimer. She would not have chosen so personal a theme, but when it was opened to her she talked more than her wont. "I do not know much about such things, but Mr. Mortimer had the best people to do it, and was perfectly satisfied. And of course I could understand when they said that it would be spoiled if I brought in too many things from the old house. I have some in my bedroom. They are very different, but I did not want to leave them all behind me."

"I should think not," said the visitor. "I should think you would have wanted to bring them *all*. You had lived there so many years, and all your associations——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mortimer, "I would have brought more, but I did not like to speak to Mr. Mortimer about them. He might have thought that I did not wish to leave the old house at all. And he had arranged about this one just to please me, without telling me beforehand. He thought that I would like to get away from the associations. He thought that I would be less lonely in a new place, and find new interests. It gave him a great deal of pleasure, planning it all. I don't think you have ever seen his library—everybody has said that it is a very fine one. It used to be such an interest for him to stop in every few days at the booksellers', to see the books they had picked out for him, and at the decorators', too, to see what they called 'the scheme' that they

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had decided upon, first for one room and then for another. It gave him a great deal of pleasure, and he was perfectly satisfied when it was done. But he liked the books best. He was not a great reader, but he always said that he would have been if he had had time to form the habit when he was young."

"Yes," said the visitor, "that used to be the trouble—people worked too hard and did not think of improving their minds. I always tried to impress it upon my children that they should cultivate resources—intellectual interests. If you don't when you are young, you are sorry for it afterward."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Mortimer. Then, as the parrot, wishing for notice, hopped about on the hearth-rug, she added, "Polly is a great resource for me."

The visitor smiled indulgently—she could not expect old Mrs. Mortimer to understand her. But, glad of another theme for conversation, she spoke affably to the parrot.

"Come here, Polly," she said. "Come and speak to the strange lady."

"He is not very sociable, even with me," Mrs. Mortimer explained. "He will never let me touch him. He seldom lets anybody touch him."

"Really!" cried the strange lady. "Why do you keep him if he is so cross? If you are fond of parrots I should think you would get one that would be more friendly."

"I don't like parrots, as a rule," Mrs. Mortimer replied, "but Mr. Mortimer bought this one a great many years ago, to keep me company, without telling me beforehand. And he used to compliment me because I did not mind his noise. He said it showed that I had better nerves than most women. Really, I did mind the noise, very much, for a long time; but I have got used to it now and should miss it if I sent Polly away. He shrieks a good deal, especially if he does not want to go out of the room when I do. Then he screams and screams until I come back. I have to do pretty much what he wants me to; don't I, Polly?"

"I should think it would interfere dreadfully with your occupations," said the visitor. "*I* hate to be interrupted in anything I want to do. I have every hour of the day arranged in advance, and *so* much to do in every one of them. It is impossible even to accommodate myself to my grandchildren when they come to pass the day with me. And to be put out by a parrot—I should think it would upset you dreadfully!"

"No," said Mrs. Mortimer, "it does not seem to. I seem to find time to do what Polly wants me to, usually."

Hearing this, the parrot shrieked with a vigor which may have been approval but sounded more like rage.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the visitor, with a little jump.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Mortimer. "That is only his way. He likes to be noticed, and he doesn't often see me talking to anyone else. I fancy he's jealous," and she smiled.

Again the strange lady tried to wheedle the parrot, and this time he responded. It was not an amiable answer. He flew at her dress, caught it in his beak, and tore a square hole in it.

"Go away! Go away!" she cried, trying to pull it from his grasp and striking at him with her parasol.

At the second stroke she hit him, smartly, and the bird fled, turning in his toes and lamenting shrilly as he waddled across the room to take refuge under the fringes of a big arm-chair.

Mrs. Mortimer ran after him more quickly than she had moved in a long time, bent down beside him with comforting words, and tried to hide the blood on the finger which he promptly bit. Rising, she faced her fluttered visitor. She was fluttered herself, and almost angry. This, too, had not happened in a long time, and she hardly knew how to express herself.

"Please do not strike him," she said, tremulously. "I am very sorry about your dress. It is a great pity, and when people so seldom come to see me. But it was an accident. I am very sorry it happened, but I can't bear to have Polly hurt!"

"I don't think it was an accident precisely," said the strange lady, amazed at Mrs. Mortimer's distress; "but of course I shouldn't have struck him if I had had time to think—he startled me

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so! And I didn't know that you would mind so much. You must not mind about my dress—it doesn't matter—I am going right home in the carriage. But he did frighten me. I should not think you would like to keep such a cross bird—he might hurt you some time."

"Oh, no, Polly won't hurt me," Mrs. Mortimer protested, still hiding her finger, "he wouldn't hurt anybody, though I don't wonder that he frightened you. I have had him so long—I could not send him away."

The visitor did not feel that she could leave just yet with good grace. Therefore she smiled and remarked, "I know that is the way that Helen feels about her pug. But a parrot seems different—not so interesting. A dog is really quite human, when you know him."

"But Polly is that," his mistress affirmed. "And he is very interesting when you know him; he does such funny things—you cannot imagine." The visitor felt that she had no desire to exert her fancy, but Mrs. Mortimer continued, almost eagerly.

"Nobody could be more human than Polly. Why, he follows me wherever I go, or else he insists upon my coming back to him. And he calls me 'Mary,' just as plainly as a real person could."

"I should not think you would like that. I should not like a parrot to call me Louisa; it would sound so irreverent—disrespectful, you know."

As if to emphasize this truth the parrot, from his hiding-place beneath the chair, screamed, imperiously, "Mary! Mary *Mort'mer!* Get me a bone, quick!"

The visitor looked shocked. Mrs. Mortimer's face brightened. "I like to hear him say it," she declared. "I suppose there are many people who call you Louisa?"

"Why, yes," said Louisa, wondering at the question. "There are always people who call one by one's Christian name, aren't there? Why, I often meet women that I haven't seen or thought about for years who call me Louisa—people that I used to go to school with. And I have never allowed my husband to drop into the habit of calling me 'Mother.'"

"Polly caught 'Mary' from my husband," said her hostess; and then, as the lady rose to take leave, she exclaimed, gently, "I don't dare to ask you to come again, my dear, when Polly has frightened you. But he won't do it again. It was only because he has got to be so—so shy with strangers. And it has been a great pleasure to me to see you. I used to see your children sometimes, but I have never seen their children, and I should like to."

"I will send them to see you some day," their grandmother promised. "I will tell Helen to bring hers—that will be the best way. Then they will not bother you as much as if they came with the nurse."

Her hostess accompanied her as far as possible, as far as the front-door, for afterward the house might seem dull with Polly in a bad humor.

"It has been a great pleasure to me," Mrs. Mortimer repeated, laying her hand on the other's arm. Then as the strident voice called "Mary! Mary *Mort'mer!*" she repeated, "I like to hear him say it. At first, I used to think how it would have amused the children if they could have heard it. And now that their father— and everybody else of my age——"

"Indeed, I can quite understand that Polly must be great company for you. You look so strong and well, but I suppose that you can't do quite *everything* that you used to—and there must be minutes now and then—Good-by, I will come again very soon if you really want me to."

She kissed Mrs. Mortimer, for she fancied that her mind was failing a little and felt sorry for her. As she drove off in her carriage she said to herself:

"It was a mistake, of course. It is just what I have always felt—I did more harm than good by going. She will worry about my dress, for she must have seen that it is a perfectly new one. It would have been better not to go—it has just upset her; she will think about my dress for days and days. I won't go again. I will send some flowers instead. I will remember about them at Easter. And of course she doesn't really want to be bothered with the children. She only thought it would please me if she

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said she would like to see them. But she is certainly getting a little bit childish herself."

When she had closed the front-door Mrs. Mortimer went back to the drawing-room and coaxed the parrot until he mounted upon the back of a tall chair by the window. Then she drew the curtains aside so that they could see the crowded street with the late winter sunshine sifting through the trees from the opposite side of the park.

"It is pretty, isn't it, Polly?" she asked. "You are not homesick for the old house, are you?"

Polly ruffled his feathers and looked as though he were sick of everything in the world.

"Nice Polly!" said his mistress, caressing him, but only with her eyes. "Didn't you like the strange lady?"

The parrot jabbered in a bitter tone.

"I understand, Polly—you are not used to strangers, nowadays, are you? Well, you needn't mind about her dress. It doesn't matter, for *she* did not mind at all. She knew it was an accident. But I am glad that she was here for a good while before you frightened her so. I happened to feel like having a visitor to-day. I am afraid, almost, that she will forget to send the dear little children. I don't think any little children have ever been in this house, Polly. Perhaps that is why it seems so—big. People have promised to send them, sometimes, and have forgotten about it. But perhaps she will remember, for she will think how it would amuse them to look at you, Polly, and to hear you talk. We will find time to play with them, and to show them all the pretty things, won't we? And it will make them laugh to hear you call an old lady 'Mary.'"

The bird took the word from her mouth, repeating it more gruffly than ever. Quite a sunny little smile spread over Mrs. Mortimer's face.

"You say it very nicely, Polly. And it would be lonesome not to hear it at all, wouldn't it? And nobody else in all the world calls me Mary now."

She drew the curtains and rang the bell for the maid to bring the chicken-bone for which the parrot still clamored. It was amusing to watch him with it while he balanced himself on the back of the tall chair, and he picked at it for half an hour before it was quite clean. Perhaps he had learned from his mistress that it was wise not to do things quickly when there were not very many of them to be done.

Her old friend's daughter was alighting just then at her own house. While she stood on the doorstep she saw the rent in her dress again.

"Such a cross, disagreeable bird!" she repeated to herself. "And she *likes* him to scream out her name! One of my very best dresses perfectly ruined! I wish that I had not gone. It seems wicked to say so, but I almost *hope* the old lady will worry about it—she ought not to have such a bird about. Why, I should be afraid to have the children go near him. I won't tell Helen that I promised Mrs. Mortimer—it will be much better not to take the children there."

As her conscience thus helped her not to trouble her mother's friend, she forgot about the flowers when Easter came around. But Mrs. Mortimer saw a great many beautiful flowers—lilies and azaleas and hydrangeas in big pots, and bunches of roses tied with long ribbons—carried past her window by the florists' carts and messengers. It was a great pleasure to her to watch them go by, up and down the avenue, and it seemed to be a pleasure to Polly also, for several times, when he called out "Mary," his voice was almost mild. Mrs. Mortimer wished that every day in the year, or at least every Saturday, were as interesting as the one before Easter Day.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

PEACE on earth, good-will toward men, have not yet come fully to pass. At this writing, and with Christmas still a prospect of some remoteness, the wails of desolate Armenians are still borne across the salt seas; Spain goes stubbornly on with her life-and-death conflict with the Cubans, giving what attention she can spare to the Philippines; every power in Europe watches intently every other power, jealous of intervention, and fearful that every movement may precipitate a breach of the peace. There is much peace on earth, but it is still far from universal, and what there is of it is maintained at immense cost for weapons and defences, and by dint of the wariest behavior and incessant diplomacy. As yet it is based not on love but on self-interest and fear. Every power in Europe has learned the cost of modern war, and dreads to incur it on any ground. Fighting has never been cheap, but nowadays wars between civilized nations have fairly outgrown the means of the combatants. Nobody dares fight even in a good cause, and it begins to seem possible that a great police force may keep the peace of Europe, and promote, if not actually compel, the peace of all the world.

Peace and Good-will.

But even when universal peace is achieved, good-will will not necessarily follow. That is a matter between individuals, and if it has the defect of not being procurable by wholesale, like peace, there is the merit about it that no one need wait for any powers to agree before he begins to provide so much of it as depends upon himself.

Good-will would come easier if we could all contrive to make our expectations of one another bear a more reasonable relation to facts. Most of us are apt to have a general standard of looks, conduct, morals, intelligence, and agreeableness, and to think favorably of persons who come up to it or surpass it, and more or less unfavorably of persons who don't. People who come up to our standard are "nice," and we like their company and cultivate their society, and other people are not "nice," and we are apt to speak of them with some disparagement, to avoid being thrown with them, to sigh when they ask us to dinner, and to think the time spent with them is time wasted. It is too much to expect of us that we should not have preferences in companions, and indeed it is not altogether desirable that one person should seem as good as another to us. It is necessary to human progress that the qualities that make people liked and respected should command due rewards. It is expedient that shrewd people should get rich, that gentle people should be beloved, that honorable people should be honored, and handsome and clever people admired. If we did not like some people better than others we should run the risk of being justly regarded as rather sapless folks ourselves, and if with only one set of time at our disposal, and only a small part of that to spare, we did not discriminate as to the company we spent our leisure in, we should miss a great deal of pleasure and no little profit. But we can easily discriminate overmuch and be ungenerously fastidious about our companions. People whose circle of playmates is limited to a select few of a certain scarce kind are bound to be narrowed by their social squeamishness. It is much better for them to compel themselves to take people more as they come, and try to get some pleasure out of every one, even if it is only such self-denying happiness as comes from pleasure given. It

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is right for us to have a standard, and it is natural for us to use our discernment in measuring people by it; but it is neither kind nor wise to reject or condemn everybody who does not happen to come up to it.

If we are going to censure our fellows, let us at least blame them only for what in them is justly censurable. People are born into this world with vastly different outfits of intelligence, comeliness, and health, and they are born into vastly different environments. We should not blame them for the absence of qualities or instincts which they had no means of inheriting, nor for the lack of knowledge, or manners, or dispositions which their environments gave them no opportunity to acquire. If we are to blame them at all, we ought to limit our censure to such faults as they might reasonably have avoided. Some folks try very hard to be good and to make the very most and best of what they have, but have such distorted materials to work with that they never win more than a very moderate success. Other people don't seem to try half as hard, but being born sounder, sweeter, and more sane, with better wits and better instinct, work out what is in them under advantageous conditions and find the best things in life fairly tumbling into their laps. They are not really so deserving as their brethren who started with less and made more effort, but we applaud them a great deal more, and like them a great deal better.

It is the law of this world that to him that hath shall be given. The man with five talents who makes the most of them gets five cities; the man with two talents, two cities; the poor creature with only one talent very likely has not sense enough to use that, and will probably lose what he has and come on the county. But he is our brother, too. Are we to sniff at him and insist that he is worthless, and contrast him, to his detriment, with the five-talent man whom we are glad to call our friend? We shall pay for it if we do. It is our affair to help the one-talent man, if we can, to get his poor talent out at usury. It may not be possible for us to accomplish it, but if we avoid him altogether we shall avoid all chance of helping him, and ill will it be with us when our fastidiousness has finally done its perfect work and we have no companions at all except five-talent people who do not need our help.

There is no need that the law which gives to him that hath should regulate our goodwill. Let us give that out somewhat more generally, according our five-talent friends that ample share of it which their qualities compel, but without taking from our one-talent brethren the sympathy, the companionship, and the help which may do them some good, and is certain to be good for ourselves. Our standards are poor affairs if charity has no part in them. If we are satisfied with people who are not kind we are satisfied with too little; and if we are satisfied not to be kind ourselves, we ought to hope that the five-talent people whom we affect may be dissatisfied with us, and teach us a useful lesson by ceasing to be at home to us when we come to call.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SOCIAL ART GATHERINGS IN NEW YORK—THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.

IT has been held by those who are interested in these matters that the cultivation of the artistic sense in New York is attended with something more than the usual difficulties. If an inquiry were instituted, it is possible that among these hindrances would be found a certain deficiency in the social elements, a want of those assemblages for friendly discussion and dissemination of mutual knowledge, cheerfulness, enthusiasm, and an abiding sense of the high importance of their calling which are to be found among the artists in most foreign artistic centres. The uncalculating enthusiasm and all-absorbing interest of student days are not to be expected, although occasionally a demonstration at the Art Students' League or the Salmagundi Club recalls that fine epoch of youthful unreason. But it is doubtful if there is to be met with among the professional artists in New York that spirit which enlivens so many formal and informal gatherings in foreign capitals. There are no serious social functions like the annual openings of the Royal Academy or the Salons, or even of such more cheerful ones taken seriously as the annual "Punch" dinners. There seems to be a general want of those more or less informal gatherings in which men of the same profession come together to give mutual counsel; to air their theories and technical methods; to feel themselves sure enough of the sympathies of their listeners to launch out into expositions concerning things about which there is still a haziness in their own mind. Even though they are not quite convinced themselves of the soundness of these propositions the mere vocal presentation of them, in more or less distinct terms, is an intellectual unburdening. The intelligent listener who catches sympathetically at this stammering message, who supplements, enlightens, brings in other supporters, very likely but half believing himself—who has not longed for him! The comfort, profit, and general heartening of this mental communion to a professional man is self-evident. "Iron sharpeneth iron," saith the Scripture; "so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. . . . As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

Whether it is the want of the congenial atmosphere of encouragement and appreciation in our city streets, or the heavy burden of earning daily bread, or the anxious American conscientiousness, which instils doubts of the sacredness of his trade as compared with other men's and of his own imperative call to such ministry—whatever be the cause, sure it is that the painter or sculptor within the city walls does not often find this free and desirable commingling with his fellows. Possibly a certain lack of respect for each other's professional excellence may have something to do with it; and the steadily lessening attendance at the annual exhibitions probably has. There have occasionally been gatherings in this country in which something of the mellowness of the Golden Age of Art prevailed, as at the convocation of decorative painters and sculptors in a Chicago hotel during the preparative days of the great Exposition; and in this city there are not wanting occasional efforts to encourage a friendly and confident feeling among the discouraged limners and

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carvers. The National Academy gives once a winter an informal reception, "for the PROFESSION only," invitations to which are freely distributed among the male practitioners, and at which the appropriate artificial aids to the drowning of dull care are plentifully provided —in accordance with a rule which governs in all social gatherings. The Academy, the older Water Color Society, the little Woman's Art Club, and some others, mark the opening of their annual exhibitions with festivity; the Architectural League endeavors to secure a fuller attendance at its monthly meetings by a dinner, and the weekly "Smokers' Nights" of its last exhibition were truly marked by a good deal of that cheerful holiday spirit, that enthusiasm in enjoyment, which proceeds from a personal sense of comparative importance in a noble avocation. But such instances are the exceptions, not the rule, and there is great need of development along these lines.

It is not for want of artistic organizations that this social and professional success is lacking. At least fifteen of these societies are extant in New York; each of them with a broader or narrower shade of distinction separating it from its neighbor. In addition to the most ancient of all, the Academy, and the much more recent Society of American Artists, there are two organizations for the encouragement of water-color painting, the older of which is the American Water Color Society, and the other a growth of the last few years, the New York Water Color Club. The cheerful little Pastel Society has departed this life, we believe; the Architectural League has recently emphasized its claim to the honor of being the only organization in which the allied arts are represented by amending its constitution so as to secure two Vice-Presidents, one a decorative painter and the other a sculptor. The American Fine Art Society, so handsomely housed in West Fifty-seventh Street, includes this organization, the educational one of the Art Students' League, and the Society of American Artists. Within a very few years have been brought into existence the Municipal Art Society, formed for the encouragement of the appropriate decoration of the municipal public buildings; the National Sculpture Society; that of Mural Painters; the Art Federation, composed of delegates elected from all the more important organizations; and, very recently, the Illustrators' Club. The Beaux-Arts Society consists of young architects, graduates or graduates by proxy of the famous Parisian school. Among the mutually beneficial organizations, the Artists' Fund is much the older and more valuable, and of the lesser, more cheerfully social organizations, the most important are the Salmagundi and the Kit-Kat. The former was originally founded as a "black-and-white" institution, but its informal little exhibitions in the comfortable club-house in Twelfth Street now glow with color. The Etchers' Club maintains the dignity of that art; and the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architecture is the official representative in the city of that august body. Of the many female painters, the Woman's Club includes a distinguished selection, and the high quality of the annual private exhibitions is equally apparent during the opening reception in the works of fair hands on the walls and those served to the thirsty guests. But the existence is still doubtful of that desirable something which is set forth in the title of the new Parisian Société Populaire des Beaux-Arts, and which has brought it over 3,500 members in the less than two years of its existence; of that comfortable, cheerful confidence in his mission and in its recognition by his fellows which is the most enlivening of the many stimulants required to develop a mere man into an artist.

Among the remedies which have been suggested for this comparative isolation and scattering of effect, among the architects as among the painters and sculptors, has been a proposed closer organization, or even the founding of one or more great national artistic societies, with headquarters at Washington, after the manner of other nations which extend official aid to art. But this is evidently anticipating by a century or two.

IT is but a couple of years since the vision of the White City of Chicago ended in flame and smoke, or vanished before the rains of winter, and yet already the dream is materializing, the phœnix has risen from the ashes by Lake Michigan to fly from city to city, wherein the plaster and stucco of the Columbian palaces are becoming enduring stone. The great educational institutions have opened the way not only with plan but also with realization, with colleges in New York, and the beautiful Library of Boston, and with the huge

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and magnificent pile which has arisen beside the National Capitol. But although some of these buildings were projected and designed before the World's Fair grew into being, the latter has taught to the people that shall visit them the lesson of enthusiasm and appreciation; above all, of that enthusiasm which results in a common direction, of that inter-appreciation which results in harmony. Harmony was the great lesson of the Columbian city; the architects joined hands, and in the Court of Honor each of the great buildings assumed greater beauty and significance from the fellowship of the charming palaces that surrounded it.

To-day in the central city of the United States we are learning this lesson of harmony again. There two monuments, one old, one new, face each other, and we begin to realize what the Greek, or the man of the middle ages, knew quite well, namely, that the relation of cornice to architrave, of column to entablature, of pier to vaulting was hardly more important than was the orientation of his monument, the relation of one temple to another, of colonnade to square, even of street to street. One grand building will not make a fine capital, though one such has often made a little town fine to all time. Indeed, in many a mountain town of Italy the church cresting the climbing sky-line of hill-set houses is so completely dominant that it seems to *be* the town. Assisi means to us first and always the one church of St. Francis, Orvieto its great Duomo.

But it is not so with a metropolis, not so with a national capital. Paris and London, Vienna and Berlin, each name represents many fair buildings, which relate one to another, and aid each other to make up that great composition of tower and church, river and bridge, street and square, which to each townsman means his own familiar native city.

In the race of nations America started a whole millennium later than did the modern metropolises of Europe, and her people were naturally more anxious to fell trees, reclaim land, and keep off the Indians than to give much thought to municipal topography. But to one city, Washington, there fell the great good fortune of well-ordered avenues and round points, vistas and trees, and one noble building—the Capitol.

Anyone who has gone down the incline to the north of it toward evening and has seen it against the red southern sunset, the Potomac mists flat tinting its broad planes of shadow and of light, must have been proud of it as the representative of the nation. The detail, indeed, is not always happy, though some of it is excellent, and even the presence of what is bad is not deeply disturbing, for it would be so easy to replace the bad detail, so hard to replace the admirable mass and sally of the building, the soaring of the dome. By her topographical ordering Washington stood ready to become in the future the finest city of the Republic, and to-day she has made an immense step in the acquisition of her New Congressional Library. Under the wise direction of General Thomas Lincoln Casey, a form of building has been chosen, which enhances the Capitol and is enhanced by it; each monument is incomparably the better for the presence of the other; the tall dome and the flattened cupola rise side by side in harmony; and for almost the first time in America we see an example of two enormous buildings comparing admirably one with the other, and affording a nucleus around which other monuments may arise until the terraced highland about the Capitol shall become our Columbian Acropolis.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

THE last — at this writing — Armenian butchery was the most dramatic occasion of all those which have made up the European reports of Ottoman history for the past two years. Forty Armenians, well supplied with dynamite, entered the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople, drove out the clerks, officials, and police, and by threats of setting off their mine of explosives, held the building against the Turkish myrmidons for many hours. It was a daring but utterly ineffective protest against Ottoman oppression, and vengeance fell swiftly and fearfully. The punishment of the offenders sharpened the Bashi-Bazouk appetite for Armenian gore, and with the countenance, even with the assistance, of the Sultan's police, a wholesale massacre continued until some four thousand of the wretched race were destroyed in the streets of Constantinople. This final and consummate atrocity so horrified the "Powers" that their ambassadors despatched a "brusque telegram" to Abdul Hamid, and not content with the thought of this Nemesis, actually went to the length of refusing to illuminate the embassy buildings on the anniversary of the Sultan's accession to the throne.

Mr. Gladstone and Armenia.

No one seems to know just what should be done with this pestiferous Abdul Hamid under the existing complicated circumstances. But as to England's duty, one voice has rung out clear and strong, in the great meeting which Mr. Gladstone addressed at Liverpool. With all his old fire blazing again for once into a passionate, and yet wise and statesmanlike appeal, the champion of the Greeks and Bulgarians told with no uncertain words the obligation which lay on Englishmen as human beings and Christians. Mr. Gladstone not only denied the necessity of concerted action with the rest of Europe, but proved that very little real reform in the East had ever come from concerted action. He assumed that it was impossible to hope that Turkey would keep any pledges, and bluntly laid the whole responsibility for the inhuman scenes in the Ottoman Empire on its head, Abdul Hamid. He advised that England should make a peremptory demand that Turkey should introduce the promised reforms in Armenia. If immediate acquiescence did not come, England should withdraw her ambassador from Constantinople, and dismiss the Turkish minister from her shores. Should this not bring the Sultan to his senses, the co-operation of the other European powers should be asked in a war which would enforce the reforms. In the event of a refusal on the part of Russia, Germany, France, and Italy to partake in this crusade, Mr. Gladstone boldly hopes that England would herself undertake the task, after passing a "self-denying ordinance"— that is, pledging her honor that the war should not be used for her own advantage or aggrandizement. Mr. Gladstone does not think that the other powers would have so little faith in the integrity of this course as to combine their forces in defence of Turkey. He is not so carried away by his zeal for reform as to be blind to the horrors of a general European war; to complete his programme for England's action, he declared that if such a portentous situation were reached, it would be entirely dignified and right for his country to recede from her minatory position, in the face of such combined opposition, with the consciousness that she had done what was possible to banish the Sultan's chamber of

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horrors, and that she had only relinquished her effort as an alternative to the greater evil of a general war.

There is something refreshing to the great mass of mankind, from whom the origins of great diplomatic moves are hidden, in hearing this splendid old statesman, unhampered by official position or private interests, plan thus simply and directly the course which promises to affect so vitally the history of the world. And in addition, it is really the first sane and effective method that anyone has suggested for a rescue of the Armenians.

THERE are few events of more interest in the intellectual life of the year than the meeting, each fall, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The occasion this year was particularly notable, and of uncommon general interest because of Sir Joseph Lister's address. The great surgeon succeeded Sir Douglas Galton as President of the Association, and undertook to show the true dependence of surgery and medicine on pure science, and the worthy place which the art of healing should hold as an ally of the sciences, properly so called. Such an address was a departure from the custom of the Association, whose President has generally undertaken to review, in his address, the entire general advance of scientific achievement the world over during the previous year; and the innovation in such a tremendously conservative institution is a striking evidence of the specialization of the age. Sir Joseph Lister explained the effects of the Röntgen rays on surgical practice—he called them "the most astonishing of all results of purely physical inquiry"—of anæsthesia, of Koch's tubercle discoveries, of vaccination, of the antitoxic treatment of diphtheria; but the greatest attention was commanded by his words on antiseptic surgery. Although he may be reasonably called the father of this priceless blessing to the human race, these were the first words that he had ever given forth publicly regarding the great work. So deadly were the ravages of putrefaction in fractures of the human frame, that Mr. Syme, whom Sir Joseph Lister called "the safest surgeon of his time," had deliberately given it as his opinion that it would be better if all compound fractures of the leg were subjected to amputation without any attempt to save the limb. Sir Joseph Lister acknowledges his supreme indebtedness to Pasteur for the discovery that putrefaction was a fermentation due to microbes, which could not arise *de novo* from the decomposable substance. With this as a basis the great surgeon persisted, in the face of much opposition, in perfecting a simple antiseptic dressing—that is, one which would destroy any microbes that would fall on the wound, and purify the surgeon's hands and instruments. His success accomplished a veritable revolution in surgery. To select a single instance: the great General Hospital at Munich had come to such a state of unhealth that fully eighty per cent. of all wounds were infected by the poisonous gangrene. A surgeon was sent to England to learn the new "Listerism," and after his return not a single case of hospital gangrene appeared in the Munich *Krankenhaus*. Many allied dangers were totally destroyed by this gospel of cleanliness, and in addition, the suffering of patients during necessary operations was vastly relieved owing to the absence of inflammation. The most conservative savants estimate that the Lister antisepsis has increased the field of remedial surgery twenty-fold, and that the mortality of hazardous operations has been reduced from probably fifty per cent. to something like one per cent. With antiseptic treatment the skull, even the viscera, can be safely entered for operation, and it is literally true that modern surgery can without danger remove any part of the human organism which is not itself essential to life.

Sir Joseph Lister.

LONDON'S flare of dynamite excitement subsided with unusual promptness; but the most exacting reader of the daily press will not complain that, in its short life, the light of P. J. Tynan and company was hid under a bushel. While the author of "The Dynamiter" may have surpassed the London papers in mere grace of workmanship and structural coherence, the star reporters and able editors of England have certainly displayed a luxuriant "fansy and imaginashun" which leave the fiction just named pale and *fadaise* in comparison. The few known facts were as follows: The alert tenants of Scotland Yard became aware of the transatlantic journey of several gentlemen whose Fenian sympathies and turbulent records had for many years endeared to them the climate

A Dynamite Opéra Bouffe.

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of America. It was more than suspected that one of these was the ghoulish "No. 1," the master-mind of the Phœnix Park tragedy, in which, thirteen years ago, at Dublin, Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated in broad daylight by the knife. In the ides of September, "No. 1," better known to casual acquaintances as P. J. Tynan, was arrested at Boulogne, and almost simultaneously three other men were apprehended, at the prompting of the London police, in Rotterdam and Glasgow. The two Rotterdam visitors were proved to be intimate in a mysterious house near Antwerp, that disgorged much store of bomb-making utensils and high explosives. The continental trio were abundantly supplied with funds, which were disbursed right royally for constant relays of champagne; the saloon talk of the conspirators bristled with allusions to their heroic determination to be bad men and dynamiters, evincing a maudlin candor as to their mission in life which savored strongly of *opéra bouffe*. When, apparently to their utter surprise, the police pounced upon these four genial assassins in the several cities, documents were found in their possession which revealed the awful fact of secret correspondence between them, the inexorable officials refusing to believe that the letters had been found "in a lavatory."

Thus far history goes. But the *Daily Telegraph et al.* stepped in, and for several days the world rang with grisly tidings of a "vast and dangerous conspiracy"—the reader was confidentially informed that it was the vastest and most dangerous in the history of nitroglycerine—to blow up the young Czar of Russia and dear old Queen Victoria, when the former was visiting the latter at Balmoral. Even the architectural details of the *débâcle* which would follow the bomb's explosion were more than hinted at. Then the Prince of Wales was to suffer amid the débris of Marlborough House. Explosives were to be insinuated beneath this edifice by way of a tunnel under the street, the conspirators making their point of departure a house immediately opposite. New York gladly caught up the spirit of impending horrors and the fever for "scare-head" type. Some aid was proffered from this side in the discovery that a Russian Nihilist residing in America, Professor Metzeroff, had tutored the Irish prisoners in the fine art of dynamiting. This gave the basis for a superlatively dark and comprehensive theory that all the centres of Nihilism, Fenianism, and Anarchism had for once joined hands to make one huge bloody demonstration against the Order of Things. It seemed decidedly improbable, to any one who remembered the silent and single methods of the Nihilist, that he should be in communion with swashbuckler companions, such as Tynan, Kearney, Bell, and Wallace, and the theory lost color still more rapidly when Metzeroff's more authentic name became known as Flaherty.

This sensational exaggeration seems absurd enough, but is it stranger than the explanation of the incident suggested very seriously by the most conservative English editors, who can find no irony too fine for the antics of the alarmists? It is well known that many well-informed members of the Clan-na-Gael are in the pay of Scotland Yard, and those who remember the astonishing disclosures of Major le Caron will not find it incredible that an innocuous dynamite conspiracy may be hatched for the money there is in it. The *Saturday Review*, then, thinks it not at all impossible that the professional informers of England projected this dynamite scare *ab ovo*, paying Tynan handsomely for his trouble, and receiving from the Government a sum which still left them a handsome profit over this preliminary disbursement!

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